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THE
PICTURESQUE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE
PICTURESQUE
MEDITERRANEAN

ITS CITIES SHORES AND ISLANDS

WITH
Illustrations on Wood

By J. MacWHIRTER A.R.A. J. FULLEYLOVE R.I. J. O'CONNOR R.I. W. SIMPSON R.I.
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THE PICTURESQUE MEDITERRANEAN.



View from the Castle Hill, Nice.

NICE.

WHO loves not Nice, knows it not. Who knows it, loves it. I admit it is windy, dusty, gusty. I allow it is meretricious, fashionable, vulgar. I grant its Carnival is a noisy orgy, its Promenade a meeting place for all the wealthiest idlers of Europe or America, and its clubs more desperate than Monte Carlo itself in their excessive devotion to games of hazard. And yet, with all its faults, I love it still. Yes, deliberately love it; for nothing that man has done or may ever do to mar its native beauty can possibly deface that beauty itself as God made it. Nay, more, just because it is Nice, *our* Nice, we can readily pardon it these obvious faults and minor blemishes. The Queen of the Riviera, with all her coquettish little airs and graces, pleases none the less, like some proud and haughty girl in court costume, partly by reason of that very finery of silks and feathers which we half-heartedly deprecate. If she were not herself, she would be other than she is. Nice is Nice, and that is enough for us.

Was ever town more graciously set, indeed, in more gracious surroundings? Was ever pearl girt round with purer emeralds? On every side a vast semicircle of mountains hems it in, among which the bald and naked summit of the Mont Cau d'Aspremont towers highest and most conspicuous above its darkling compeers. In front the blue Mediterranean, that treacherous Mediterranean all guile and

loveliness, smiles with myriad dimples to the clear-cut horizon. Eastward, the rocky promontories of the Mont Boron and the Cap Ferrat jut boldly out into the sea with their fringe of white dashing breakers. Westward, the longer and lower spit of the point of Antibes bounds the distant view, with the famous pilgrimage chapel of Notre Dame de la Garoupe just dimly visible on its highest knoll against the serrated ridge of the glorious Esterel in the background. In the midst of all nestles Nice itself, the central gem in that coronet of mountains. There are warmer and more sheltered nooks on the Riviera, I will allow: there can be none more beautiful. Mentone may surpass it in the charm of its mountain paths and innumerable excursions; Cannes in the rich variety of its nearer walks and drives;



Limpia, Port of Nice.

but for mingled glories of land and sea, art and nature, antiquity and novelty, picturesqueness and magnificence, Nice still stands without a single rival on all that enchanted coast that stretches its long array of cities and bays between Marseilles and Genoa. There are those, I know, who run down Nice as commonplace and vulgarised. But then, they can never have strayed one inch, I feel sure, from the palm-shaded *trottoir* of the Promenade des Anglais. If you want Italian mediævalism, go to the Old Town; if you want quaint marine life, go to the good Greek port of Limpia; if you want a grand view of sea and land and snow mountains in the distance, go to the Castle Hill; if you want the most magnificent panorama in the whole of Europe, go to the summit of the Corniche Road. No, no; these brawlers disturb our pure worship. We have only one Nice, let us make the most of it.

It is so easy to acquire a character for superiority by affecting to criticise what others admire. It is so easy to pronounce a place vulgar and uninteresting by

taking care to see only the most vulgar and uninteresting parts of it. But the old Rivieran who knows his Nice well, and loves it dearly, is troubled rather by the opposite difficulty. Where there is so much to look at and so much to describe, where to begin? what to omit? how much to glide over? how much to insist upon? Language fails him to give a conception of this complex and polychromatic city in a few short pages to anyone who knows it by name alone as the cosmopolitan winter capital of fashionable seekers after health and pleasure. It is that, indeed, but it is so much more that one can never tell it.

For there are at least three distinct Nices, Greek, Italian, French; each of



Promenade du Midi, Nice.

them beautiful in its own way, and each of them interesting for its own special features. To the extreme east, huddled in between the Mont Boron and the Castle Hill, lies the seafaring Greek town, the most primitive and original Nice of all; the home of the fisher-folk and the petty coasting sailors; the Nicæa of the old undaunted Phœcean colonists; the Nizza di Mare of modern Italians; the mediæval city; the birthplace of Garibaldi. Divided from this earliest Nice by the scarped rock on whose summit stood the château of the Middle Ages, the eighteenth century Italian town (the Old Town as tourists nowadays usually call it, the central town of the three) occupies the space between the Castle Hill and the half dry bed of the Paillon torrent. Finally, west of the Paillon, again, the modern fashionable pleasure resort extends its long line of villas, hotels, and palaces in front of the sea to the little stream of the Magnan on the road to Cannes, and stretches back in endless boulevards and avenues and gardens to the smiling heights of Cimiez and Carabacel.

Every one of these three towns, "in three different ages born," has its own special history and its own points of interest. Every one of them teems with natural beauty, with picturesque elements, and with varieties of life, hard indeed to discover elsewhere.

The usual guide-book way to attack Nice is, of course, the topsy-turvy one, to begin at the Haussmannised white façades of the Promenade des Anglais and work backwards gradually through the Old Town to the Port of Lîmpia and the original nucleus that surrounds its quays. I will venture, however, to disregard this time-honoured but grossly unhistorical practice, and allow the reader and myself, for once in our lives, to "begin at the beginning." The Port of Lîmpia, then, is, of course, the natural starting point and prime original of the very oldest Nice. Hither, in the fifth century before the Christian era, the bold Phocæan settlers of Marseilles sent out a little colony, which landed in the tiny land-locked harbour and called the spot Nicæa (that is to say, the town of victory) in gratitude for their success against its rude Ligurian owners. For twenty-two centuries it has retained that name almost unchanged, now perhaps the only memento still remaining of its Greek origin. During its flourishing days as a Hellenic city Nicæa ranked among the chief commercial entrepôts of the Ligurian coast; but when "the Province" fell at last into the hands of the Romans, and the dictator Cæsar favoured rather the pretensions of Cemenelum or Cimiez on the hill-top in the rear, the town that clustered round the harbour of Lîmpia became for a time merely the port of its more successful inland rival. Cimiez still possesses its fine ruined Roman amphitheatre and baths, besides relics of temples and some other remains of the imperial period; but the "Quartier du Port," the ancient town of Nice itself, is almost destitute of any architectural signs of its antique greatness.

Nevertheless, the quaint little seafaring village that clusters round the harbour, entirely cut off as it is by the ramping crags of the Castle Hill from its later representative, the Italianised Nice of the last century, may fairly claim to be the true Nice of history, the only spot that bore that name till the days of the Bourbons. Its annals are far too long and far too eventful to be narrated here in full. Goths, Burgundians, Lombards, and Franks disputed for it in turn, as the border fortress between Gaul and Italy; and that familiar round white bastion on the eastern face of the Castle Hill, now known to visitors as the Tour Bellanda, and included (such is fate!) as a modern belvedere in the grounds of the comfortable Pension Suisse, was originally erected in the fifth century after Christ to protect the town from the attacks of these insatiable invaders. But Nice had its consolations, too, in these evil days, for when the Lombards at last reduced the hill fortress of Cimiez, the Roman town, its survivors took refuge from their conquerors in the city by the port, which thus became once more, by the fall of its rival, unquestioned mistress of the surrounding littoral.

The after story of our Nice is confused and confusing. Now a vassal of the Frankish kings; now again a member of the Genoese league; now engaged in a desperate conflict with the piratical Saracens; and now constituted into a little independent republic on the Italian model; Nizza struggled on against an adverse fate as a fighting-ground of the races, till it fell finally into the hands of the Counts of Savoy, to whom it owes whatever little still remains of the mediæval castle. Continually changing hands between France and the kingdom of Sardinia in later days, it was ultimately made over to Napoleon III. by the Treaty of Villafranca, and is now completely and entirely Gallicised. The native dialect, however, remains even to the present day an intermediate form between Provençal and Italian, and is freely spoken (with more force than elegance) in the Old Town and around the enlarged modern basins of the Port of Limpia. Indeed, for frankness of expression and perfect absence of any false delicacy, the ladies of the real old Greek Nice surpass even their London compeers at Billingsgate.

One of the most beautiful and unique features of Nice at the present day is the Castle Hill, a mass of solid rearing rock, not unlike its namesake at Edinburgh in position, intervening between the Port and the eighteenth century town, to which latter I will in future allude as the Italian city. It is a wonderful place, that Castle Hill—wonderful alike by nature, art, and history, and I fear I must also add at the same time “uglification.” In earlier days it bore on its summit or slopes the *château fort* of the Counts of Provence, with the old cathedral and archbishop’s palace (now wholly destroyed), and the famous deep well, long ranked among the wonders of the world in the way of engineering, like our own at Carisbrooke. But military necessity knows no law; the cathedral gave place in the fifteenth century to the bastions of the Duke of Savoy’s new-fangled castle; the castle itself in turn was mainly battered down in 1706 by the Duke of Berwick; and of all its antiquities none now remain save the Tour Bellanda, in its degraded condition of belvedere, and the scanty ground-plan of the mediæval buildings.

Nevertheless, the Castle Hill is still one of the loveliest and greenest spots in Nice. A good carriage road ascends it to the top by leafy gradients, and leads to an open platform on the summit, now converted into charming gardens, rich with palms and aloes and cactuses and bright southern flowers. On one side, alas! a painfully artificial cataract, fed from the overflow of the waterworks, falls in stiff cascades among hand-built rockwork; but even that impertinent addition to the handicraft of nature can hardly offend the visitor for long among such glorious surroundings. For the view from the summit is one of the grandest in all France. The eye ranges right and left over a mingled panorama of sea and mountains, scarcely to be equalled anywhere round the lovely Mediterranean, save on the Ligurian coast and the neighbourhood of Sorrento. Southward lies the blue expanse

of water itself, bounded only in very clear and cloudless weather by the distant peaks of Corsica on the doubtful horizon. Westward, the coast-line includes the promontory of Antibes, basking low on the sea, the Iles Lérins near Cannes, the mouth of the Var, and the dim-jagged ridge of the purple Esterel. Eastward, the bluff headland of the Mont Boron, grim and brown, blocks the view towards Italy. Close below the spectator's feet the three distinct towns of Nice gather round the Port and the two banks of the Paillon, spreading their garden suburbs, draped in roses and lemon groves, high up the spurs of the neighbouring mountains. But northward a tumultuous sea of Alps rises billow-like to the sky, the nearer peaks frowning bare and rocky, while the more distant domes gleam white with virgin snow. It is a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. One glances around entranced, and murmurs to oneself slowly, "It is good to be here." Below, the carriages are rolling like black specks along the crowded Promenade, and the band is playing gaily in the Public Garden; but up there you look across to the eternal hills, and feel yourself face to face for one moment with the Eternities behind them.

One may descend from the summit either by the ancient cemetery or by the Place Garibaldi, through bosky gardens of date-palm, fan-palm, and agave. Cool winding alleys now replace the demolished ramparts, and lovely views open out on every side as we proceed over the immediate foreground.

At the foot of the Castle Hill, a modern road, hewn in the solid rock round the base of the seaward escarpment, connects the Greek with the Italian town. The



Promenade des Anglais.



In the Jardin Public, Nice.

angle where it turns the corner, well shown in Mr. Fulleylove's charming sketch of the Promenade du Midi, bears on native lips the quaint Provençal or rather Niçois name of Raïba Capeu or Rob-hat Point, from the common occurrence of sudden gusts of wind, which remove the unsuspecting Parisian headgear with effective rapidity, to the great joy of the observant *gamins*. Indeed, windiness is altogether the weak point of Nice, viewed as a health-resort; the town lies exposed in the open valley of the Paillon, down whose baking bed the *mistral*, that scourge of Provence, sweeps with violent force from the cold mountain-tops in the rear; and so it cannot for a moment compete in point of climate with Cannes, Monte Carlo, Mentone, or San Remo, backed up close behind by their guardian barrier of sheltering hills. But not even the *mistral* can make those who love Nice love her one atom the less. Her virtues are so many that a little wholesome bluster once in a while may surely be forgiven her. And yet the dust does certainly rise in clouds at times from the Promenade des Anglais.

The Italian city, which succeeds next in order, is picturesque and old-fashioned, but is being daily transformed and Gallicised out of all knowledge by its modern French masters. It dates back mainly to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the population became too dense for the narrow limits of the small Greek town, and began to overflow, behind the Castle Hill, on to the eastern banks of the Paillon torrent. The sea-front in this quarter, now known as the Promenade du Midi, has been modernised into a mere eastward prolongation of the Promenade des Anglais, of which "more anon;" but the remainder of the little triangular space

between the Castle Hill and the river-bed still consists of funny narrow Italian lanes, dark, dense, and dingy, from whose midst rises the odd and tile-covered dome of the cathedral of St. Réparate. That was the whole of Nice as it lived and moved till the beginning of this century; the real Nice of to-day, the Nice of the tourist, the invalid, and the fashionable world, the Nice that we all visit or talk about, is a purely modern accretion of some half-dozen decades.

This wonderful modern town, with its stately sea-front, its noble quays, its dainty white villas, its magnificent hotels, and its brand-new Casino, owes its existence entirely to the vogue which the coast has acquired in our own times as a health-resort for consumptives. As long ago as Smollett's time, the author of "*Roderick Random*" remarks complacently that an acquaintance, "understanding I intended to winter in the South of France, strongly recommended the climate of Nice in Provence, which indeed I had often heard extolled," as well he might have done. But in those days visitors had to live in the narrow and dirty streets of the Italian town, whose picturesqueness itself can hardly atone for their unwholesome air and their unsavoury odours. It was not till the hard winters of 1822-23-24 that a few kind-hearted English residents, anxious to find work for the starving poor, began the construction of a sea-road beyond the Paillon, which still bears the name of the Promenade des Anglais. Nice may well commemorate their deed to this day, for to them she owes, as a watering-place, her very existence.

The western suburb, thus pushed beyond the bed of the boundary torrent, has gradually grown in wealth and prosperity till it now represents the actual living Nice of the tourist and the winter resident. But how to describe that gay and beautiful city; that vast agglomeration of villas, *pensions*, hotels, and clubs; that endless array of sun-worshippers gathered together to this temple of the sun from all the four quarters of the habitable globe? The sea-front consists of the Promenade des Anglais itself, which stretches in an unbroken line of white and glittering houses, most of them tasteless, but all splendid and all opulent, from the old bank of the Paillon to its sister torrent, the Magnan, some two miles away. On one side the villas front the shore with their fantastic façades; on the other side a walk, overshadowed with date-palms and purple-flowering judas-trees, lines the steep shingle beach of the tideless sea. Imagine the King's Road at Brighton transferred to the sunny south, and lined with avenues of sub-tropical foliage, only in place of a continuous row of shops let its sea-front consist entirely of villas and palaces standing each apart in its garden-close of orange trees and oleanders, and you get a faint idea of the Promenade at Nice as it flaunts to-day in all its glory.

There is one marked peculiarity of the Promenade des Anglais, however, which at once distinguishes it from any similar group of private houses we have anywhere in England. With us the British love of privacy, which has, of course, its good

points, but has also, we should never forget, its compensating disadvantages, leads almost every owner of beautiful grounds or gardens to enclose them with a high fence or with the hideous monstrosity known to suburban Londoners as "park paling." This plan, while it ensures complete seclusion for the fortunate few within, shuts out the deserving many outside from all participation in the beauty of the grounds or the natural scenery. On the Promenade des Anglais, on the contrary, a certain generous spirit of emulation in contributing to the public enjoyment and the general effectiveness of the scene as a whole has prompted the owners of the villas along the sea-front to enclose their gardens only with low ornamental balustrades or with a slight and unobtrusive iron fence, so that the passers-by can see freely into every one of them, and feast their eyes on the beautiful shrubs and flowers. The houses and grounds thus form a long line of delightful though undoubtedly garish and ornate decorations, in full face of the sea. The same plan has been adopted in the noble residential street known as Euclid Avenue at Cleveland, Ohio, and in many other American towns. It is to be regretted that English tastes and habits do not oftener thus permit our wealthier classes to contribute, at no expense or trouble to themselves, to the general pleasure of less fortunate humanity.



Chapelle Russe.

The Promenade is, of course, during the season the focus and centre of fashionable life at Nice. Here carriages roll, and amazons ride, and flâneurs lounge in the warm sunshine during the livelong afternoon. In front are the baths, bathing being practicable at Nice from the beginning of March; behind are the endless hotels and clubs of this city of strangers. For the English are not alone on the Promenade des Anglais; the American tongue is heard there quite as often as the British dialect, while Germans, Russians, Poles, and Austrians cluster thick upon the shady seats beneath the planes and carob-trees. During the Carnival especially Nice resolves itself into one long orgy of frivolous amusement. Battles of flowers,

battles of *confetti*, open-air masquerades, and universal tom-foolery pervade the place. Everybody vies with everybody else in making himself ridiculous; and even the staid Briton, released from the restraints of home or the City, abandons himself contentedly for a week at a time to a sort of prolonged and glorified sunny southern Derby Day. Mr. Bultitude disguises himself as a French clown; Mr. Dombey, in domino, flings roses at his friends on the seats of the tribune. Everywhere is laughter, noise, bustle, and turmoil; everywhere the manifold forms of antique saturnalian freedom, decked out with gay flowers or travestied in quaint clothing, but imported most incongruously for a week in the year into the midst of our modern work-a-day nineteenth-century Europe.

Only a few winters ago fashionable Nice consisted almost entirely of the Promenade des Anglais, with a few slight tags and appendages in either direction. At its eastern end stood (and still stands) the Jardin Public, that paradise of children and of be-ribboned French nursemaids, where the band discourses lively music every afternoon at four, and all the world sits round on two-sou chairs to let all the rest of the world see for itself it is still in evidence. These, and the stately quays along the Paillon bank, lined with shops where female human nature can buy all the tastiest and most expensive gewgaws in Europe, constituted the real Nice of the early eighties. But with the rapid growth of that general taste for more sumptuous architecture which marks our age, the Phocæan city woke up a few years since with electric energy to find itself in danger of being left behind by its younger competitors. So the Niçois conscript fathers put their wise heads together, in conclave assembled, and resolved on a general transmogrification of the centre of their town. By continuously bridging and vaulting across the almost dry bed of the Paillon torrent they obtained a broad and central site for a new large garden, which now forms the natural focus of the transformed city. On the upper end of this important site they erected a large and handsome casino in the gorgeous style of the Third Republic, all glorious without and within, as the modern Frenchman understands such glory, and provided with a theatre, a winter garden, restaurants, cafés, ball-rooms, *petits chevaux*, and all the other most pressing requirements of an advanced civilisation. But in doing this they sacrificed by the way the beautiful view towards the mountains behind, which can now only be obtained from the Square Masséna or the Pont Vieux farther up the river. Most visitors to Nice, however, care little for views, and a great deal for the fitful and fearsome joys embodied to their minds in the outward and visible form of a casino.

This wholesale bridging over of the lower end of the Paillon has united the French and Italian towns and abolished the well-marked boundary line which once cut them off so conspicuously from one another. The inevitable result has been that the Italian town too has undergone a considerable modernisation along the sea-front,

so that the Promenade des Anglais and the Promenade du Midi now practically merge into one continuous parade, and are lined along all their length with the same clipped palm-trees and the same magnificent white palatial buildings. When the old theatre in the Italian town was burnt down in the famous and fatal conflagration some years since, the municipality erected a new one on the same site in the most approved style of Parisian luxury. A little behind lie the Préfecture and the beautiful flower market, which no visitor to Nice should ever miss; for Nice is above all things, even more than Florence, a city of flowers. The sheltered quarter of the Ponchettes, lying close under the lee of the Castle Hill, has become of late, owing to these changes, a favourite resort for invalids, who find here protection from the cutting winds which sweep with full force down the bare and open valley of the Paillon over the French town.

I am loth to quit that beloved sea-front, on the whole the most charming marine parade in Europe, with the Villefranche point and the pseudo-Gothic, pseudo-Oriental monstrosity of Smith's Folly on one side and the delicious bay towards Antibes on the other. But there are yet various aspects of Nice which remain to be described: the interior is almost as lovely in its way as the coast that fringes it. For this inner Nice, the Place Masséna, called (like the Place Garibaldi) after another distinguished native, forms the starting point and centre. Here the trams from all quarters run together at last; hence the principal roads radiate in all directions. The Place Masséna is the centre of business, as the Jardin Public and the Casino are the centres of pleasure. Also (*verbum sap.*) it contains an excellent *pâtisserie*, where you can enjoy an ice or a little French pastry with less permanent harm to your constitution and morals than anywhere in Europe. Moreover, it forms the approach to the Avenue de la Gare, which divides with the Quays the honour of being the best shopping street in the most fashionable watering-place of the Mediterranean. If these delights thy soul may move, why, the Place Masséna is the exact spot to find them in.

Other great boulevards, like the Boulevard Victor Hugo and the Boulevard Dubouchage, have been opened out of late years to let the surplus wealth that flows into Nice in one constant stream find room to build upon. Châteaux and gardens are springing up merrily on every side; the slopes of the hills gleam gay with villas; Cimiez and Carabacel, once separate villages, have now been united by continuous dwellings to the main town; and before long the city where Garibaldi was born and where Gambetta lies buried will swallow up in itself the entire space of the valley, and its border spurs from mountain to mountain. The suburbs, indeed, are almost more lovely in their way than the town itself; and as one wanders at will among the olive-clad hills to westward, looking down upon the green lemon-groves that encircle the villas, and the wealth of roses that drape their

sides, one cannot wonder that Joseph de Maistre, another Niçois of distinction, in the long dark evenings he spent at St. Petersburg, should time and again have recalled with a sigh "ce doux vallon de Magnan." Nor have the Russians themselves failed to appreciate the advantages of the change, for they flock by thousands to the Orthodox Quarter on the heights of Saint Philippe, which rings round the Greek chapel erected in memory of the Czarewiteh Nicholas Alexandrowitch, who died at Nice in 1865.

After all, however, to the lover of the picturesque Nice town itself is but the threshold and starting point for that lovely country which spreads on all sides its



On the Road to Villefranche.

endless objects of interest and scenic beauty from Antibes to Mentone. The excursions to be made from it in every direction are simply endless. Close by lie the monastery and amphitheatre of Cimiez; the Italianesque cloisters and campanile of St. Pons; the conspicuous observatory on the Mont Gros, with its grand Alpine views; the hillside promenades of Le Ray and Les Fontaines. Farther afield the carriage-road up the Paillon valley leads direct to St. André through a romantic limestone gorge, which terminates at last in a grotto and natural bridge, overhung by the mouldering remains of a most southern château. A little higher up, the steep mountain track takes one on to Falicon, perched "like an eagle's nest" on its panoramic hill-top, one of the most famous points of view among the Maritime Alps. The boundary hills of the Magnan, covered in spring with the purple flowers of the wild gladiolus; the vine-clad heights of Le Bellet, looking down on the abrupt and rock-girt basin of the Var; the Valley of Hepaticas, carpeted in March with innumerable spring blossoms; the longer drive to Contes in the very heart of the



VIEW FROM THE ROAD TO FORT MONTALBAN, NICE.

mountains: all alike are lovely, and all alike tempt one to linger in their precincts among the shadow of the cypress trees or under the cool grottos green and lush with spreading fronds of wild maidenhair.

Among so many delicious excursions it were invidious to single out any for special praise; yet there can be little doubt that the most popular, at least with the general throng of tourists, is the magnificent coast-road by Villefranche (or Villafranca) to Monte Carlo and Monaco. This particular part of the coast, between Nice and Mentone, is the one where the main range of the Maritime Alps, abutting at last on the sea, tumbles over sheer with a precipitous descent from four thousand feet high to the level of the Mediterranean. Formerly, the barrier ridge could only be surmounted by the steep but glorious Corniche route; of late years, however, the French engineers, most famous of road-makers, have hewn an admirable carriage-drive out of the naked rock, often through covered galleries or tunnels in the cliff itself, the whole way from Nice to Monte Carlo and Mentone. The older portion of this road, between Nice and Villefranche, falls well within the scope of our present subject.

You leave modern Nice by the quays and the Pont Garibaldi, dash rapidly through the new broad streets that now intersect the Italian city, skirt the square basins lately added to the more shapeless ancient Greek port of Limpia, and begin to mount the first spurs of the Mont Boron among the villas and gardens of the Quartier du Lazaret. Banksia roses fall in cataracts over the walls as you go; looking back, the lovely panorama of Nice opens out before your eyes, as well shown in Mr. Fulleylove's charming drawing. In the foreground, the rocky islets of La Réserve foam white with the perpetual plashing of that summer sea. In the middle distance, the old Greek harbour, with its mole and lighthouse, stands out against the steep rocks of the Castle Hill. The background rises up in chain on chain of Alps, allowing just a glimpse at their base of that gay and fickle promenade and all the Parisian prettinesses of the new French town. The whole forms a wonderful picture of the varied Mediterranean world, Greek, Roman, Italian, French, with the vine-clad hills and orange-groves behind merging slowly upward into the snow-bound Alps.

Turning the corner of the Mont Boron by the grotesque vulgarisms of the Château Smith (a curious semi-oriental specimen of the shell-grotto order of architecture on a gigantic scale) a totally fresh view bursts upon our eyes of the Rade de Villefranche, that exquisite land-locked bay bounded on one side by the scarped crags of the Mont Boron itself, and on the other by the long and rocky peninsula of St. Jean, which terminates in the Cap Ferrat and the Villefranche light. The long deep bay forms a favourite roadstead and rendezvous for the French Mediterranean squadron, whose huge ironclad monsters may often be seen ploughing

their way in single file from seaward round the projecting headlands, or basking at ease on the calm surface of that glassy pond. The surrounding heights, of course, bristle with fortifications, which, in these suspicious days of armed European tension, the tourist and the sketcher are strictly prohibited from inspecting with too attentive an eye. The quaintly picturesque town of Villefranche itself, Italian and dirty, but amply redeemed by its slender bell-tower and its olive-clad terraces, nestles snugly at the very bottom of its pocket-like bay. The new road to Monte Carlo leaves it far below, with true modern contempt for mere old-world beauty; the artist and the lover of nature will know better than to follow the example of those ruthless engineers; they will find many subjects for a sketch among those whitewashed walls, and many a rare sea-flower tucked away unseen among those crannied crags.

And now, when all is said and done, I, who have known and loved Nice for so many bright winters, feel only too acutely how utterly I have failed to set before those of my readers who know it not the infinite charms of that gay and rose-wreathed queen of the smiling Riviera. For what words can paint the life and movement of the sparkling sea-front? the manifold humours of the Jardin Public? the southern vivacity of the washerwomen who pound their clothes with big stones in the dry bed of the pebbly Paillon? the luxuriant festoons of honeysuckle and mimosa that drape the trellis-work arcades of Carabacel and Cimiez? Who shall describe aright with one pen the gnarled olives of Beaulieu and the palace-like front of the Cercle de la Méditerranée? Who shall write with equal truth of the jewellers' shops on the quays, or the oriental bazaars of the Avenue, and of the dome after dome of bare mountain tops that rise ever in long perspective to the brilliant white summits of the great Alpine backbone? Who shall tell in one breath of the carmagnoles of the Carnival, or the dust-begrimed bouquets of the Battle of Flowers, and of the silent summits of the Mont Cau and the Cime de Vinaigrier, or the vast and varied sea-view that bursts on the soul unawares from the Corniche near Eza? There are aspects of Nice and its environs which recall Bartholomew Fair, or the Champs Élysées after a Sunday review; and there are aspects which recall the prospect from some solemn summit of the Bernese Oberland, mixed with some heather-clad hill overlooking the green Atlantic among the Western Highlands. Yet all is so graciously touched and lighted with Mediterranean colour and Mediterranean sunshine, that even in the midst of her wildest frolics you can seldom be seriously angry with Nice. The works of God's hand are never far off. You look up from the crowd of carriages and loungers on the Promenade des Anglais, and the Cap Ferrat rises bold and bluff before your eyes above the dashing white waves of the sky-blue sea: you cross the bridge behind the Casino amid the murmur of the quays, and the great bald mountains soar aloft to heaven above the brawling valley of the



Place Masséna.

snow-fed Paillon. It is a desecration, perhaps, but a desecration that leaves you still face to face with all that is purest and most beautiful in nature.

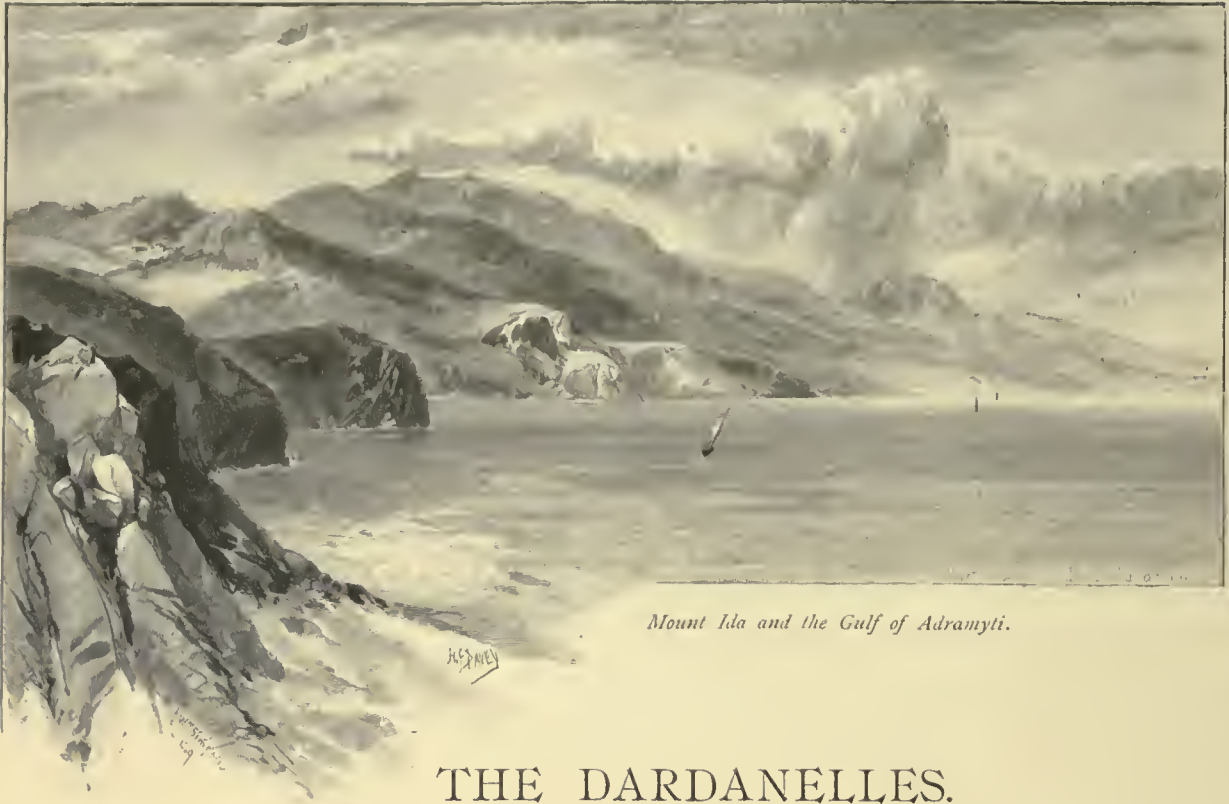
And then, the flowers, the waves, the soft air, the sunshine! On the beach, between the bathing places, men are drying scented orange peel to manufacture perfumes: in the dusty high roads you catch whiffs as you pass of lemon blossom and gardenia: the very trade of the town is an export trade in golden acacia and crimson anemones: the very *gamins* pelt you in the rough horse-play of the Carnival with sweet-smelling bunches of syringa and lilac. Luxury that elsewhere would move one to righteous wrath is here so democratic in its display that one almost condones it. The gleaming white villas, with carved caryatides or sculptured porches of freestone nymphs, let the wayfarer revel as he goes in the riches of their shrubberies or their sunlit fountains and in the breezes that blow over their perfumed parterres. Nice vulgar! Pah, my friend, if you say so, I know well why. You have a vulgar soul that sees only the gewgaws and the painted ladies. You have never strolled up by yourself from the noise and dust of the crowded town to the free heights of the Mont Alban or the flowery olive-grounds of the Magnan valley. You have never hunted for purple hellebore among the gorges of the Paillon or picked orchids and irises in big handfuls upon the slopes of Saint André. I doubt even whether you have once turned aside for a moment from the gay crowd of the Casino and the Place Masséna into the narrow streets of the Italian town; communed in their own

delicious dialect with the free fisherfolk of the Limpia quarter; or looked out with joy upon the tumbled plain of mountain heights from the breezy level of the Castle platform. Probably you have only sat for days in the balcony of your hotel, rolled at your ease down the afternoon Promenade, worn a false nose at the evening parade of the Carnival, or returned late at night by the last train from Monte Carlo with your pocket much lighter and your heart much heavier than when you left by the morning express in search of fortune. And then you say Nice is vulgar! You have no eyes, it seems, for sea, or shore, or sky, or mountain; but you look down curiously at the dust in the street, and you mutter to yourself that you find it uninteresting. When you go to Nice again, walk alone up the hills to Falcon, returning by Le Ray, and then say, if you dare, Nice is anything on earth but gloriously beautiful.

GRANT ALLEN.



Villefranche, from the Sea.



Mount Ida and the Gulf of Adramyti.

THE DARDANELLES.

THE Straits of the Dardanelles and their surroundings, though not without much natural beauty, derive their interest chiefly from the peculiarity of their position, and from the historical associations which have, from time immemorial, been connected with their shores and with the adjacent country. On the Asiatic side at least, every little headland and every inlet of the coast may be identified as the site of some ancient city or shrine, or as the scene of some historical or mythological event. Of the two peninsulas which are separated by the Straits, the larger forms the westernmost point of Asia, and embraces the scene of "The Tale of Troy Divine." The southern shore of this peninsula is washed by the waters of the deep and beautiful Bay of Adramyti. At its eastern end formerly stood the city of Adramyttium, according to Strabo a colony of the Athenians, but said by others to have been founded by Adramys, the brother of Cræsus, King of Lydia. It was in a ship belonging to this ancient seaport that St. Paul embarked at Cæsarea, when on his way to Rome to plead his cause before the Emperor Nero. At the head of the gulf the mountain range of Ida approaches most nearly to the rock-girt shore, from which it appears to rise gradually to its highest snow-capped, and often cloud-enveloped, peak.

From the mountain-mass of Ida long spurs are thrown out in various directions, a conformation which caused the ancients to compare it to a centipede, and its modern Turkish name of the "Goose Mountain" is derived from its supposed

resemblance to the foot of that bird. The summit is in reality separated into four distinct peaks, to which classical writers gave collectively the name of Olympus, thereby implying that they were the abode of the gods; and respectively, the names of Kotylos, Pytna, Alexandria, and Gargaros. The latter was more especially consecrated to Jupiter, and the lower slopes were sacred to the Mother of the Gods. Between the outlying spurs are green and wooded valleys, watered by numerous streams, which have their sources in the mountain itself. Homer aptly describes the mountain in the line—

“Ida, the many-fountained, mother of wild beasts;”

and the names of the several peaks, Gargaros, “the gurgling;” Kotylos, “the drinking cup;” and Pytna, said to be an abbreviation of *pytine* (πυτινη), a willow-covered flask, well illustrate its character. The fourth peak has been immortalised as the scene of the “Judgment of Paris.” The forests which clothe the lower elevations afford shelter, as of old, to numerous wild animals, wolves, bears, wild boars, and jackals, but the higher regions are bare of vegetation. Though in reality not much more than five thousand feet above the sea, the gigantic buttresses by which it is supported, its cloud-capped summit, and its position in the peninsula, give to Mount Ida an appearance of far greater altitude.

A curious phenomenon, which has been variously explained, is sometimes visible on Mount Ida. During certain autumn nights flashes of light appear on the summit long before the break of day, which seem to proceed from earthly fires, but which gradually gather themselves into a mass as the shadows of night disappear, and are absorbed in the sun as he rises in his natural form.

On emerging from the Gulf of Adramyti, and rounding Baba Bournou, the Turkish name of the ancient Cape Lectum, there appears in sight to the north the Island of Tenedos, and to the north-east the twin summits of the volcanic mountain of Lemnos, in which classic mythologists located the forges of Vulcan. The Asiatic shore along which we coast for an hour or two before entering the Strait of Tenedos presents no very remarkable features. Inland, however, the eye follows a range of wooded hills, behind which may still be seen, towering above the dark crests of Ida, the snowy summit of Mount Gargaros. Uninteresting as the seaboard appears at this distance, we are, nevertheless, passing the sand-choked harbour of Alexandria-Troas, to the south of the little promontory of Touslatik Bournou. An oak-forest now covers the remains of the theatres, temples, and aqueducts of the city founded by Antigonos in honour of Alexander the Great. Similarly overgrown, too, are the foundations of the outer and inner walls by which it was once defended; and for many miles around cultivation is rendered impossible by the quantities of broken marbles, arches, and other masonry which strew the ground, or are buried

beneath the surface. In the ancient port, which was evidently highly ornamented, hundreds of columns on a small scale lie scattered, and bristle among the waves to a considerable distance from the shore; and the remains of a submarine wall cause a ridge of breakers where the sea washes over them. The harbour now consists merely of two little lakes of salt water.

On the other side of the above-mentioned cape the shallow curve of Besika Bay extends to Koum Bournou, or Sandy Point. The name of this anchorage is sufficiently familiar to Western ears as the station of the British and French fleets in 1853, and again of the former fleet during the last crisis of the Eastern Question.



Mount Ida.

Near the south extremity is the village of Talion Keni; a tumulus is to be seen not far from the shore; and, looking backwards, we again catch sight of the shining summit of Ida, towering above the intervening hills. A number of sailing vessels are often to be seen anchored in Besika Bay, waiting for a favourable breeze to waft them through the straits.

Immediately opposite is the island-port of Tenedos, which appears to have the same reputation among modern mariners as it possessed when Virgil described it as *statio male fida carinis*, and so rock-girt is every other part of the coast that landing elsewhere is almost an impossibility. The little port is both picturesque and interesting. The town, which contains all the three thousand inhabitants of the island, chiefly Turks and Greeks, climbs up the side of a hill and is crowned with a fort and surrounded by massive walls with towers at intervals. On the hill-ridge to the south stands a row of windmills, terminated by a small fort which guards the entrance to the harbour. One or two gaudily-painted coasting vessels, moored to the diminutive quay, are taking on board casks of the museat wine of Tenedos, which enjoys a certain reputation in the East. *Peramas*, with broad, wing-like sails, are skimming over the leaping waves, which, in their "innumerable laughter"



THE PLAINS OF TROY, FROM ERENKEUL.

*Besika Bay.*

(ἀνῆριθμον γέλασμα), reflect in their depths the incomparable azure of the sky, and flash back from their dancing crests the brilliant rays of the glowing sunlight.

In Trojan times Tenedos was evidently one of the chief seats of the worship of the Smynthian Apollo, as appears from the invocation which Homer puts into the mouth of the high priest of that divinity: "Hear me, O god of the silver bow! Thou who guardest Chryse and most holy Killa, and rulest Tenedos with might! Smynthian Apollo, if ever I roofed for thee an acceptable shrine, or if ever I burnt for thee fat thighs of bulls or goats, fulfil my desire!"* A few miles to the south of Alexandria-Troas was another seat of this cult, the town of Smynthium, from which this surname of Apollo is supposed to have been derived, though some authors derive it from *Sminthos* (σμίνθος), a mouse, this animal being sacred to the god.

Lying, as Tenedos does, opposite the entrance to the Dardanelles, its position has always given it a certain strategical importance, and its historical vicissitudes have consequently been many. After forming part of the maritime empire of the Athenians, it fell successively under the domination of Macedon and of Rome; and in later times its possession was disputed by Paleologoi and Cantacuzenoi, Genoese and Venetians. Mohammed II. wrested it from the latter, who retook it in 1656, only to lose it again in the following year, since which time it has formed part of the Ottoman Empire.

Beyond Tenedos the coasts of the Troad rise in rocky and precipitous cliffs. A small promontory, which is surmounted by a tumulus, and is called by native sailors the Cape of Troy, juts out opposite the "Isle of Rabbits," and has been identified

* Iliad I. 37—40.

by M. Choiseul-Gouffier with the ancient Agamia. This town, the name of which signifies "The Unwedded," is said to have been built in memory of the daughters of Troy who were exposed on this beach to the fury of a marine monster, created by the vengeance of Poseidon to punish Laomedon for the bad faith he had kept with him. When the lot fell upon the king's daughter, Hesione, it so happened that Herakles was returning from his expedition against the Amazons, and he promised to save the maiden if Laomedon would give him the horses which Troy had once received from Zeus as a compensation for Ganymede. The king promised, but again broke his word; whereupon Herakles sailed with a squadron of six ships against Troy, and slew Laomedon with all his sons, save Priam.

According to some authors, however, this sea monster was a pirate named Keton, to whom the Trojans paid a tribute of their daughters. A cleft which is to be seen in the rocks a little farther to the north is supposed to be identifiable with the *Propugnaculum Herculis*, an entrenchment raised by Herakles and the Trojans to withstand the pirate.

Before arriving at this cleft, however, we pass the village of Yenikeui, which overhangs the sea on a cliff 203 feet high. Beyond it the precipitous rocks are crowned with occasional windmills, as far as the cape and village of Yeni Shehir. Among them rises the Chapel of St. Dimitri, built on the site of an ancient Temple of Demeter, some of the marble fragments of which have been used for its construction. The custom of replacing Pagan shrines by churches dedicated to Christian saints with names phonetically similar is very general throughout the East. Apollo, under his designation of Helios (*Ἥλιος*), becomes St. Elias, the Parthenos is transformed into the Virgin Mary, and so on.

Yeni Shehir occupies the site of the ancient Sigeum. Its citadel has, however, given place to a number of windmills, and a Christian church has been built over the ruins of a temple of Athené, fragments of which are still to be found lying around. The ancient city is said to have been constructed in great part with materials brought from the overthrown walls, towers, and temples of the ruined Ilium, which had ceased to be the abode of men ere Sigeum was founded. From this point a magnificent prospect opens out before the eye on all sides. The Homeric Plain lies to the east; to the west is the Ægean Sea, with its islands, looking like enchanted regions in the magic light of sunrise or sunset. Behind Imbros rises the island peak of Samothraee, on which Poseidon sat and gazed on the battle raging before Troy; and, when the weather is clear, the mountain of Holy Athos, though distant more than a hundred miles, is often visible. Northwards stretches the entrance to the blue Hellespont, bounded by the Thracian Chersonese, which runs out opposite to a point on which formerly stood the town of Elæus. And, to add a mythological to the natural and historical interest of this spot, tradition relates that it was the

landing-place of Herakles with his band of heroes when on his way to the attack of Troy, and of the Greeks under Agamemnon.

After doubling the promontory of Sigeum three tumuli come into sight, standing close together near the shore of a little bay, which are believed to be the tombs of Festus, Patroclus, and Achilles respectively. A little beyond is the fort of Koum Kaleh, built on the beach at the mouth of the Simois. Behind it is the little Turkish town of the same name, the two white minarets of which are visible above the battlements of the castle. Though the fortress walls are high and massive, they can now be easily scaled, the wind having accumulated masses of sand on the east side. It is supposed that at the time of the Trojan War the tomb of Achilles stood at the extreme point, and that what is now marshy land between that and Cape Top-Tashi, the ancient Rhœteum, was formerly a bay, which has been gradually filled up by the deposits of the Simois, and its tributary, the Scamander.

Here it is that we must land if we would tread on Trojan soil, and visit the reputed locality of those exploits immortalised by Homer—"The flowery meadow of the Scamander," and

"That field with blood bedewed in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride"—

scenes difficult to realise on the now solitary plain, tenanted for the most part only by buffaloes, herons, and frogs. The strong northerly breeze which whistles through the clumps of rushes reminds us that we have before us what Homer called *Ἰλιος ἠνεμόεσσα*, "the windy Ilium;" and to our right is still the snow-capped peak of "Mother Ida," embracing within her amphitheatre of encircling hills the valley of the Simois.

The Plain of Troy is perhaps even more favoured than the surrounding country with an exuberant fertility of soil and glorious beauty of landscape, and we ride to Hissarlik, the scene of Dr. Schliemann's wonderful excavations, by bridle-paths which lead through meadows of luxuriant grass, and red, yellow, and white flowers, with cornfields on either hand. To our left a hill-ridge, covered with *Vallonia* oaks, runs out as far as the promontory of Rhœteum, on the declivity of which stands, one hundred and thirty feet above the sea, the tumulus ascribed by tradition to Ajax, the genitive form of whose name, *Αἴαντος*, is still to be found in the name of *Aiant-tépé* (the Hill of Ajax), bestowed on it by the Turks. To the north of the tumulus lies the site of an ancient city, probably Aeantium, strewn with fragments of pottery and sculptured splinters of white marble.

A ride of a few miles brings us to Hissarlik, which, whether it be or not the true site of the city of Priam, has yielded to the explorer unhopèd-for treasures. Nowhere else in the world has the earth covered up so many remains of ancient settlements of man, lying upon each other, with such rich contents concealed within them.

Standing at the bottom of the great funnel which has opened up the heart of the hill-fortress, the eye wanders over the lofty walls of the excavations, beholding here the ruins of dwelling houses, there the great jars, five feet in height, which contained the provisions of former inhabitants; on one side the remains of a temple, on another those of a kitchen. Not the least interesting of these successive strata is that called by Dr. Schliemann "The Burnt City," one of the deepest, being the third



Tenedos.

from the bottom. This had apparently been destroyed by a devouring fire, in which the clay walls of buildings were molten and made fluid like wax, congealed drops of glass bearing witness at the present day to the intensity of the conflagration. Curious and costly treasures were gathered from the ashes, one after another. Vessels and ornaments of pure gold and of fine workmanship, which had escaped the scorching heat, presented themselves to the astonished

eyes of the searchers. Vases of quaint form, and multitudes of objects inscribed with sacred and mystical characters, were there unearthed, emblems of the religious worship of forgotten nations. But it would be superfluous here to describe the many wonders of Dr. Schliemann's Troy, for are they not written in his book on "Ilion"?

The traveller may ride hence to the little town of Chenak, commonly called by Europeans "The Dardanelles," and he will do wisely. For the wild northerly wind, so frequent in this locality, may make it a day's journey by sea, and it is but a six hours' ride, through charming scenery along the coast, which here



Castle of Europe, Dardanelles.

forms a deep bay, past the tomb of Ajax, the ruins of Rhœteum, and the site of the ancient Dardanus, which was

“Peopled first,
Ere Sacred Ilion, with its teeming crowds,
Was founded on the plain.”

Fertile plains and wooded hills bound the view on the Asiatic side, and across the Hellespont rises, in bare cliffs, the rocky shore of Europe. The Castle of Asia, which commands the entrance to the narrower portion of the Straits, stands on a point at the mouth of the river of the Dardanelles, which has its sources in Mount Ida, and is identified with the Rhodios of Homer. This fort, called by the Turks *Sultanié-Kallessi*, “The Sultan’s Castle,” or *Chenak-Kaleh*, “The Castle of the Potteries,” from the chief industry carried on in the adjoining town, consists of a solidly-built castle, with modern batteries. Seen from the sea, Chenak stretches beyond the fort in a long line, close to the water’s edge: its minarets and many-coloured houses, with their green jalousies and red-tiled roofs, their little boat-piers and bathing huts, and its consular residences, distinguishable by their various flags, offer, as it were, a foretaste of the Bosphorus. The town is inhabited by a mixed population, the majority of whom are Jews engaged in the wine trade, and in the various little employments created by the compulsory stoppage of all vessels at this port, in order to show their firmans. The pottery manufacture is carried on by means of the most primitive machinery. Besides the vessels for domestic purposes, a large number of coarse, but highly ornate, water vases and jugs are produced, and sold on board the passing ships. Some of these are in the forms of lions, horses, and other animals, and are not unlike the animal-shaped vessels found in the buried City of the Trojan Plain. By the river side is the *Meidan*, or Common, an extensive

park-like expanse, carpeted with rich grass, and shaded by numerous beautiful trees. Here and there are little verandah-fronted coffee-houses, before which long-robed and white-turbaned Osmanlis are seated on earpets, or on little rush-bottomed stools, gravely smoking the long elibouk, or snaky narghileh. At a little distance, under the trees, a group of Turkish women, squatting on rugs, are having a merry picnic, and in their many-tinted *feridgés*, pink, blue, and lilac, make bright patches of colour on the luxuriant greensward.

On the other side of the Straits the Castle of Europe, also called by the Turks *Kelid-ul-Bahar*, the "Key of the Sea," stands on a point of land which juts out to within a mile and a quarter from the Asiatic shore. This point, which was called by the ancients Kynosema, is associated with Heeuba, the second wife of Priam, King of Troy. According to the tragedy of Euripides (*Hee.* 3), which bears her name, she was made a slave by the Greeks on their taking Troy, and was carried by them to the Thracian Chersonesus, where she saw her daughter, Polyxena, sacrificed. On the same day the waves of the sea washed the body of her last surviving son, Polydorus, on the coast where stood the tents in which the captive women were kept. Heeuba recognised the body, and sent for Polymestor, who had murdered him, pretending that she was going to inform him of a treasure which was concealed at Ilium. When Polymestor arrived, with his two sons, Heeuba murdered the children and tore out the eyes of their father. Agamemnon pardoned her for the crime; but Polymestor prophesied to her that she should be metamorphosed into a dog, and should leap into the sea at this place. According to other writers, she was given as a slave to Odysseus, and in despair leaped into the Hellespont; or, being anxious to die, she uttered such vituperative imprecations against the Greeks that the warriors put her to death, and called the place where she was buried *Κυνὸς σῆμα*, "The Grave of the Dog."

The castle consists of an ancient fortress, surrounded by more modern fortifications, and adjoining it is the village, terminated by the inevitable windmills, which stand at the extreme edge of the cliff. At this point the current, flowing incessantly from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, attains immense rapidity, and vessels going northward are unable to sail against it, save with a strong wind from the south. With the exception of the despatch-vessels attached to the foreign embassies at Constantinople, no man-of-war is allowed to pass the Castles of Europe and Asia, the guns of which sweep, with a cross fire, the narrow channel. This passage was, however, in 1807, forced by the British fleet under Admiral Duckworth. The Turkish cannon were old-fashioned, and the gunners very indifferent marksmen. Not a single mast was struck, and the fleet sailed through with a few torn sails, and some sixty men killed and wounded. It did not, however, return so easily. After having destroyed a Turkish squadron, the fleet lay eleven days before the

capital while negotiations were proceeding; and in the meantime the Turks, with the assistance of the French ambassador, improved the defences of the Dardanelles. When the English ships again appeared, the ancient guns succeeded in discharging upon them a number of the immense balls of marble, which are still included among the ammunition of these forts, and which not only did considerable damage to the ships, but occasioned the loss of many seamen. The more modern fortifications by which the Straits are now defended would, it is believed, with the additional defence afforded by the Castle of Abydos, render such a feat difficult at the present day, notwithstanding the quicker transit by steam.

Beyond the Castle of Europe the coast of the Chersonese retreats, forming the Gulf of Maïto, on the shore of which is a village of the same name, all that survives of the ancient Madytos, of the Acropolis of which a few traces alone remain.

Opposite, on the Asiatic side, the Cape of Nagara marks the exact site of the ancient Abydos. This, according to Herodotus, Strabo, and Pliny, was formerly the narrowest point of the channel. It appears, however, to have been widened by the action of the currents, for modern geographers estimate it to be a little wider than between the Castles of Europe and Asia. Here Xerxes constructed a bridge for the passage of his army into Europe. The ancient town was originally built by a colony of the Lesbians, and after having been burnt down by Darius, was rebuilt in the time of Xerxes. It is mentioned several times in the history of the Peloponnesian Wars. Fortified by Antiochus in 190 B.C., it was a few years later besieged by the Roman Admiral Livius. Nothing now remains of the ancient town. The port, of which M. Choiseul-Gouffier found some traces, was contained in the bend formed by the long sandy point of Nagara, on which now stands a Turkish fort. It was here that the Sultan Mohammed IV., in 1666, astutely exposed the imposture of a pretended Messiah, the Jew Sabataï-Sévi, whose teachings had been the cause of great disorder among his co-religionists at Smyrna. "Canst thou work miracles?" demanded the Sultan of his prisoner. "I can," was the reply. "Then," resumed the Padishah, "my archers shall make of thee their target. If their arrows harm thee not, then art thou indeed the Messiah." At the prospect of this ordeal Sabataï's courage failed him. He confessed his imposture, and when offered the choice of impalement or perversion, he chose the latter, declaring that his object had always been that of leading his followers to embrace the faith of Islam, and to declare with the True Believers that "there is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet." Such, however, was the credulity of many of his followers, that although, from fear of persecution, they imitated their leader in his apostacy, they still believed in his divine mission, and continued to cherish in secret the doctrines he had taught. The descendants of this sect are now to be found chiefly at Salonica, where, though

nominally Mohammedans, they form a distinct community, having never become assimilated with the rest of the Moslem population.

It is only after rounding the point of Abydos that Sestos, on the opposite shore, comes into view. According to the touching old story sung by Musæus and mentioned by Ovid, Leander, a youth of Abydos, swam every night across the Hellespont to visit Hero, a priestess of Aphrodite, in the temple of Sestos, guided by the beacon of the lighthouse. Once, during a stormy night, the light was extinguished, and he perished in the waves. On the next morning his corpse was washed on the shore at Sestos, and Hero, in her grief on beholding it, threw herself into the sea. Leander's feat was imitated by Lord Byron, who, however, swam from Sestos to Abydos, and consequently with, instead of against the rapid



Abydos.

current. The Castle of Zénénick, built on the hill above Sestos, was the first place in Europe on which the Ottoman flag was planted by Soliman I., and a rocky strand, or mole, below bears the name of *Ghaziler Iskelessi*, "The Victor's Landing-place."

Beyond Sestos and Abydos the Channel widens. On both sides are now seen fertile plains, watered by several small rivers. After passing the Castles of Kaziler and Ouelger, we see, on the European side, the mouth of the river called by the ancients the *Ægos-Potamos*, immortalised by the victory of Lysander over the Athenians, which terminated the Peloponnesian War. On the opposite side is Lampsaki, a small town of some two hundred houses, grouped round a minaretted mosque, built on the site of the ancient Lampsacus. It occupies a beautiful position, amid olive groves and vineyards, with a fine background of wooded hills. Of the ancient city, however, no traces remain. Lampsacus was one of the three towns given to Themistocles by Xerxes, "Magnesia for his bread, Migus for his

meat, and Lampsacus for his wine." A mile or two farther on is the little town of Tehardak, and opposite, on the European shore, is Gallipoli.

This town, which replaces the ancient Callipolis, stands on the south side of the little peninsula which terminates the Straits on the European side, and has two ports, one facing northwards and the other southwards. The town is picturesquely situated at the foot and up the sides of a fortress-crowned hill, and above its red roofs rise the minarets of several mosques. The lighthouse is built at the end of a cliff, which terminates in immense blocks of rock, and forms a striking object in the landscape when seen from the south. Native boats and coasting vessels of various build are moored to the little wharves, or skim bird-like over the water, manned by variously costumed Greeks, Turks, and Jews. Like all Oriental towns, Gallipoli looks best from the sea, for its streets are narrow, its houses low and constructed chiefly of wood, and its mosques are of no particular interest. The bazaars, however, are large, and well stocked with the merchandise usually found in an Eastern *tsharshi*.



Gallipoli.

This town possesses the interest of having been the first in Europe to fall into the hands of the Turks, nearly a century before the capture of Constantinople (1453). To console himself for this loss the Emperor John Paleologos was in the habit of saying that he had only been deprived of a winejar and a pigstye, alluding to the cellars and storehouses which Justinian had built there. The Ottoman Sultans, however, were better able to appreciate the importance of this position; and Bajazid I. caused the port and the walls of Gallipoli to be repaired, and built a great tower, now fallen into decay. Few remains of any interest are to be found here, with the

exception of the ruined fortifications. A little to the north, up a creek, is a little hexagonal edifice, the origin of which is unknown, and to the south are several tumuli, which have the reputation of being the tombs of the ancient Kings of Thrace.

The little peninsula on which Gallipoli stands forms, with the rounded headland above Lampsaki, the northern mouth of the Dardanelles. From its point the eye wanders backwards down the Hellespont as far as Abydos. Beyond the smiling Asiatic shore, stretching away to the east in bay and cape and wooded hill, we catch a last glimpse of Ida's hoary summit. And before us, out of the blue expanse of the waters, rise the rocky shores of the "Marble Island," which gives its modern name to the Sea of Marmora.

This island, which lies to the north-east and is the largest of a group of five, was called by the ancients Proconnesus. Its history has been as full of vicissitudes as that of Tenedos, at the other end of the Straits. Occupied by a Milesian colony in the seventh century B.C., and subsequently by the Athenians, it was burnt by the Phœnicians after the revolt of the Ionians. At the conclusion of the Medic wars it again fell into the hands of the Athenians, and formed part of the Empire of Athens. The ancient name of the island was, during the middle ages, replaced by that of Marmora, or Marnara. This change of name is attributed by some to the marble quarries for which the island is famed (from *Mάρμαρα*, marble), and which have for centuries supplied the material for the monuments and chief edifices of Constantinople and the other cities of the Ægean. Other authorities, however, are of opinion that this name dates from 1224, the period when George Marmora was made sovereign of the Proconnesus by the Byzantine Emperor, Emanuel Comnena, his relative.

The chief place in the island also bears the name of Marmora. It has lost much of the importance which it possessed in Byzantine times; but is still a considerable town, with a good port. The large convents which formerly flourished here have fallen into decay, and there are now but few inhabitants in the rest of the island. Notwithstanding its name, Marmora is not unfertile, and exports some native produce. Its chief trade is of course in the brilliant white marble which is evidently abundant and worked at a very small cost, seeing that the doorsteps of the generality of houses in Smyrna are made of it, that it forms the pavement of their spacious vestibules, and is sometimes used for still meaner purposes.

The other islands belonging to this group are called respectively Afsia, the ancient Ophiusa, Koulali, Aloni (the Halonc of Pliny), and Gadaro. The two first-mentioned are the largest, the remainder being mere islets. All are, however, fertile, and are cultivated by a sparse Greek population. Beyond them extends the triangular peninsula of Cyzicus. The ancient town of this name lies in the farthest reach of the deep western bay where the neck of land which connects the peninsula with

the mainland is only about a couple of miles across, and forms the apex of the triangle which, at its base, measures some twenty miles.

Nearer to us, however, and to the west, a few miles above Gallipoli, on the curving coast, is the site of the ancient Lysimaehia, the Hexamilion of the Byzantines, now a mere village. The acropolis of this city was connected with the wall of the Chersonese, the remains of which are still to be seen between the inland villages of Iasili and Kadjali. This wall was first built by Miltiades to protect the towns of the Chersonese against the invasions of the Barbarians. It was often destroyed and rebuilt before the time of Lysimaehus, and subsequently served as foundation for a Byzantine line of defence, concerning which Procopius has given many details. The ruins of the Chersonese wall are still very considerable. There are still to be seen at its base large blocks of stone, carefully chiselled, belonging to the Greek period. The wall followed an almost direct line from sea to sea across the peninsula, which is at this point about six miles in width. The village of Hexamil, or, as it is also called, Axamil, which is all that remains of the classic Lysimaehia and the Byzantine Hexamilion, still boasts some remains of ancient temples and fragments of sculpture. The French archæologist, M. Albert Dumont, found here a funeral tablet representing a crocodile about to devour a youth, and some large amphoræ on which the name of Alexis Comnenus is repeated from fifteen to twenty times in highly ornamental Gothic characters, arranged on three bands running round the body. Axamil is situated on the little Gulf of Saros, in the centre of which lies the island of the same name. The shores of the gulf are dotted with villages. The Thracian mainland is from this point extremely flat and uninteresting. Looking seawards, however, the view is still magnificent. In the foreground gleams the island of Marmora; and beyond stretch the Mysian and Bythinian shores, richly tinged with ever-varying opal lights.

The regions surrounding the Dardanelles have been, from time immemorial, subject to severe earthquakes, and the eminent geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, is of opinion that these straits, as well as the Bosphorus, were formed by the bursting through of the Black Sea into the Ægean, in consequence of some subterranean disturbance. The rocks on both sides of the northern mouth of the Bosphorus are volcanic, and an earthquake rift in the coast at this point probably let loose the waters of the Euxine over the country between that sea and the Ægean. As the above-mentioned author says, "the traditions which have come down to us from remote ages of great inundations had doubtless their origin in a series of local catastrophes caused principally by earthquakes." And as to the great inundation known as the deluge of Samothrace, which is generally referred to a distinct date, "it appears that the shores of that small island and the adjoining mainland of Asia were inundated by the sea."

Diodorus Sienlus says that the inhabitants had time to take refuge in the mountains and save themselves by flight. He also relates that long after the event the fishermen of the island occasionally drew up in their nets the capitals of columns "which were the remains of cities submerged by that terrible catastrophe." And it is not impossible, according to Sir Charles Lyell, "that the bursting of the Black Sea through the Thracian Bosphorus into the Grecian Archipelago which accompanied, some say caused, the Samothracian deluge, may have reference to a wave or succession of waves raised in the Euxine by the same convulsion."

The facts which seem to indicate that in the Troad volcanic agencies were still active at a comparatively recent epoch, and at all events since the beginning of the historic period, find further confirmation in a popular tradition which was current among the inhabitants of that ancient city of Assos, on the Gulf of Adramyti. According to this tradition, there was found near Assos a kind of stone so burning hot that the dead buried in these regions were immediately consumed, a circumstance which caused the name of *Αἶθος σαρκοφάγος*, "The Body-consuming-Stone," to be given to it. This story is no doubt based on the hot temperature which exhaled from the fissures of the trachytic rocks which prevail generally in this district. The brine-springs of Touzla, a little to the north, which are mentioned by Strabo and Pliny, still send out their jets at a temperature of from 78 to 100 degrees centigrade, hotter even than the waters of the Great Geyser of Iceland.

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.



The Dardanelles: Looking towards Constantinople.



Malta and Comino, from Gozo.

MALTA.

THERE is a difference of opinion among voyagers as to whether it is best to approach Malta by night or by day; whether there is a greater charm in tracing the outline of “England’s Eye in the Mediterranean” by the long, undulating lines of light along its embattled front, and then, as the sun rises, to permit the details to unfold themselves, or to see the entire mass of buildings and sea walls and fortifications take shape according to the rapidity with which the ship nears the finest of all the British havens in the Middle Sea. Much might be said for both views, and if by “Malta” is meant its metropolis, then the visitor would miss a good deal who did not see the most picturesque portion of the island in both of these aspects. And by far the majority of those who touch at Valletta, on their way to or from some other place, regard this city as “the colony” in miniature. Many, indeed, are barely aware that it has a name apart from that of the island on which it is built; still fewer that the “Villa” of La Vallette is only one of four fortified towns all run into one, and that over the surface of this thickly populated clump are scattered scores of villages, while their entire coasts are circled by a ring of forts built wherever the cliffs are not steep enough to serve as barriers against an invader. On the other hand, while there is no spot in the Maltese group half so romantic, or any “casal” a tithe as magnificent as Valletta and its suburbs, it is a little unfortunate for the scenic reputation of the chief island-fortress that so few visitors see any other part of it

than the country in the immediate vicinity of its principal town. For, if none of the islands are blessed with striking scenery, that of Malta proper is perhaps the least attractive.

Though less than sixty miles from Sicily, these placid isles, oft though they have been shaken by earthquakes, do not seem to have ever been troubled by the volcanic outbursts of Etna. Composed of a soft, creamy rock, dating from the latest geological period, the elephants and hippopotami disinterred from their caves show that, at a time when the Mediterranean stretched north and south over broad areas which are now dry land, these islands were still under water, and that at a date comparatively recent, before the Straits of Gibraltar had been opened, and when the contracted Mediterranean was only a couple of lakes, Malta was little more than a peninsula of Africa. Indeed, so modern is the group as we know it, that within the human era Comino seems to have been united with the islands on each side of it. For, as the deep wheel-ruts on the opposite shores of the two nearer islands, even at some distance in the water, demonstrate, the intervening straits have either been recently formed, or were at one period so shallow as to be fordable.

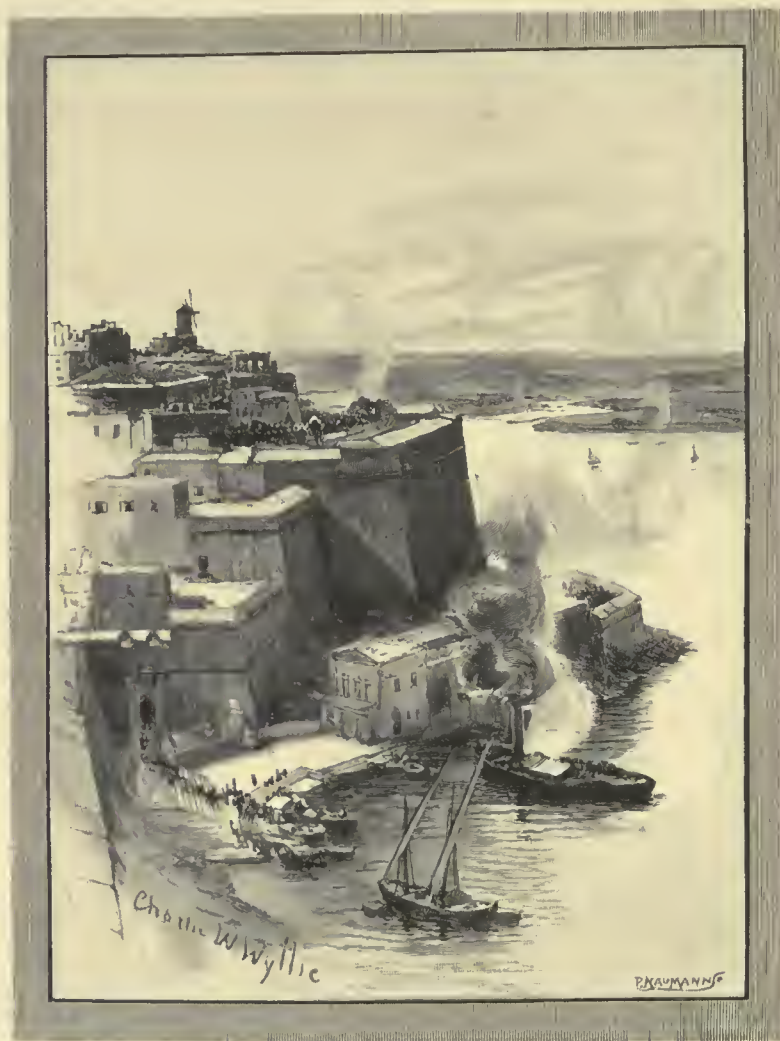
But if it be open to doubt whether night or day is the best time to make our first acquaintance with Malta, there can be none as to the season of the year when it may be most advantageously visited; for if the tourist comes to Malta in spring, he will find the country bright with flowers, and green with fields of wheat and barley, and cumin and "sulla" clover, or cotton, and even with plots of sugar-cane, tobacco, and the fresh foliage of vineyards enclosed by hedges of prickly pears ready to burst into gorgeous blossom. Patches of the famous Maltese potatoes flourish cheek by jowl with noble crops of beans and melons. Figs and pomegranates, peaches, pears, apricots, and medlars are in blossom; and if the curious pedestrian peers over the orchard walls, he may sight oranges and lemons gay with the flowers of which the fragrance is scenting the evening air. But in autumn, when the birds of passage arrive for the winter, the land has been burnt into barrenness by the summer sun and the scorching scirocco. The soil, thin, but amazingly fertile, and admirably suited by its spongy texture to retain the moisture, looks white and parched as it basks in the hot sunshine; and even the gardens, enclosed by high stone walls to shelter them from the torrid winds from Africa, or the wild "gregale" from the north, or the Levanter which sweeps damp and depressing towards the Straits of Gibraltar, fail to relieve the dusty, chalk-like aspect of the landscape. Hills there are—they are called the "Bengemma mountains" by the proud Maltese—but they are mere hillocks to the scoffer from more Alpine regions, for at Ta-l'aghia, the highest elevation in Malta, 750 feet is the total tale told by the barometer, while it is seldom that the sea cliffs reach half that

height. The valleys in the undulating surface are in proportion, and even they and the little glens worn by the watercourses are bald, owing to the absence of wood; for what timber grew in ancient times has long ago been hewn down, and the modern Maltese has so inveterate a prejudice against green leaves which are not saleable that he is said to have quietly uprooted the trees which a paternal Government planted for the supposed benefit of unappreciative children. Hence, with the exception of a bosky grove around some ancient palace of the knights, or a few carob trees, so low that the goats in lack of humbler fodder can, as in Morocco, climb into them for a meal, the rural districts of Malta lack the light and shade which forests afford, just as its arid scenery is unrelieved either by lake, or river, or by any brook worthy of the name. However, as the blue sea, running into inlet and bay, or ending the vista of some narrow street, or driving the spray before the "tempestuous" wind, called "Euroklydon," is seldom out of sight, the sparkle of inland water is less missed than it would be were the country larger.

But Malta proper is only one of the Maltese group. As the geography books have it, there are three main islands, Malta, Gozo, and between them the little one of Comino, which with Cominetto, a still smaller islet close by, seems to have been the crest of a land of old, submerged beneath the sea. The voyager is barely out of sight of Sicily before the faint outlines of these isles are detected, like sharply defined clouds against a serenely blue sky. Yet, undeniably, the first view of Malta is disappointing; for with Etna fresh in the memory of the visitor from one direction, and the great Rock of Gibraltar vivid in the recollection of those arriving from the other end of the Mediterranean, there is little in any of the three islands to strike the imagination. For most of the picturesqueness of Malta is due to the works of man, and all of its romance to the great names and mighty events with which its historic shores are associated. But there are also around the coasts of this major member of the Maltese clump the tiny Filfla, with its venerable church; the Pietro Negro, or Black Rock; Gzeier sanctified by the wreck of St. Paul; and Scoglio Marfo, on which a few fishermen encamp, or which grow grass enough for some rabbits or a frugal goat or two; and, great in fame though small in size, the Hagra tal General, or Fungus Rock, on which still flourishes that curious parasitic plant, the *Fungus Melitensis* of the old botanists, the *Cynomorium coccineum* of latter-day systematists. The visitor who has the curiosity to land on the rock in April or May will find it in full flower, and perhaps, considering its ancient reputation, may be rather disappointed with the appearance of a weed which at one time enjoyed such a reputation as a stauncher of blood and a sovereign remedy for a host of other diseases that the Knights of Malta stored it carefully as a gift for friendly monarchs and to the hospitals of the island. It is less valued in our times, though until very recently the keeper of the rock on which it flourishes most abundantly

was a permanent official in the colonial service. The place indeed is seldom profaned nowadays by human feet; for the box drawn in a pulley by two cables, which was the means of crossing the hundred and fifty feet of sea between the rocks and the shore of Dueira, was broken down some years ago, and has not since been renewed. But, apart from these scientific associations of this outlier of Gozo, the second largest island of the Maltese group is worthy of being more frequently examined than it is,

albeit the lighthouse of Ta Giurdan is familiar enough to every yachtsman in the "Magnum Mare." For it is the first bit of Malta seen from the west, and the last memory of it which the home-coming exile sights as he returns with a lighter heart from the East. Yet except for its classical memories (it was the fabled isle of Calypso, the Gaulos of the Greeks, the Gaulum of the Romans, and the Ghaudex of the Arabs, a name still in use among the natives), the tourist in search of the picturesque will not find a great deal to gratify him in Gozo, with its bay-indented shore, rugged in places, but except in the southern and western coast



Valletta, on the side of the Quarantine Harbour.

rarely attaining a height of three hundred feet above the sea. Still, its pleasing diversity of hill and dale, its occasional groves of trees, and the flourishing gardens from which Valletta market is supplied with a great portion of its vegetables, lend an appearance of rural beauty to Gozo seldom seen or altogether lacking in the rest of the group. Gozo appears to have suffered less from foreign invasions than Malta or even Comino. Its goat cheese still preserves something of the reputation that comestible obtained in days when the world had a limited acquaintance with dairy produce, and the "Maltese jacks," potent donkeys (the very antipodes of their tiny



THE QUAYS OF THE GRAND HARBOUR AT VALLETTA.

kindred on the Barbary coast) which have been known to fetch five hundred pounds in America, are mostly exported from this spot. But, like the peculiar dogs and cats of the group, they are now getting scarce.

The appearance of the Gozitans also is somewhat different from that of their countrymen elsewhere, and they speak the Maltese tongue with a closer approach to the Arabic than do the inhabitants of the other islands, whose speech has become intermingled with that of every Mediterranean race, from the Tyrians to the Italians, though the basis of it is unquestionably Phœnician, and is gradually getting dashed with the less sonorous language of their latest rulers. Indeed, the lamps in daily use are identical in shape with the earthenware ones disinterred from the most ancient of Carthaginian tombs, and until lately a peculiar jargon, allied to Hebrew, and known as "Braik," was spoken at Casal Garbo, an inland village not far from the bay off which lies the General's Rock. But the Gozo folk nowadays trade neither in tin nor in purple, their gaily-painted boats crossing the Straits of Fregghi with no more romantic cargoes than cabbages and cucumbers for Her Majesty's ships; and the swarthy damsels who sit at the half-doors of the white houses are intent on nothing so much as the making of the famous Maltese lace. Except, however, in the strength, industry, and thrift of the Gozitans, there is little in this island to remind the visitor of their Phœnician forefathers, and in a few years, owing to the steady intercourse which daily steam communication has brought about between them and their less sophisticated countrymen, the "Giant's Tower" (the ruins of a temple of Astarte) at Casal Xghara will be about the only remnant of these pre-historic settlers. But Casal Nadur, with its robust men and handsome women, the Tierka Zerka or Azure Window, a natural arch on the seashore, and Rabato, the little capital in the centre of the island, which, in honour of the Jubilee year, changed its name for that of Victoria, are all worthy of a walk farther afield than Migiarro, or the "carting place," off which the Valletta steamer anchors. From the ruined walls of the citadel the visitor can survey Gozo with its conical hills, flattened at the top owing to the wearing away of the upper limestone by the action of the weather and sinking of the underlying greensand, the whole recalling a volcano-dotted region. Then, if he cares to tarry so long, the sightseer may from this pleasant centre tramp or drive to the Bay of Ramla, in a rock overhanging which is another "Grotto of Calypso," or to the Bay of Marsa-il-Forno, or to the Bay of Xlendi, through a well-watered ravine filled with fruit-trees, a walk which offers an opportunity of seeing the best cliff scenery in the island; or, finally, to the Cala Ducira, hard by which is the General's Rock, which (as we already know) forms one of the chief lions of Gozo. Comino with its caves will not detain the most eager of sightseers very long, and its scanty industries, incapable of supporting more than forty people, are not calculated to arouse much enthusiasm.

The shortest route to Valletta from Migiarrro is to Marfa; but most people will prefer to land at once at Valletta. Here the change from the quiet islands to the busy metropolis of the group is marked. Everything betokens the capital of a dependency which, if not itself wealthy, is held by a wealthy nation, and a fortress upon which money has been lavished by a succession of military masters without any regard to the commercial aspects of the outlay. For if Malta has been and must always continue to be a trading centre, it has for ages never ceased to be primarily a place of arms, a stronghold to the defensive strength of which every other interest must give way. All the public buildings are on a scale of substantiality which, to the voyager hitherto familiar only with Gibraltar, is rather striking. Even the residences of the officials are finer than one would expect in a "colony" (though there are no colonists, and no room for them) with a population less than that of a second-rate English borough (164,000), and a revenue rarely exceeding £250,000 per annum. Dens, vile beyond belief, there are no doubt in Valletta. But these are for the most part in narrow bye-lanes, which have few attractions for the ordinary visitor, or in the Manderaggio, a quasi-subterranean district, mostly below sea-level, where the houses are often without windows and conveniences even more important; so that there is an unconscious grimness in the prophetic humour which has dubbed this quarter of Valletta (two-and-a-half acres in area, peopled by 2,544 persons) "the place of cattle." Yet though the ninety-five square miles of the Maltese islands are about the most densely populated portions of the earth, the soil is so fertile, and the sources of employment, especially since the construction of the Suez Canal, so plentiful, that extreme penury is almost unknown, while the rural population seem in the happy mean of being neither rich nor poor.

But the tourist who for the first time surveys Valletta from the deck of a Peninsular and Oriental Liner as she anchors in the Quarantine Harbour, or still better from the Grand Harbour on the other side of the peninsula on which the capital is built, sees little of this. Scarcely is the vessel at rest before she is surrounded by a swarm of the peculiar high-prowed "dghaisas," or Maltese boats, the owners of which, standing while rowing, are clamorous to pull the passenger ashore; for Malta, like its sister fortress at the mouth of the Mediterranean, does not encourage wharves and piers, alongside of which large craft may anchor and troublesome crews swarm when they are not desired. Crowds of itinerant dealers, wily people with all the supple eagerness of the Oriental, and all the lack of conscience which is the convenient heritage of the trader of the Middle Sea, establish themselves on deck, ready to part with the laces, and filigrees, and corals, and shells, and apocryphal coins of the Knights of St. John, for any ransom not less than twice their value. But in Malta, as elsewhere in the Mediterranean ports, there are always two prices, the price for which the resident obtains anything, and the price

which the stranger is asked to pay. To these tariffs a new one has of late years been added, and this is that paradisaical figure, that fond legend of a golden age invoked only when the buyer is very eager, or very verdant, or very rich, "the price that Lady Brassey paid." However, even when the sojourner fancies that he has made a fair bargain (and the appraisements fall suddenly as the last bell begins to ring), the pedler is well in pocket, so well, indeed, that it has been calculated every steamer leaves behind it something like two hundred pounds in cash.

But if the rubbish sold in Valletta can be bought quite as good and rather more cheaply in London, Valletta itself must be seen *in situ*. The entrance to



Valletta, from the Grand Harbour.

either of the harbours enables one to obtain but a slight idea of the place. It seems all forts and flat-roofed buildings piled one above the other in unattractive terraces. There are guns everywhere, and, right and left, those strongholds which are the final purposes of cannon. As the steamer creeps shrieking into "Port Marsa-Musciet" (the "Port" is superfluous, since the Arabic "Marsa" means the same thing) or Quarantine Harbour, it passes Dragut Point, with Fort Tigne on the right and Fort St. Elmo on the left, in addition to Fort Manoel and the Lazaretto on an island straight ahead. Had our destination been the Grand Harbour on the other side of Valletta, Fort Ricasoli and Fort St. Angelo would have been equally in evidence, built on two of the various projections which intersect the left side of that haven. But the forts are, as it were, only the ganglia of the vast systems of fortifications



Bay of St. Paul, where St. Paul was wrecked.

which circle every creek and bay and headland of Valletta and its offshoots. Ages of toil, millions of money, and the best talent of three centuries of engineers have been lavished on the bewildering mass of curtains and horn-works, and ravelins and demilunes, and ditches and palisades, and drawbridges and bastions, and earthworks, which meet the eye in profusion enough to have delighted the soul of Uncle Toby. Sentinels and martial music are the most familiar of sights and sounds, and after soldiers and barracks, sailors and war-ships, the most frequent reminders that Malta, like Gibraltar, is a great military and naval station. But it is also in possession of some civil rights unknown to the latter. Among these is a legislature with limited power and boundless chatter, and, what is of more importance to the visitor, the citizens can go in and out of Valletta at all hours of the day and night, no raised drawbridge or stolid porteullis barring their movements in times of peace. The stranger lands without being questioned as to his nationality, and in Malta the Briton is bereft of the *Civis-Romanus-sum* sort of feeling he imbibes in Gibraltar; for here the alien can circulate as freely as the lords of the soil. But the man who wishes to explore Valletta must be capable of climbing; for from the landing place to the chief hotel in the main street the ascent is continuous, and for the first part of the way is by a flight of stairs. Indeed, these steps are so often called into requisition that one can sympathise with the farewell anathema of Byron as he limped up one of these frequent obstacles to locomotion,

“Adieu! ye cursed streets of stairs!
(How surely he who mounts you swears).”

The reason of this peculiar construction is that Valletta is built on the ridge of Mount Scebarras, so that the ascent from the harbour to the principal streets

running along the crest of the hill is necessarily steep. The result is, however, a more picturesque town than would have been the case had the architect who laid out the town when Jean de La Valette, Grand Master of the Knights, resolved in 1566 to transfer the capital here from the centre of the island, been able to find funds to form a plateau by levelling down the summit of the mound. Hence Valletta is composed of streets running longitudinally and others crossing the former at right angles. Most of these are eked out by steps; one, the Strada Santa Lucia, is made up of flights of them, and none are level from end to end. The backbone of the town and the finest of its highways is the Strada Reale, or Royal Street, which in former days was known as the Strada San Georgio, and during the brief French occupation as "the Street of the Rights of Man." Seven main streets run parallel with it, while eleven at right angles extend in straight lines across the promontory from harbour to harbour. The Strada Reale, with the Strada Mercanti alongside of it, are, however, the most typical bits of the capital, and the visitor who conscientiously tramps through either, with a peep here and there up or down the less important transverse "strade," obtains a fair idea of the city of La Valette, whose statue stands with that of L'Isle Adam over the Porta Reale at the farther end of the street bearing that name. Here the first barrier to an invasion from the landward side is met with in the shape of a deep ditch hewn through the solid rock, right across the peninsula from the one harbour to the other, cutting off if necessary the suburb of Floriana from the town proper, though Floriana, with its rampart gardens, parade ground, and barracks, is again protected on the inland aspect by other of the great fortifications which circle the seashore everywhere.

However, the drawbridge is down at present, and a long stream of people, civil and military, are crossing and recrossing it, to and from the Strada Reale. For this street is the chief artery through which is ever circulating the placid current of Valletteese life. Soldiers in the varied uniforms of the regiments represented in the garrison are marching backwards and forwards, to or from parade, or to keep watch on the ramparts, or are taking their pleasure afoot, or in the neat little covered "carrozzellas" or cabs of the country, in which, unlike those of Gibraltar of a similar build, a drive can be taken at the cost of the coin which, according to Sydney Smith, was struck to enable a certain thrifty race to be generous. Sailors from the war-ships in the Grand Harbour, and merchant seamen on a run ashore, are utilising what time they can spare from the grog shops in the lower town to see the sights of the place. Cabmen and earmen driving cars without sides, and always rushing at the topmost speed of their little horses, scatter unwary pedestrians. Native women, with that curious "faldetta," or one-sided hood to their black cloaks which is as characteristic of Malta as the mantilla is of Spain, pass side by side

with English ladies in the latest of London fashions, or sturdy peasant women, returning from market, get sadly in the way of the British nursemaid dividing her attention in unequal proportions between her infantile charges and the guard marching for "sentry-go" to the ramparts. Flocks of goats, their huge udders almost touching the ground, are strolling about to be milked at the doors of customers. Maltese labourers, brown little men, bare-footed, broad-shouldered, and muscular, in the almost national dress of a Glengarry cap, cotton trousers, and flannel shirt, with scarlet sash, coat over one arm, and little earrings, jostle the smart officers making for the Union Club, or the noisy "globe-trotter" just landed from the steamer which came to anchor an hour ago. A few snaky-eyed Hindoos in gaily embroidered caps invite you to inspect their stock of ornamental wares, but except for an Arab or two from Tunis, or a few hulking Turks from Tripoli with pilot jackets over their barracans, the Strada Reale of Valletta has little of that human picturesqueness imparted to the Water-port Street of Gibraltar by the motley swarms of Spaniards, and Sicilians, and negroes, and Moors, and English who fill it all periods between morning gun-fire to the hour when the stranger is ousted from within the gates. Malta being a most religiously Roman Catholic country, priests and robe-girded Carmelites are everywhere plentiful, and all day long the worshippers entering and leaving the numerous churches, with the eternal "jingle-jingle" of their bells, remind one of Rabelais's description of England in his day. At every turning the visitor is accosted by whining beggars whose pertinacity is only equalled by that of the boot-blacks and cabmen, who seem to fancy that the final purpose of man in Malta is to ride in carrozzellas with shining shoes. In Gibraltar we find a relief to the eye in the great rock towering overhead, the tree-embosomed cottages nestling on its slopes, or the occasional clumps of palms in the hollows. These are wanting to the chief strada of Valletta. In architectural beauty the two streets cannot, however, be compared. The Water-port is lined with houses, few of which are handsome and most of which are mean, while the scarcity of space tends to crowd the narrow "ramps" as thickly as any lane in Valletta. It is seldom that the shops are better than those of a petty English town, and altogether the civil part of the rock fortresses has not lost the impress of having been reared by a people with but little of the world's wealth to spare, and kept alive by a population who have not a great deal to spend.

The main street of Valletta on the other hand is lined by good, and in most cases by handsome, houses, frequently with little covered stone balconies which lend a peculiar character to the buildings. The yellow limestone is also pleasant to look upon, while the many palaces which the comfort-loving knights erected for their shelter, impart to Valletta the appearance of a "city built by gentlemen, for gentlemen." Here on the right is the pretty Opera House (open, in common with the private theatres, on Sunday and Saturday alike), and on the other side of the road the

Auberge of the Language of Provence, now occupied by the Union Club. A little farther on, in an open space shaded with trees, is the Church of St. John, on which the knights lavished their riches, and still, notwithstanding the pillage of the French troops in 1798, rich in vessels of gold and silver, crosses, pixes, jewels, monuments, chivalric emblazonments, paintings, carven stone and other ecclesiastical embellishments, though like the wealthy order of military monks, whose pride it was, the Church of St. John is ostentatiously plain on the outside. The Auberge d'Auvergne, now the Courts of Justice, is on the other side of the street, and hard by, a building which was formerly the Treasury of the Knights, the storehouse into which was gathered the contributions of the Commanderies throughout Europe. The Public Library, fronted by some trees a little way back from the road, is



General View of Valletta: Entrance to the Grand Harbour.

interesting from its containing the books of the Bailiff Louis de Tencin, the Grand Master de Rohan (who erected it), and of many of the more lettered knights, besides a good collection of the island antiquities. Close to it is the palace of the Grand Master, now the residence of the Governor, or in part utilised as Government offices. The courtyards, planted with oranges, euphorbias, hibiscus, and other greenery, and the walls covered with Bougainvillia, have a delightfully cool appearance to the pedestrian who enters from the hot street; while the broad marble staircase, the corridors lined with portraits and men-at-arms, and pictures representing the warlike exploits of the knightly galleys, the armoury full of ancient weapons, and majolica vases from the Pharmacy, and the numerous relics of the former rulers of the island, are worthy of a long study by those interested in art or antiquity. The Council Chamber also merits a visit, for there may be seen the priceless hangings of Brussels tapestry. And last of all, the idlest of tourists is not likely to neglect the Hall of St. Michael and St. George, the frescoes celebrating the famous



Charles W. Wyllie

Wyllie

P. AND O. STEAMER ENTERING THE QUARANTINE HARBOUR.

deeds of the Order of St. John, and the quaint clock in the interior court, which, according to Maltese legend, was brought from Rhodes when that island was abandoned after a resistance only less glorious than a victory. For, as Charles V. exclaimed when he heard of the surrender which led to Malta becoming the home of the knights, "there has been nothing in the world so well lost as Rhodes." The main guard, with its pompous Latin inscription recording how "*Magnæ et invictæ Britanniae Melitensium Amor et Europæ vox Has insulas confirmant An. MDCCXIV,*" is exactly opposite the palace. But when the visitor sees the wealth of art which the knights were forced to leave behind them, he is apt to be puzzled how the Maltese, who contributed not one baiocco to buy it, or to build these palaces or fortifications, could either through "Amor," or that necessity which knows no law, make them over to us, or how "*Magna et invicta Britannia*" could accept without compensation the property of the military monks, whose Order, bereft of wealth and influence, still exists and claims with the acquiescence of at least one court to rank among the sovereign Powers of Christendom. The knights are, however, still the greatest personalities in Malta. We come upon them, their eight-pointed cross, and their works at every step. Their ghosts still walk the highways. The names of the Grand Masters are immortalised in the cities they founded and in the forts they reared. Their portraits in the rude art of the Berlin lithographer hang on even the walls of the hotels. Their ecclesiastical side is in evidence by the churches which they reared, by the hagiological names which they gave to many of the streets, by the saintly figures with which, in spite of three-fourths of a century of Protestant rulers, still stand at the corners, and by the necessity which we have only recently found to come to an understanding with the Pope as to the limits of the canon law in this most faithful portion of his spiritual dominions.

On the other hand, the secular side of the Order is quite as prominent. Here, for instance, after descending some steps which serve as a footpath, we come to the Fort of St. Elmo, which terminates the Strada Reale. But long before there was any regular town on Monte Sceberras, when the capital was in the centre of the island, this fortress on the point midway between the two harbours was a place round which the tide of battle often swirled, when Paynim and Christian fought for the mastery of the island. Of all these sieges the greatest is that of 1565, a year before the town of Valletta was laid out. Twice previously, in 1546 and 1551, the Turks had endeavoured to expel the knights, but failed to effect a landing. But in the year mentioned Sultan Solymán The Magnificent, the same Solymán who thirty-four years before had driven them from Rhodes, determined to make one supreme effort to dislodge the Order from their new home. The invading fleet consisted of a hundred and thirty-eight vessels under the Renegade Piali, and an army of thirty-three thousand men under the orders of Mustafa Pasha. These sea and land forces

were soon afterwards increased by the arrival of two thousand five hundred resolute old Corsairs brought from Algiers by Hassan Pasha, and eighteen ships containing sixteen hundred men under the still more famous Dragut, the Pirate Chief of Tripoli, who, by the fortunes of war, was in a few years later fated to toil as a galley-slave in this very harbour. The siege lasted for nearly four months. Every foot of ground was contested with heroic determination until it was evident that Fort St. Elmo could no longer hold out. Then the knights, worn and wounded, and reduced to a mere remnant of their number, received the viaticum in the little eastle chapel, and embracing each other went forth on the ramparts to meet whatever lot was in store for them. But St. Angelo and Senglea, at the end of the peninsula on which Isola is now built, held out until, on the arrival of succour from Sicily, the Turks withdrew. Of the forty thousand men who on the 18th of May had sat down before the Castle, not ten thousand re-embarked; whilst of the eight or nine thousand defenders, barely six hundred were able to join in the Te Deum of thanks for the successful termination of what was one of the greatest struggles in ancient or modern times. Then it was that "the most illustrious and most Reverend Lord, Brother John de la Valette," to quote his titles inscribed over the Porta Reale, determined to lay out the new city, so that, before twelve months passed, the primeval prophecy that there would be a time when every foot of land in Monte Seeberras would be worth an ounce of silver bade fair to come true. St. Elmo is still the chief of the island fortresses, and the little chapel which the knights left to fall under the Turkish scimitars is again in good preservation, after having been long forgotten under a pile of rubbish. But though churchmen and soldiers, the masters of Malta were, if all tales are true, a good deal more *militaires* than monks. Eye-witnesses describe the knights as they sailed on a warlike expedition waving their hands to fair ladies on the shore. In their albergos or barracks the "Languages" lived luxuriously, and though duelling was strictly prohibited, there is a narrow street, the Strada Stretta, running parallel with the Reale, in which this extremely uneclesiastical mode of settling disputes was winked at. For by a pleasant fiction, any encounter within its limits was regarded as simply a casual difficulty occasioned by two fiery gentlemen accidentally jostling each other!

Turning into the Strada Mercanti, the San Giaeomio of a former nomenclature, we come upon more reminders of this picturesque brotherhood. For close by the Hospital for Incurables is the site of their cemetery, and farther up the steep street is the Military Hospital, which was founded by the Grand Master, Fra Luis de Vasconcelos. This infirmary, as an old writer tells us, was in former days "the very glory of Malta." Every patient had two beds for change, and a closet with lock and key to himself. No more than two people were put in one ward, and

these were waited upon by the "Serving Brothers," their food being brought to them on silver dishes, and everything else ordered with corresponding magnificence. Nowadays, though scarcely so sumptuous, the hospital is still a noble institution, one of the rooms, four hundred and eighty feet in length, being accounted the longest in Europe. But there are no silver dishes, and the nurses have ceased to be of knightly rank. The University, an institution which turns out doctors with a celerity which accounts for the number of them in the island, is an even less imposing building than the public pawnbroking establishment hard by, and neither is so noteworthy as the market, which is remarkable from a literary point of view as being perhaps the only edifice in Valletta the founder of which has been content to inscribe his merits in the vulgar tongue. On the top of the hill, for we have been climbing all the time, is a house with a fine marble doorway, which also is the relic of the knights. For this building was the Castellania, or prison, and the pillory in which prisoners did penance, and the little window from above which prisoners were suspended by the hands, are still, with the huge hook to which the rope was attached, to be seen by those who are curious in such disciplinary matters. But like the rock-hewn dungeons in which the knights kept their two thousand galley-slaves, in most cases Turks and Moors who had fallen in the way of their war-ships, which still exist in the rear of the Dockyard Terrace, such reminders of a cruel age and a stern Order are depressing to the wanderer in search of the picturesque. He prefers

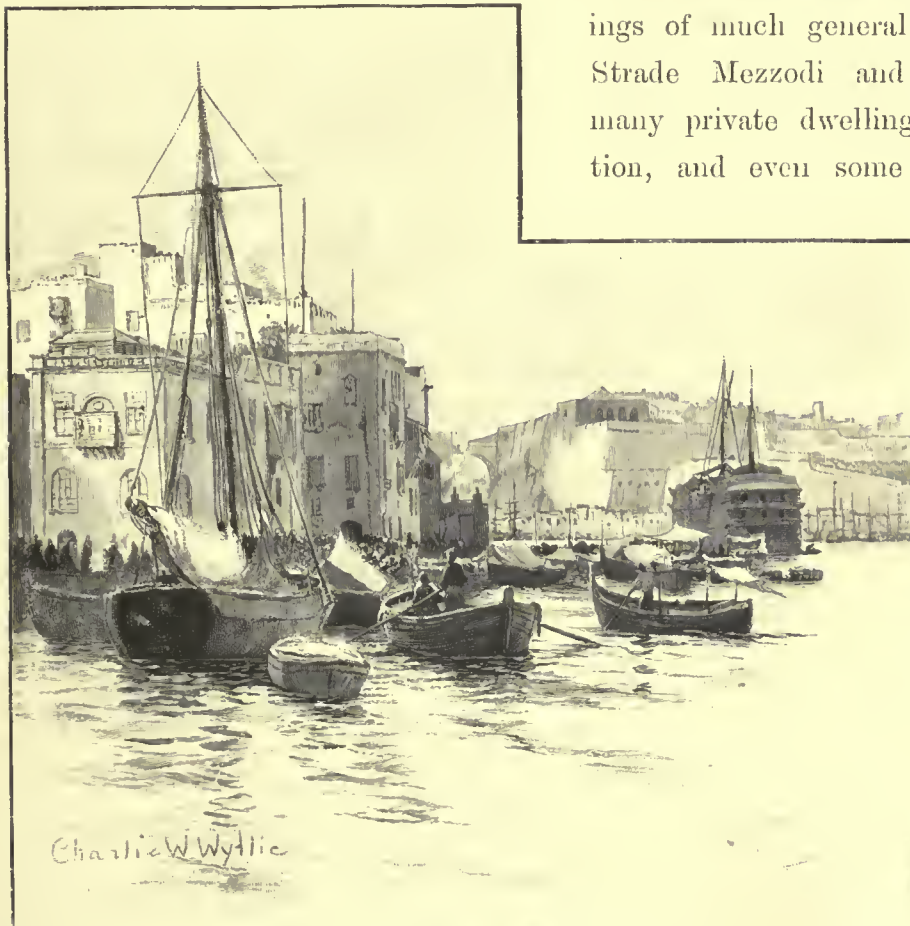


Men-of-War in the Grand Harbour of Valletta.

to look at the Auberge of the Language of Italy, where the Royal Engineers have their quarters, or at the Palazzo Parisi, opposite (it is a livery stable at present), where General Bonaparte resided during that brief stay in Malta which has served ever since to make the French name abhorred in the island, or at the Auberge de Castille, the noblest of all the knights' palaces, where the two scientific corps hold their hospitable mess.

We have now tramped the entire length of the two chief longitudinal streets of Malta, and have seen most of the buildings of much general interest. But in the Strade Mezzodi and Britannica there are many private dwellings of the best description, and even some public ones, like the

Auberge de France (devoted to the head of the Commissariat Department), warrant examination from a historical, if not from an architectural, point of view. All of these knightly hotels are worthy of notice. Most of them are now appropriated to the needs of Government offices or, like the Au-



Isola Point, Malta.

berge d'Arragon (an Episcopal residence), to the housing of local dignitaries. But where the Auberge d'Allemagne once stood the collegiate church of St. Paul has been built, and if there ever was an Auberge d'Angleterre (for the language of England was suppressed when Henry VIII. confiscated the English Commanderies and was early succeeded by that of Bavaria), the building which bore the name of our country was levelled when the new theatre was built. It is nevertheless certain that the Tureopolier or General of the Horse was, until the Reformation, selected from the Language of England, just as that of Provence always furnished the Grand Commander, France the Grand Hospitaller, Italy the Admiral, Arragon the Drapier, Auvergne the Commander, Germany the Grand Bailiff, and Castile the Grand

Chancellor of the Sovereign Order, whose Grand Master held among other titles those of Prince of Malta and Gozo.

We are now at the Upper Barracca, one of those arcades erected as promenades by the knights, and still the favourite walk of the citizens in the cool of morning and evening. From this point also is obtained a good bird's-eye view of Valletta and much of the neighbouring country, and if the visitor continues his walk to St. Andrew's Bastion he may witness a panorama of both harbours; one, which the Maltese affirm (and we are not called upon to contradict them), is surpassed by the Bosphorus alone. It is at all events the most picturesque of the island views. There at a glance may be seen the two chief harbours alive with boats, sailing vessels, and steamers, from the huge ironclad to the noisy little launch. We then see that beside the main peninsula upon which Valletta is built, and which divides the Quarantine from the Grand Harbour, there are several other headlands projecting into these ports in addition to the island occupied by Fort Manoel and the Lazaretto. These narrow peninsulas cut the havens into a host of subsidiary basins, bays, and creeks, while Valletta itself has overflowed into the suburbs of Floriana, Sliema, and St. Julian, and may by-and-by occupy Tasbiesch and Picta; Bigli, where the Naval Hospital is situated, and Corradino, associated with gay memories of the racecourse, and the more sombre ones which pertain to the cemeteries and the prisons, all of which are centred in this quarter, where in former days the knights had their horse-breeding establishments and their game preserves.

But there are certain suburbs of Valletta which no good Maltese will describe by so humble a name. These are the "Three Cities" of Vittoriosa and Senglea, built on the two peninsulas projecting into the Grand Harbour, and separated by the Dockyard Creek, and Burmola or CossPICUA, stretching back from the shore. These three "cities" are protected by the huge Firenzuola and Cottonera lines of fortifications, and as Fort Angelo, the most ancient of the Maltese strongholds, and Fort Ricasoli, recalling the name of its builder, are among their castles, they hold their heads very high in Malta. Indeed, long before Valletta was thought of, and when Notabile was seen to be unfitted for their purpose, the knights took up their residence in Borgo or the Burgh, which, as the Statue of Victory still standing announces, was dignified by the name of Citta Vittoriosa after their victory over the Turks. Strada Antico Palazzo del Governatore recalls the old Palace which once stood in this street, and indeed until 1571 this now poor town was the seat of Government. Antique buildings, like the Nunnery of Santa Scolastica, once a hospital, and the Inquisitor's Palace, now the quarters of the English garrison, are witnesses to its fallen dignity. Burmola is also a city of old churches, and Senglea, named after the Grand Master De la Sengle, though at present a place of little consequence, contains plenty of architectural proofs that when its old name

of "Chersoneso," or the Peninsula, was changed to Isola, or "The Unconquered," this "city," with Fort Michael to do its fighting, played in Malta militant a part almost as important as it does nowadays when its dockyard and arsenal are its chief titles to fame.

Turning our survey inland, we see from the Barracca a rolling country, whitish, dry, and uninviting, dotted with white rocks projecting above the surface; white little villages, each with its church and walled fields; and topping all, on the summit of a rising ground, a town over which rise the spires of a cathedral. This is Citta Vecchia, the "old city" as it was called when the capital was transferred to Valletta, though the people round about still call it by the Saracenic name of "Medina" (the town), the more modern designation of "Notabile" being due to a complimentary remark of Alfonso the Magnanimous, King of Castile. No town in Malta is more ancient. Here, we know from the famous oration of Cicero, that Verres, Prætor of Sicily, established some manufactories for cotton goods, out of which were made women's dresses of extraordinary magnificence, and here also the same voluptuous ruler did a reprehensible amount of plundering from temples and the "abodes of wealthy and honourable citizens." In their time-honoured capital the Grand Masters had to be inaugurated, and in its cathedral every Bishop of Malta must still be consecrated. But the glory of Notabile is its memories, for in all Christendom there is no more silent city than the one towards which we creep by means of the island railway which has of late years shortened the eight miles between it and Valletta. Every rood, after leaving the cave-like station hollowed out of the soft solid rock, and the tunnels under the fortifications, seems sleepier and sleepier. Every few minutes we halt at a white-washed shed hard by a white-washed "casal." And all the "casals" seem duplicates of each other. The white streets of these villages are narrow, and the people few. But the church is invariably disproportionately large, well built, and rich in decorations, while the shops in the little square are much poorer than people who support so fine a church ought to patronise. There is Hamrun, with its Apostolic Institute directed by Algerian missionaries, Misada in the valley, and Birehircara. Casal Curmi, where the cattle market is held, is seen in the distance, and at Lia and Balzan we are among the orange and lemon gardens for which these villages are famous. The San Antonio Palace, with its pleasant grounds, forms a relief to the eye. At Attard, "the village of roses," the aqueduct which supplies Valletta with the water of Diar Handur comes in sight, and then, at San Salvador, the train begins the steep pull which ends at the base of the hill on which Notabile is built.

On this slope are little terraced fields and remains of what must at one time have been formidable fortifications. But all is crumbling now. A few of the Valletta merchants are taking advantage of the railway by building country houses, and some

of the old Maltese nobility cling to the town associated with their quondam glory. But its decaying mansions with their mouldering coats of arms, palaces appropriated to prosaic purposes, ramparts from which for ages the clash of arms has departed, and streets silent except for the tread of the British soldiers stationed



Church of St. John, Strada Reale, Valletta.

there or the mumble of the professional beggar, tell a tale of long-departed greatness. A statue of Juno is embedded in the gateway, and in the shed-like museum have been collected a host of Phœnician, Roman, and other remains dug out of the soil of the city. Maltese boys pester us to buy copper coins of the knights which are possibly honest, and their parents produce silver ones which are probably apocryphal.

In Notabile itself there is not, however, a great deal to look at, though from the summit of the Sanatorium, of old the Courts of Justice (and there

are dreadful dungeons underneath it still), a glance may be obtained over the entire island. To the prosaic eye it looks rather dry to be the "Fior del Mondo," the flower of the world, as the patriotic Maltese terms the land which he leaves with regret and returns to with joy. There to the south lies Verdala Palace, and the Boschetto, a grove in much request for picnic parties from Valletta, and beyond both,



THE TOP OF THE GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA.



Citta Vecchia, or Notabile: The Old Capital of Malta.

the Inquisitor's summer palace, close to where the sea spray is seen flying against the rugged cliffs. The Bingemma hills, thick with Phœnician tombs, are seen to the west, and if the pedestrian cares he may visit the old rock fortress of Kala ta Bahria, Imtarfa, where stood the temple of Proserpine, and Imtahleb near the sea-shore, where in the season wild strawberries abound. Musta, with its huge domed church, is prominent enough to the north-east, while with a glass it is not difficult to make out Zabbar and Zeitun, Zurrico, Paola, and other villages of the south-eastern coast scattered through a region where remains of the past are very plentiful. For here are the ruins of the temples of Hagiar Khim and Mnaidra, rude prehistoric monuments, and on the shore of the Marsa Scirocco (a bay into which the hot wind of Africa blows direct), is a megalithic wall believed to be the last of the temple of Melkarte, the Tyrian Hercules.

But in Notabile, far before Apollo and Proserpine, whose marble temples stood here, before even the knights, whose three centuries of iron rule have a singular fascination for the Maltese, there is a name very often in many mouths. And that is "San Paolo." Saint Paul is in truth the great man of Malta, and the people make very much of him. He is almost as popular a personage as Sir Thomas Maitland, the autocratic "King Tom," of whose benevolent despotism and doughty deeds also one is apt in time to get a little tired. Churches and streets and cathedrals are dedicated to the Apostle of the Gentiles, and from the summit of the Sanatorium a barefooted Maltese points out "the certain creek with a shore" in which he was wrecked, the island of Salmun, on which there is a statue of him, and the church erected in his honour. It is idle to hint to this pious son of Citta Vecchia that it is doubtful whether Paul was ever wrecked in Malta at all, that not unlikely the scene

of that notable event was Melita, in the Gulf of Ragusa. Are there not hard by serpents turned into stone, if no living serpents to bite anybody, and a miraculous fountain which burst forth at the Apostle's bidding? And is not "the tempestuous wind called Euroklydon" blowing at this very moment? And in the cathedral we learn for the first time that Publius, on the site of whose house it is built, became the first Bishop of Malta. For is not his martyrdom sculptured in marble, and painted on canvas? And by-and-by we see the grotto in which St. Paul did three months' penance, though the reason is not explained, and over it the chapel raised to the memory of the converted Roman Governor, and not far away the Catacombs in which the early Christians sheltered themselves, though whether there is an underground passage from there to Valletta, as historians affirm, is a point in which our barefooted commentator is not agreed.

All these are to him irreverent doubts. Notabile, with its cathedral, and convents, and monasteries, its church of St. Publius, the "stone of which never grows less," the seminary for priests, the Bishop's Palace and the Bishop's Hospital, is no place for scepticism touching Saint Paul and his voyages. Any such unbeliefs we had better carry elsewhere. The day is hot and the old city is somnolent, and the talk is of the past. At the wicket gate of the little station at the hill foot the engine is, at least, of the present. And as we slowly steam into Valletta, and emerge into the busy street, we seem to have leapt in an hour from the Middle Ages into the Nineteenth Century. The band is playing in the Palace Square, and the politicians are in procession over some event with which we as seekers after the picturesque are not concerned. But in Valletta we are in the land of living men. Behind us is a city of the dead, and around it lie villages which seem never to have been alive.

ROBERT BROWN.



The Road from Valletta to Citta Vecchia.



Piazza Maggiore, Ravenna.

THE WESTERN ADRIATIC: RAVENNA TO BRINDISI.

TRULY an uninteresting site that of Ravenna. All around one level plain; not indeed endless, for here and there against the horizon rise the shadowy outlines of distant hills, the broken Apennines, the volcanic Euganeans, and the advanced bastions of the Alps themselves. Still, though these, whether faintly blue in the midday haze, or purple in the glory of the setting sun, are a wondrous relief to the monotony of the scene, they are all very far away; nearer there is nothing to break the level of the horizon, except some structure reared by man and the long green line of pine-wood, which shuts out Ravenna from the eastern sea. On the plain itself trees are few, or at any rate small; even houses and churches, in some directions, are but rarely seen. The vast plain behind Ravenna is a repetition, though on a larger scale, of the fen-land of England, with its dykes and its bank-defended rivers; the soil is saturated with moisture; water stands a few inches below the level of the ground; in wet weather it may be spooned up with a ladle rather than dug with a spade. The land is a great delta, built up by the Po and many a minor stream from the spoils of the distant Alps and Apennines in the shallow waters of the Adriatic. Time was, and that not so many centuries since, when the tide ebbed and flowed where now the fields stand

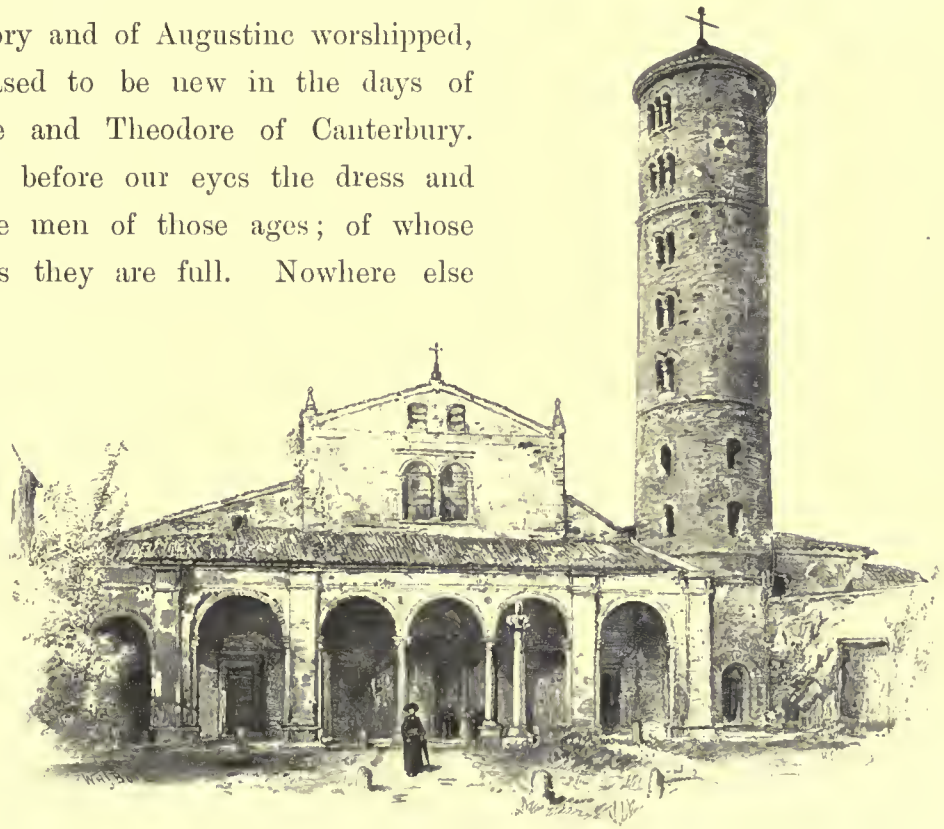
thick with corn; the sea-gulls screamed and fished where now birds sing in the branches of the pines. The story of Ravenna is one of the most remarkable of the growth of deltas and of the silent changes which occur near the frontier of land and sea. The town existed in the days of the Roman Republic, though it was not then a place of much importance; but Augustus selected it as the headquarters of the Adriatic fleet, improved its communications by land and water, and constructed a new harbour at a place nearly three miles distant, which still retains the name of Classis. The sea is now, roughly speaking, six miles away. At that time Ravenna was more like Venice or Amsterdam at the present day. It was intersected by canals in which the tide ebbed and flowed; and so, though sometimes, as it was said satirically, good wine was cheaper than good water, it was regarded as such a healthy place that gladiators went there for training. A continuous suburb, the nearer part of which bore the name of Cesarea, joined Classis to Ravenna; and for some three centuries it prospered greatly, and was considered to be so strong in its defences, natural and artificial, that when the northern barbarians began to threaten Italy, the Emperor Honorius, in the year 402, removed his court to Ravenna. But year by year the land gained upon the sea; the channels leading up to the quays of Ravenna and the basins of Classis became more shallow; streets replaced canals, and cattle grazed where ships had ridden at anchor. The coast-line steadily advanced eastwards; Cesarea has been swept away, though a small column marks the site of its grand old church, which was barbarously destroyed in the sixteenth century. Of the shops and counting-houses of Classis nothing remains, except that its church still rises in solitary grandeur among the marshes. Within the walls of Ravenna Honorius was safe. Alaric the Goth, Genseric the Vandal, and the usurper Ricimer, in turn sacked the imperial city, but Ravenna remained unconquered, and did not open its gates to the invader till the Western empire had fallen and the diminutive successor of Romulus and Augustus had done homage to the warlike chief of the Pomeranian Herules.

Then for a time Ravenna had its share in the common lot of Italy. Near the end of the century it was surrendered to Theodoric the Ostrogoth, who made it his chief residence and thus restored to it much of its ancient splendour. For some ninety years it was the home of the Gothic kings, and then, after it had opened its gates to Belisarius, became the abode of the exarch of the Emperor of the East. Under that potentate it remained until the middle of the eighth century, when, after changing masters once or twice, it was handed over to the Pope. For full four centuries it formed part of the States of the Church. Then it was governed by rulers of its own, until it passed, shortly before the middle of the fifteenth century, under the power of Venice; but it was recovered by Julius II. in 1509, and, with one interval, continued to be part of the Papal dominions until it was incorporated into the kingdom of Italy.

Ravenna is a town "absolutely unique in its character and interests;" it is "the only town where we are met at every step by the works of Christian Emperors, Gothic Kings, and Byzantine Exarchs. Of those strange and dark and unhappy centuries in which the old world was shaped into the new, Ravenna has the monuments almost wholly to herself. They all come within less than a hundred and fifty years of each other, and yet they fall naturally into three periods. First come the monuments of the Christian Western Empire, the churches and tombs of the family of Honorius. Next come the works of the Gothic kingdom, the churches and the mausoleum of Theodorie. Next come the buildings, San Vitale among the foremost, which are later than the recovery of Italy by Justinian. It is well that there should be one spot from which the monuments of heathen Rome and mediæval Christendom are alike absent, and where every relic breathes of the strange and almost forgotten time which comes between the two." We can see in Ravenna, still but little changed, the churches in which the contemporaries of Gregory and of Augustine worshipped, which had long ceased to be new in the days of Bede the Venerable and Theodore of Canterbury. Their mosaics bring before our eyes the dress and the dwellings of the men of those ages; of whose sculptured sepulchres they are full. Nowhere else can we enter so fully into the every-day religious thought of times of which in our own land scarce any outward visible trace remains.

Yet, notwithstanding its treasures of architecture and art, it

must be admitted that at first sight Ravenna is rather a disappointing town. Placed on a plain as flat as a Cambridgeshire fen, it has neither beauty nor picturesqueness of situation. Its houses are comparatively modern in aspect, and for the most part thoroughly commonplace. It presents the aspect of a fairly thriving but rather sleepy Italian town of moderate size. It does not admit of any comparison with Verona or Padua, far less with Venice or Florence. The streets are not narrow enough



Church of St. Apollinare Nuova.

to be picturesque, nor wide enough to be splendid. The houses are unattractive, and the gardens, which in some parts of the town occupy a considerable space, are completely shut in by high walls; thus the buildings of chief interest are by no means conspicuous; they are often huddled away in back lanes, and have to be hunted out, instead of forming centres for converging streets or being bordered by open squares. Yet, more, the first sight of one of the churches which have made Ravenna famous produces a sense of disappointment. Brick is almost the only material which has been employed in the construction of the exterior; and brick that has been exposed to the weather for quite a dozen centuries and which from the first was not a highly-finished product of the mason's art is apt to assume a rather rough and shabby aspect. The architects do not seem to have cared for such external adornment as can be obtained even with this material. The windows are small and not numerous, the arches are not recessed; in short, the exterior of the churches at Ravenna has always been extremely plain. A portico at the western entrance, and the lofty circular campaniles, are usually the only attempts to relieve the general monotony of the design. The architects reserved themselves for the interior of their buildings, and often, as we pass beneath the heavy curtain which falls over the doorway, we stand almost startled by the sudden change from poverty to magnificence.

In this brief account it is useless to attempt a full description of the antiquarian treasures which are embedded like gems in dross among the commonplace houses of Ravenna. A few only of the more conspicuous or interesting can be mentioned. In the centre of the town is the Piazza Maggiore, the one exception to the general charge of unpicturesqueness which we have ventured against Ravenna. In form it is a slightly irregular oblong. At the western end rise two granite columns crowned by statues; these were erected some four centuries since by the Venetians, but brought in all probability from certain Roman ruins. On one side certain houses rest on an ancient colonnade, a relic of olden times attributed by some to Theodoric, by others to a yet earlier epoch, and the other buildings around the piazza are more varied in age and design than is usual in Ravenna. Besides this, of the memorials not strictly ecclesiastical, if we except the house once inhabited by Lord Byron and afterwards by Garibaldi, there are but three to be noticed, one palace and two tombs. The first is only a ruined fragment, a portion of a façade with a round-headed gateway and a simple arcade above, but it was the dwelling of the famous Ostrogoth, Theodoric the Great, "the barbarian conqueror who gave Italy thirty years of such prosperity as she never saw for ages before or after." There is a difference as to the exact date of the structure which remains, some good judges regarding it as rather later than the era of Theodoric; others, however, see no reason for doubt, and that it formed a part of his palace is beyond question. It was practically made a ruin by Charles the Great, who carried away the marbles and other valuables to adorn

his palace and church at Aachen. Theodoric's sepulchre, one of the two mentioned above, lies among the gardens and vineyards a few hundred yards away from the city walls. Happily it has come down to our days with but little injury, and of itself would repay a long journey to Ravenna. It is wholly built of the pure limestone of Dalmatia, almost worthy to be called a marble. In plan the building is a decagon, the lower stage consisting of a massive arched wall, the upper being a circular structure of less diameter. This is crowned by one block of Istrian limestone nearly twelve yards across, which is wrought into a shallow flattened dome. The upper storey is lighted by small windows and entered by a large door. Formerly it was surrounded by a colonnade, which consisted of round-headed arches, supported by light pillars resting on the wall of the lower storey; these, which must have greatly enriched the structure, have unfortunately perished. The actual site of Theodoric's sarcophagus is a matter of doubt. Some assert that the square top of the monolithic dome supported an urn in which his ashes were laid. It is, however, hardly probable that a structure of this kind would be designed merely for a pedestal. In any case the body would be placed in a sarcophagus, either of marble, like that in which reposes the daughter of Honorius, or of red porphyry, like that which may be seen built into the wall of Theodoric's palace, and is now traditionally assigned as his resting place; this would, in all probability, be placed either in the lower or the upper chamber. Considering all the circumstances, I should expect that the latter was the actual mortuary chapel. But wherever the tomb was, it proved no lasting shelter. Theodoric was an Arian, and thus he was obnoxious to the orthodox; moreover, he was said to be meditating a persecution at the time of his death, and beyond doubt he had begun his reign by one crime, the assassination of Odoacer, and near its close had put to death two illustrious men (one his own father-in-law) on a charge probably false. Thus little doubt was felt as to his doom; so, when the orthodox became masters, Theodoric's dust was ejected and his tomb became Santa Maria della Rotonda. But this structure is not only remarkable for its architecture. We may reasonably suppose that when it was erected the floor of the basement storey would be at least on the level of the ground. It is now ten or eleven feet below this! So, during the period which has elapsed since the completion of the monument, the soil has accumulated to this amount by repeated floodings.

The other tomb belongs to the first of the three periods mentioned by Professor Freeman, and is older than that of Theodoric by more than three-quarters of a century. This still contains the ashes of Galla Placidia, daughter of Honorius, of her second husband, and of one son. No two buildings could well present greater contrasts. This one, instead of Istrian limestone, is built of rough brick; externally it is a plain, almost mean, structure, but internally it is encrusted with

mosaies, still for the most part in excellent preservation; its sepulchres also are inviolate. Galla Placidia was entombed in a marble sarcophagus, sitting, like Charles the Great at Aachen, in her robes of state. The body could formerly be seen through a hole in the sarcophagus, but in 1577 the robes were accidentally ignited and it was thus reduced to ashes. Right and left are placed the smaller tombs of her Roman husband Constantius, and his Roman son Valentinian. "Of all the Cæsars



Street in Ravenna.

of East and West, till the Imperial sceptre passed away into Northern hands, they alone lie in glory, every one in his own house." The urn of Trajan has disappeared from his column; the ashes of Hadrian and of the Antonines from the mausoleum which is now the Castle of St. Angelo; the "porphyry" sarcophagus of Helena adorns the museum of the Vatican; but here, in Ravenna, the family of Theodosius the Great has been left to rest in peace.

The Mausoleum, which now bears the name of St. Nazario e Celso, was built shortly after the death of Galla Placidia, and most probably was completed be-

fore the year 450. In plan it is a Latin cross, forty-nine by forty-one feet, with a low central dome. The ceiling and the walls above the marble dado are covered with mosaics, figures, and arabesques in gold and in various tints on a ground of rich ultramarine blue; the colour harmony is often excellent, and the designs are frequently very good; for instance, it would be difficult to surpass the figure of the Good Shepherd which is over the entrance door; coarse as the material necessarily is, the artist has succeeded in giving to the face an expression of singular tenderness. The sarcophagus of Galla is massive rather than handsome, and is inferior in execution to many others in Ravenna. It is placed at the head of the cross opposite the entrance. Those also of her son and husband are not

remarkable; each occupies an arm of the cross. Built into the wall, on either side of the entrance, are two other tombs; one contains the body of Valentinian's tutor, the other that of the instructor of his sister Honoria. But in front of the sarcophagus of Galla stands a very fine altar of transparent oriental alabaster. It was removed to this place from the neighbouring church of San Vitale, but is older than the sixth century.

Of the first architectural period, that of the Christian emperors, there are but



Mausoleum of Galla Placidia.

few other buildings in Ravenna. Some parts, especially the columns of the church of St. Giovanni Battista, belong to that erected by Galla Placidia, but the greater portion is of more recent date. The baptistry of the cathedral was built a few years after her death, and still remains in excellent preservation. Externally, like her monument, it is a simple brick structure, but is octagonal in form. Internally it is adorned with slabs and columns of cipollino marble and encrusted with mosaics which are hardly less beautiful than those in the mausoleum of Galla. In the dome the baptism of Christ is depicted, at which the Jordan, personified as a river god, is an onlooker; a curious survival of pagan symbolism in Christian art, though by no means the only instance of this kind, for old superstitions and errors die hard, and nineteen centuries have not wholly purged Christianity from the

taints of earlier creeds. Below there is a band of mosaics representing structural work, which, as usual, is the least satisfactory part of the whole design; the part beneath this is mostly occupied by scroll-work or arabesque patterns, which often are wonderfully graceful. Here also the same rich blue is largely employed in the grounding, with cubes of gold, green, grey, white, red, and other colours. In the middle stands the huge marble bath, adorned with slabs of porphyry, in which the baptised were immersed. The original cathedral was earlier by some years than this baptistry, but it was unfortunately rebuilt in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The present structure is a fair but uninteresting specimen of Renaissance work; but it retains the ancient columns, besides some sarcophagi and other curious relics of olden times. The original round campanile also remains, but this probably is not earlier, and perhaps is even later, than the days of the exarchs. But the adjoining palace of the archbishop still contains a very precious remnant of the earliest period, a little chapel which, as usual, is lined with marble and mosaics, and is in excellent preservation. This also was completed by the year 450, and so is practically contemporaneous with the mausoleum of Galla Placidia.

Of the next period it will suffice to describe one church; St. Apollinare Nuovo, built by Theodoric, about the year 500. The campanile, as is almost invariably the case in Ravenna, is round, and its date uncertain. While some authorities regard these towers, which are usually detached, as contemporaneous with the churches (that is, in the more important cases, as works of the fifth and sixth centuries), others consider them to be later than the ninth century, Professor Freeman even saying, "We shall not dispute if any one assign them to the eleventh and twelfth." Certainly there is more elegance in the design and finish in execution than appear in the massive walls and plain architecture of the churches. Still, the capitals in the naves of the latter indicate that the architects of the earlier period were by no means insensible to beauty, and it seems strange that these additions should be so general.

Of the date of the church, however, there can be no doubt, though the mosaics which are its chief glory are considered to be, at any rate in great part, a little later than the days of Theodoric. It is an oblong basilica, with large central nave and wide aisles, the walls of the former being supported by arches, which spring from impost blocks, resting on richly carved capitals of rather classic pattern, supported by pillars of cipollino marble. At the eastern end, as usual, there is a great apse; but in this case a rectangular compartment intervenes between the large eastern arch and the commencement of the apse, thus forming an ordinary chancel, a feature very rare in buildings of this early date. In one of the chapels is a remarkable mosaic portrait of Justinian, together with an ancient episcopal throne and some curious fragments of earlier structures, but these are not the most

marvellous feature in St. Apollinare Nuovo. Beneath the clerestory and above the arches on either side, where in a more modern church we should expect to find a triforium, runs a continuous band of mosaics depicting a procession of saintly figures, probably seven or eight feet high. On the south side are men, on the north women; the one proceeding from a mass of buildings representing the city of Ravenna, with the church of St. Vitale and the palace of Theodoric; the other from the suburb of Classis, with its harbour. At the head of the latter company we find the three wise men of the East bringing gifts to the infant Saviour, who is seated on his mother's knee, with his hand raised in the attitude of benediction, two angels standing on either side. He also appears, of full age, with the same attendants, at the head of the other procession. The women wear white robes adorned with gold, the men are mostly vested in an under-garment of white with purple stripes, and an upper robe of white or brown. Each carries a crown, and between each is a palm-tree. The expression of the faces is remarkably varied; but it is always tender and placid. Seldom have I seen anything more impressive than these grand processions of glorified figures which for some thirteen centuries have looked down with calm faces and peaceful eyes on the worshippers below as they came and went, at last to their own place. Through times of festivity or of mourning, of triumph or of defeat, insensible alike to the sound of joy or the noise of war in the gate, the pictured forms of those who had fought the good fight have stood, fit emblems of the eternal peace which ends at last the hurly-burly of this transitory life.

Yet one other church in Ravenna must be noticed, that dedicated to St. Vitale, which was begun the year after the death of Theodoric and consecrated in 547, so that in the main it may be regarded as representative of the third period, that of the Byzantine Exarchs. Though it has suffered much of late from restorers, it is a very noble and still a very interesting structure. It is often said to be an imitation of Justinian's church of Sta. Sophia, though in reality it is slightly the older of the two. But Fergusson and Freeman both agree in regarding it as modelled on a Roman, not on a Byzantine, type. The plan is a little complicated, but the church in the main is externally an octagon, within which is a central circular drum supporting a dome, the former being a hundred and ten feet, the latter fifty feet, in diameter. The most remarkable feature is the internal apses which are applied to each of the great arches supporting the drum, excepting that which leads to the sacrum. These apses are divided into two stages, the upper one opening into the great gallery which forms the upper storey of the octagonal ambulatory. These are intended to help in resisting the outward thrust of the dome, which, in order to diminish the pressure, is constructed of hollow earthenware jars. The capitals of some of the columns are marvels of rich design and elaborate execution, and the church is full of interesting relics, not the least among these being the superb mosaics of the

choir, in which Justinian and his consort Theodora are represented in the act of offering gifts. There can be little doubt that these are actual, though necessarily rather rough, portraits of these noted and notorious personages.

But we must linger no longer within the walls of Ravenna, though the half of its wonders has hardly yet been told. The sarcophagi alone, belonging to the earlier centuries of Christian art, might well detain the antiquary for days, and the mosaics



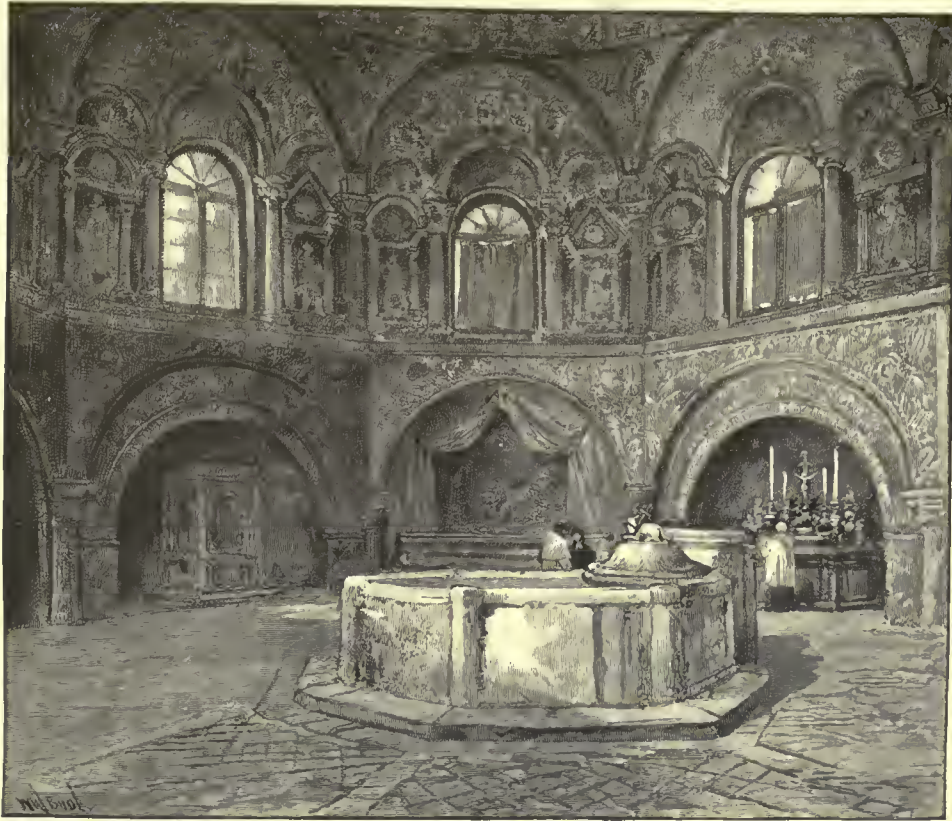
Tomb of Dante.

incidentally throw a flood of light on many questions which are agitating the Church of England at the present day; but there is one tomb which everyone goes to see, and then almost wishes he had left unvisited. This is the tomb of Dante, who died at Ravenna. It is "a little cupola more neat than solemn" (in fact, rather mean, and anything but impressive in design), which was erected full a century and a half after the poet's death, and looks, after more than one restoration, still more modern. It has a stuccoed, shoddy aspect, more appropriate to the memorial of some eighteenth-century mayor of Ravenna than of one of the greatest among the poets and the sons of Italy.

No one, however, will leave Ravenna without making at least one excursion to visit the church

of St. Apollinare in Classe and the famous pine-forest. On the way to the former we learn thoroughly to appreciate the scenery of the delta and the changes which nineteen centuries have effected. But a paragraph from Mr. T. A. Trollope's description so accurately conveys my own impressions that I shall make no excuse for quoting it. After speaking of the trees and gardens round the city, which, when over-topped by the campaniles and occasional domes, form a picture not without a certain beauty, he continues:—

"Very soon the trees cease, and there are no more hedgerows. Large, flat



The Baptistry, Ravenna.

fields, imperfectly covered with coarse, rank grass, and divided by numerous branches of streams, all more or less dyked to save the land from complete inundation, succeed. The road is a causeway, raised above the level of the surrounding district; and presently a huge, lofty bank is seen traversing the desolate scene for miles, and stretching away towards the shore of the neighbouring Adriatic. This is the dyke which contains the sulkily torpid but dangerous Montone. Gradually, as the traveller proceeds, the scene grows worse and worse. Soon the only kind of cultivation to be seen from the road consists of rice-grounds, looking like, what in truth they are, poisonous swamps. Then come swamps pure and simple (too bad perhaps to be turned into rice-grounds), or rather, simply swamps impure, for a stench at most times of the year comes from them, like a warning of their pestilential nature and their unfitness for the sojourn of man. A scene of more utter desolation it is hardly possible to meet with in such close neighbourhood to a living city."

Less than a mile beyond the gate from which we have emerged, we pass a little column, the last indication of the ancient suburb of Cesarea. Some two miles away from the road another landmark of ancient history rises conspicuously above the marshes on the left. This is the church of St. Maria in Porto Fuori, a basilica erected by a Bishop of Ravenna at the end of the eleventh century. Even at this distance the singular form of the campanile cannot fail to attract notice, as the lower

part seems so much ruder and more massive than the upper one. The former, in fact, is a portion of a much older building, an ancient tower which is believed to have been a lighthouse; if so, it must mark the position of one of the ancient harbours of Ravenna.

The church of St. Apollinare in Classe, in its strange contrast between the present and the past, in its lonely solitude on the wide plain, is almost as impressive as the Temples of Paestum. This fever-stricken fen once a busy sea-port town? Yes, for how else should so grand a pile have been built, where only a few peasants could be gathered to worship, or perchance once or twice in a year pilgrims could come from the city to venerate the spot where one of its earliest martyrs received his crown? Externally the basilica, like those in Ravenna, is very plain, though a certain relief is given to the walls by a series of plain shallow arches, which are occasionally pierced for windows; these, as is common in the churches of Italy, being less conspicuous features than in those of England. The material, of course, is brick, and there is, as usual, a round campanile separate from the church. This, from some points of view, forms with it a pleasing group. At the western end there is a covered porch, also a common feature, but here it is larger than usual, and extends even beyond the walls of the nave so as to mask its western end. This, however, is so ruinous and so much injured by repeated patching that it is difficult to determine what was the original design. But the interior, as in the other church dedicated to the same saint, effaces all memory of the poverty of the exterior. The two in their main outlines are very similar, but this is on a grander scale. We have not here, indeed, those superb processions of figures in mosaics above the arches of the nave; their place is taken, and inadequately, by a series of medallions containing portraits of bishops and archbishops of Ravenna; but we find the usual plan of nave and aisles, the usual colonnades of splendid cipollino pillars, the usual carved capitals and impost blocks from which the arches spring, the simple clerestory and the open roofs. But there is a difference at the eastern end; here the great arch, as was the more ancient fashion, opens at once into an apse, and a flight of steps leads up to the high altar; for beneath this is a crypt in which the relics of St. Apollinaris the Martyr were enshrined. Its floor is a yard or so below that of the church, which, however, has been raised as usual, so that the bases of the columns are partially concealed. The church seems to me to gain rather than to lose in grandeur by the absence of the space between the apse and the great choir-arch, and the effect is certainly enhanced by the ascent to the high altar. When the harbours of Classis were busy, when its merchants and work-folk came hither in throngs, this basilica must have been a grand sight. Now it is empty, desolate, and damp, a green conferva stains the walls, stagnant water covers the floor of the crypt. It is a vast empty temple, priests and worshippers alike gone, yet perhaps all the more impressive, though very saddening,

in its loneliness. I count St. Apollinare in Classe one of the grandest churches that I have ever seen. Perhaps no one takes greater delight than myself in the exquisite grace, the ceaseless and harmonious combinations, and the ever-changing beauty of the cathedrals of England and of France, with their transepts and side-chapels, their clustered shafts and vaulted roofs, the intricate tracery of their windows, and the richness of their long arcades; in a word, in the so-called Gothic buildings, the legacy of the later Middle Ages; yet I never enter one of these grand basilicas, memorials of the earlier centuries of the Christian Church, without a sense of solemn awe. The later Romanesque work, Norman as we call it, produces a similar effect, but St. Apollinare differs from Norwich Cathedral as it does from Salisbury. To compare art with nature, in Lincoln or in Westminster, in Amiens or in Rheims, feelings are produced like those raised by the outlook from the western slopes of the Malvern Hills, or from the folds of the Apennines above the valley of the Arno; while in the ancient basilicas of Ravenna and of Rome I stand overpowered as in view of the crags of the Matterhorn or the glaciers of Mont Blanc.

As nineteenth century architects do not seem capable of originality except in ugliness, and for ecclesiastical purposes restrict themselves to the reproductions of buildings which are more suitable for a ritual, which indeed has a significance in an unreformed church, but is only a survival, not always beneficial, in our own, one cannot help wishing that they would attempt to copy some of these earlier structures. They would satisfy the most rigid Protestant, for in them one can both see and hear. They would satisfy the most utilitarian spirit, for so little space is wasted and all decoration contributes to the general effect. They are adapted also for mosaics and work in marble, the best forms of decoration in an English climate, and especially in our smoky towns. They ought to satisfy the most Catholic aspirations, for they preserve the ecclesiastical arrangements of ages when even the "use of Sarum" was unknown, and anterior even to the separation of the Eastern and Western churches.

But all the while, as we are on our way to St. Apollinare, indeed in every outlook from the towers of Ravenna, our eyes have been attracted by one constant feature, that long, low line of greenwood which shuts out the gleaming waters of the Adriatic. North and south it stretches as far as we can see, a welcome relief, though itself slightly monotonous, to the greater monotony of the level fen-land. This is the ancient Pinetum, La Pineta, the great pine forest, the "inmemorial wood" which is inseparable in thought from Ravenna, which is linked with memories of Dante and Boccaccio, of Dryden and of Byron.

It is a singular contrast to pass from the malarious swamps to the pure, scented odours of the forest, where the fever-stricken peasants can breathe for a while a fresher air, as they gather those huge piles of sticks beneath the burden



RAVENNA: 1, APPROACH TO THE CITY; 2, CATHEDRAL AND BAPTISTRY;
3, PALACE OF THEODORIC.



IN THE PINE FOREST, RAVENNA.

*Comacchio.*

of which we meet them staggering, as a “moving wood,” but for the most part borne by women, doth come in single file along the banks of the canals. No change could be greater. The soil is a clean sand, sometimes, as at the south, containing small pebbles; the surface is irregular, the ground is thickly covered with forest herbage and brushwood, junipers and thorny plants. The stone-pines, as every one knows who has visited Italy, are very like our Scotch firs; there is the same crown of spreading branches, though of a less sombre green, the same straight bare boles of ruddy tint. Again and again one’s thoughts are carried back from the Adriatic shore to the fir-woods of Surrey, and it must be admitted that Charles Kingsley’s winter garden does not suffer by the comparison, for he showed me grander trees in the woods of Eversley than I found in the forests of Ravenna.

What is the age of this “immemorial wood” we do not know. It begins at Cervia, about fifteen miles south of Ravenna, and extends northward, after a break of a few furlongs, it is said, for some five-and-twenty miles, the breadth varying from one to three miles. The site, where I have seen it, is evidently either a mass of blown sand, hardly high enough to be termed a line of dunes, or an ancient “bar” elevated above the sea by an upward movement of the coast. But of any change in the latter direction we have no proof in the times covered by written history. We should expect that, as the forest fringes the shore, the “Adrian wave flowed over” its site in the days of Theodorie, but we find a mention of its existence at that time. Not improbably the difficulty may be explained by looking farther north; there, in the neighbourhood of Venice, we find that the mainland is bordered by a broad zone of islands. Ravenna may have been founded, like the other city, upon the inner and more thickly congregated members of the group, which, however, in the days of Augustus were no longer, as is still the case at Venice, parted from the mainland by a wide lagoon. Thus Ravenna has been incorporated

with the delta by a process which is still going on in the neighbourhood of Mestre, and the pine-woods may have first sprung up many centuries since on the drifted sand upon the seaward margin of a chain of islands, similar to that which still extends northward from the old town of Chioggia up to and beyond the Lido.

North of Ravenna is Comacchio, a curious old town, curiously situated. It stands on an island, almost connected with a strip of land which prolongs the regular line of the coast from the mouths of the Savio and Ronco till the Po discharges its waters through more than one channel to the sea and has thus constructed a great projecting angle of muddy land. But on the western side of this sandy strip is a vast expanse of water, the lagoons of Comacchio, a repetition on a yet larger scale of the more familiar lagoons of Venice. There is now but one communication between these and the Adriatic. They are interrupted by narrow islands, mud-banks rising above the waters, on one of which the town is built. In parts, a map of them looks almost like a spider's web. The sketch shows the approach to Comacchio along one of these, where road and canal run parallel and form one long isthmus. The lagoons are quite shallow, generally not more than six feet deep, but their fisheries have been noted since the Middle Ages, and still furnish numbers of eels and of grey mullet. Nets, ingeniously contrived, prevent the fish from escaping seawards, and make the lagoons one vast preserve.

Comacchio itself is an old-world spot, for its fisheries are named by Tasso and Ariosto, but it makes no figure in history. Half cut off as it is from the world, it has retained its peculiar habits of life, and through all political changes, even when fortified and held by an Austrian garrison, has remained essentially a town of fishermen. This occupation, and the manufacture of salt, gives employment to its inhabitants as well as to those of the neighbouring islets; the commune numbering, it is said, about nine thousand in all. Strange to say, the district is said to be healthy; these delta lands only becoming malarious when the sea ceases to flow in their channels and the district becomes a fresh-water marsh.

The annexed group of sketches gives a good idea of this picturesque town, which, however, lends itself to the pencil more than to the pen, for it has no story to tell and no special attraction for the visitor; it is quaint and picturesque, with its towers and campaniles, its gateways and its churches. Some of the last are old and interesting, but of no exceptional mark. It has also an old castle, at one end of the island, but this has been dismantled; at the other end is a Capuchin convent. Its fishing-boats are also picturesque, but that is the case everywhere in these lagoons.

Rimini, to the south of Ravenna, consists of an old town and a new; the former lying about a mile from the sea, the latter growing up as a smart suburb by the water-side, frequented in summer by bathers. It ought to prosper, for Rimini is

the first accessible spot south of Venice which presents the slightest attraction to anyone but an antiquarian, and, even at the latter, one must go some distance to get clear of city sewage or near to the open sea. True, the actual situation of Rimini is not particularly attractive, but the same might be said of such favourite resorts as Blackpool or of Southport in our own land. There is, however, a good beach, and though the shore is still flat, the hill country is now drawing nearer to the sea, and the Apennines with their broken outlines form a grand background to the rich lowland plain. One of the spurs of this range is the site of a curious survival of olden days, the republic of San Marino, noted as the smallest in the world.

The old town of Rimini is full of interest, and of beggars. If prizes were given for the human gadfly, and due allowance made for its size, Rimini would probably take the first place among the towns on the western Adriatic; and this is saying a good deal. In early times it must have been a town of considerable defensive strength, notwithstanding the level site, for on either side a river flows into the sea. Rimini is a place of great antiquity, for it existed long before the surrounding country came under the power of Rome. The Umbrians are said to have been its founders; next it became an Etruscan town; then the invading Senones, after crossing the Alps and the whole breadth of northern Italy, settled down here upon the Adriatic shore and held their own for more than a century. It was from this territory, if not from this very town, that Brennus led the great expedition to Rome, when he sacked the city and got his price for leaving the Capitol in peace. But in the course of time the Roman took his revenge and became master of Ariminum. Since then its history has not been altogether one of undisturbed tranquillity. It was sacked by Sulla; its citizens looked on at Julius Cæsar's entry, after he had crossed the Rubicon. The stone from which he made a speech to his troops remains to this day, provided the visitor has faith enough to believe the local tradition. In olden times, Rimini, like many another town in the days of the "decline and fall," had its troubles; but emerged from them as an independent commune. Early in the thirteenth century came the rise of the Malatesta family, and before the middle of it they had become practically independent rulers. The distinctive characteristic of this family appears to have been an abundance of talent and a deficiency of virtue, so that, as a rule, they lived up to their name. One family tragedy, the guilty love and death of Francesca, told in the "Inferno" of Dante, has become immortal. She was a daughter of a magnate of Ravenna, given in marriage, for political reasons, to Giovanni the Lamé, son of Malatesta, who at that time ruled Rimini. Giovanni, though a brave soldier, was deformed in person and ill-favoured in face. But, unhappily, his brother Paolo was so great a contrast as to be called The Handsome.



According to Boccaccio, Giovanni was imprudent enough to send his brother instead of going himself to fetch home his bride. Be that as it may, the lady could not help making comparisons, and the result was disastrous. As Dante relates the tale, the lady

and her brother-in-law took to conning love stories together, and so as they

“Read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancilot, how love enchained him too,”

precept was illustrated by practice, and oral teaching by experimental demonstration. The usual results were followed by the penalty which in those days was not unfrequent; for the husband's suspicions were aroused, he surprised the guilty pair in company, and killed them both out of hand.

The Castle of the Malatestas must have been an attractive residence in olden time, for it is parted from the houses of the town by an open green, and rests upon the outer wall, looking out across

the plain towards
the Apennines.

It is now sadly dilapidated, and patched with shabby modern work; but the old



Sketches at Comacchio.

brick towers and the main features of the building still remain, a memorial of "dark days of history," which is almost as picturesque as it is interesting. The contrast between its present decadence and the unchanged beauty of the distant view seems to be in harmony with the lines with which the home of the Malatestas has been inseparably coupled:

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

At the present time the Piazza Giuglio Cesare is, on the whole, the most attractive part of Rimini.

Here that general addressed his troops, and the stone which served as his rostrum is still to be seen! But this place was the scene of other efforts of oratory. There is also a tiny chapel standing in the open part of the piazza; and not far away, by a canal, is a second one. These commemorate incidents in the life of St. Anthony of Padua. He came to preach to the people of Rimini, but they turned a deaf ear to his exhortation; so he went to the bank of the canal and addressed the fishes, who



Arch of Augustus, Rimini.

thronged up to listen as if he were casting bread on the waters in an actual instead of a figurative sense. The Piazza is a picturesque place; in plan it is roughly a segment of a circle. Many of the houses are quaint and old-fashioned, some of them resting on an arcade, part of which incorporates some very ancient material, for the capitals appear to be early Romanesque, if not Roman work.

The churches in Rimini are not particularly noteworthy, except that the Duomo is a curious instance of an architectural transformation. It was originally built of brick and in the "Italian Gothic" style, but in the middle of the fifteenth century one of the Malatestas determined to convert it into a temple worthy of the grandeur of his house, so he set about it in a characteristic fashion, concealing original meanness under a mask of outward splendour. In effect he put the old brick church

into a new stone case, by building about its walls a sumptuous structure in the style of the Renaissance. It is thus like a shabby box inside a smart cover, and the one is seen through the openings in the other. The old west front is completely masked, though Malatesta's façade, with its great window, still remains unfinished. The side walls are built of grand blocks of white marble, and adorned with slabs of "porphyry," but through the great arches one could touch the rough brick of the old building, and its windows still light the interior. This, like the exterior, is plain but grandiose in design, and the whole, if completed, would have formed an apt monument to a family which, after the Christian era, should have seemed rather an anachronism.

But if Rimini has little to interest us in its so-called Christian architecture, it has preserved two fine monuments of its Pagan days. The river Marecchia is still crossed by a noble Roman bridge, built of pale grey limestone. It has five arches, the three in the middle being slightly larger than the other two, and having a span of about eight yards. The spaces between the arches are relieved by shallow niches, hardly more than recessed panels. Here and there new stones have been inserted, but on the whole the bridge is in good preservation. At the opposite end of the main street, the Corso d'Augusto, which no doubt follows the same lines as the original Roman thoroughfare, is another relic of ancient days, the triumphal arch which was erected in honour of Augustus. As the illustration shows, it is a plain but effective stone structure, the attic of which has been much injured, the forked brick battlements dating probably from the sixteenth century.

Beyond Rimini the lower hills approach the coast, and the scenery is varied and pretty. We pass Pesaro, an old fortified town, noted in modern times as the birth-place of Rossini; then Fano, an ancient place, for it boasts a triumphal arch as old as the days of Augustus; and is still picturesque, with its moat and walls of rough brick, and its tall campaniles; and, lastly, Sinigaglia, which gave birth to Pio Nono. This, too, has its attractions: massive houses with pantile roofs, low church towers, remnants of old walls, with machicolated battlements, make up more than one pleasant picture. Between the two towns the Metaurus comes down to the sea, flowing between steep banks of pale-coloured mud, through a wide and richly-tilled valley, which runs up into the hills and is lost among the distant Apennines. On its banks the fate of Rome and Carthage hung in suspense. *Quid debeas, O Roma, Neronibus, Testis Metaurum flumen et Hasdrubal Devictus!* South of Sinigaglia the coast is flat; but low hills, richly cultivated, are not far away, and these are backed by the Apennines, while the fortified headlands and harbour of Ancona soon become features in the outlook no less picturesque than prominent.

Ancona (the Doric Ankôn, the Elbow) occupies a situation more striking than that of any other town of importance on the western coast of the Adriatic. The long strip of lowland, which for many a mile has parted the Apennines from the

sea, here comes to an end, and their spurs descend steeply to the water's edge. The town climbs the slopes and occupies a shelving valley, sheltered by two prominent headlands which guard the harbour, and of which the summits are crowned by its defences. Northward the hills are shady with woods, dotted with white or pink houses and villages. Southward, though this can only be seen from some commanding knoll, the Apennines continue to border the sea, a ridgy mass backed in the far distance by

bolder and more lofty summits, the higher peaks of the main range. The former, except here and there for a grove of pines clothing some slopes too rough for the husbandman, are richly cultivated, and planted commonly with the mulberry and the olive tree, the fig and the vine; but here and there these give place to



Ancona.

fields of grain, until at last the ground descends in steep slopes of rough herbage and grey crags of rock to the sparkling waters of the Adriatic. Villages are frequent, pleasantly diversifying the colouring; *castelli* are not rare, telling of old times, not always good, when marauders by land, and, yet more, rovers from the sea, had to be kept at bay. Now they are grey with age and sometimes ruinous, mute but eloquent witnesses that in some things there have been changes for the better. But millennial times have not yet come, for as we cast our eyes towards Ancona bastions and ravelins in plenty indicate that "he still keeps best who hath the power."

The history of Ancona, in fact, has not always been a record of peace. Thirteen centuries ago it was sacked by the Lombards, and at a later date by the

*The Harbour, Brindisi.*

Saracens. Full seven hundred years ago it was besieged by the allies of Frederick Barbarossa, and suffered from famine even more than from war, and so late as 1869 it was bombarded by the Austrians.

It is a very old town, for it was founded by Doric Greeks from Syracuse nearly four centuries before the Christian era; then it became a Roman colony, and rose to be a port of note, the Liverpool of the Empire. It is now a large and growing city, consisting of an old quarter, which borders the harbour and clusters on the slopes of its two guardian headlands, Monte Ciriaco and Monte Conero; and of a new quarter, which occupies the broad valley between them, and in another direction fringes the shore up to the railway station.

The new quarter resembles that in any other developing Italian town; wide streets, tall houses, smart shops, a large piazza, an aspect more sumptuous than picturesque. The old quarter has narrow, winding, often steep streets; houses thickly crowded, irregular in plan, in architecture, in material. It is not, indeed, a town specially attractive to the artist, but here and there he may be arrested by some remnant of old but hardly of mediæval times, such as an ornate door or perhaps a house-front. Ancona, indeed, possesses two or three buildings of exceptional interest, but except for these it attracts rather as a whole than in its details. Perhaps one of the best points of view is from the neighbourhood of the arch erected by Pope Clement XII., a heavy structure worthy of its age. The waters

of the harbour sparkle under the protection of Trajan's Mole, which runs out from the headland of Monte Ciriaco, itself a promontory, the "elbow" of hill which gave at once a harbour and a name to the place. Up its steep slopes the houses of Ancona are clustered, and the first bare bluff is crowned by the old cathedral with its stumpy campanile. On yet higher ground, cut off by a slight depression, is a fort; from this the eye travels across the wide valley occupied by modern Ancona, much of which, however, is hidden by the broken slopes of the nearer and higher hill, Monte Conero. This is one mass of fortifications, which climb its slopes and finally centre on the citadel. Close at hand, in one corner of the harbour, is the Lazaretto, an old polygonal half-fortified building, completely isolated by a broad "canal."

Two of the three most interesting buildings in Ancona are generally conspicuous, and have been already named. Trajan's Arch stands on the old Roman Mole, and is still in good preservation, though in another generation it will have seen out eighteen centuries. It is less heavy and massive than is usual in these memorial arches, is still adorned by Corinthian columns, and was formerly enriched by bronze ornaments. Raised upon an elevated pedestal, it is dignified as well as beautiful, and will be found inferior to very few monuments of the kind.

Of yet more varied interest, though without much external beauty, is the Duomo, which, as already mentioned, occupies a commanding situation. It forms a link with the past, which perhaps reaches yet farther back than the days of Trajan, for it occupies the site and incorporates the material of a Pagan temple. Its characteristics have been excellently described by Professor E. H. Freeman:—

"The Duomo of Ancona, as seen from the mole, as seen anywhere from the outside, is a building whose forms are purely and eloquently Christian. Unlike the earlier basilicas of Ravenna and Rome, it is not satisfied to be all glorious within. It has its external outline, the outline of the now triumphant Cross, the four arms joining to support the cupola as the crown of the whole, as distinctly marked as any



Casa Virgili, Brindisi.

Minster of England or Normandy. The cupola instead of the massive towers, the detached campanile, unworthy as it is of the building to which it belongs, tell us that we are not in Normandy or England, but in Italy. But another feature of the building tells us that we are in one of those spots of Italy on which influences from the other side of the Adriatic have left a lasting impress. The city which had once been the Dorian Ankôn, the city which was to be the last fortress in Italy held by the troops of a Byzantine Emperor, not unfittingly shows the sign of kindred with the East in the form of the church of its intermediate days. . . . The church which contains the columns of the temple of the Dorian Aphrodite is still so far Greek as to follow in its general plan the same Greek cross as St. Mark's, though without that further accumulation of many cupolas which makes the ducal church of Venice one of the many reminders that in the City of the Lagoons we are in the Eastern and not in the Western world."

The whole plan of the church is rather exceptional, for the nave is short in comparison with the choir. The exterior is plain, except for its grand west portal, the columns of which, as is so common farther north in Italy, rest upon crouching lions. The interior is also plain, but the pillars, with their shafts of granite and cipollino, and their sculptured capitals, in the western part, are evidently relics of the original temple. The building within and without affords traces of structures belonging to more than one age, and offers more than one problem to the archæologist. Down in the town also is a curious Romanesque church, dedicated to St. Mary, of which the authority quoted above aptly speaks:—

"Disfigured without mercy within, hemmed in among mean buildings without, furnished with an unworthy campanile, this church still retains its west front of the very richest form of the more barbaric variety of the Italian Romanesque, that which departs more widely from classical and approaches more nearly to Northern forms. It is covered with arcades, with a magnificent doorway in the centre, and almost every arch of the design is living with figures, human, animal, and vegetable. The doorway is utterly unlike its splendid neighbour in the Duomo. It has, in fact, not only a Northern, but, one might almost say, an Irish or North-Welsh character."

South of Ancona are many towns and villages of little importance or interest; but the scenery is often varied and pretty. Beyond Termoli it becomes more tame for a while, until Monte Gargano is approached. This is an almost insulated mass of hills rising to a height of over four thousand feet and forming the well-known heel of Italy. Seen from the Adriatic it is a grand group of huge wooded bluffs, which descend steeply to the water, and are broken here and there by grey crags of limestone. South of it a broad strip of level land separates the Apennines from the sea, and extends to beyond Brindisi; a fertile but interesting district, "a land of wine and oil olive."

Barletta, Trani, and Bisceglie are passed in succession; all towns of some importance, the first an ancient place, with a statue of some emperor of the East in its market-place. Then we come to Bari. This, indeed, is without beauty of situation, but is a bright, growing, much modernised town, which, however, retains parts of its old walls and its "castello" on a slight and low headland between its two harbours. Its principal church, dedicated to St. Nicola, is a most interesting structure, for it retains a considerable portion of the fabric erected by Robert Guiscard in 1087 to receive the relics of that saint. These yield the *manna de Bari*, much prized by Roman pilgrims. Within and without it will reward the archæologist; but space forbids us to dwell on its details, or those of the Duomo, once a fine church, but sorely injured by eighteenth century "improvements."

Our journey ends, as is often the case with English travellers, at Brindisi. It has a fine harbour, completely land-locked, yet so deep that first-class steamers can lie close up to the quay, but is

not otherwise an attractive place. The surrounding country is a very low plateau, almost a plain, covered with vines and figs and olives, with here and there a date-palm and stone-pine, and many a plant of spiky aloe or prickly pear. The town is not picturesque, and, on the whole, uninteresting. It is emphatically shabby, not to say dirty, and has the look of having seen better days. So it has, for Brindisi was the Southampton of Imperial Rome and of Crusading Europe. But after these expeditions prosperity departed; its harbours began to fill up, and until the days of railways it fared badly, for it was sacked by enemies and shattered by an earthquake. Things have been improved since railways were made, but indications of returning prosperity can only be found by the harbour-side or without the shattered walls. In one corner is a ruinous old castle, the round towers of which, notwithstanding ugly accretions of modern date, are rather picturesque. From the neighbouring town wall is the best view inland, but we must not look at this, for the ground is so sacred



Column of the Appian Way, Brindisi.

that we are at once warned off by a sentry. Respect the dignity of United Italy, and retire, for the walls of Brindisi are in fragments, and the castle might require half a dozen shells from a turret gun before it utterly collapsed! Those who remember their classics may recall the memories of the Via Appia, which ended here, and Horace's description of his journey from Rome, and may go to see, if their capacities for belief are considerable, the house in which Virgil died. In fact, Brindisi has nothing to detain the traveller except one or two façades of houses and old churches, in neither case of any great size, and the ancient marble column which looks down upon the harbour from the scarp edge of the elevated plain. There have been two, but of one only the pedestal and a block of the column (for they are not monoliths) remain. The capital of the other one is richly carved. Opinions differ as to their history. They were brought here in the eleventh century, it is supposed, from a ruined temple outside the gates, and are said, but without authority, to have marked the end of the Appian way. Their date also is rather uncertain. They may even be Byzantine, as some have thought; if not, they belong to the later days of the Western Empire. This seen, quit Brindisi, with its squalid peasants and tricky harbour-men, as quickly as possible; and if you cannot travel by the mail express, you will learn how trains can crawl and traffic be mismanaged, and how Italy, beyond her show places, is a quarter of a century behind the countries of Central Europe, and still hides, under the thinnest veil of progress, the old lazy, careless, mendicant, not to say dishonest, ways!

T. G. BONNEY.



Sunset, Ravenna.



Brancaleone.

CALABRIA.

THE phrase "a perfect Paradise if it were not inhabited by devils" has been applied to Calabria, as well as to certain of the greater islands of the Mediterranean. It is an expressive phrase, but in this instance not quite veracious. Though fascinating from two or three aspects, Calabria lacks certain essential conditions to make it even a terrestrial Paradise. Nor are its people in this age, whatever they may have been a hundred years ago, by any means so inhuman as the epigram implies.

The days have gone by when a prudent person would as soon have thought of entering Calabria alone and unarmed as landing upon an island of cannibals in the South Seas. The railway which already skirts the entire coast-line of the province upon the southern and south-eastern sides has made a vast difference to the land; and when the new line, destined to run from Reggio to Naples as nearly as possible along the western shores, is also completed, the Calabrians will speedily surrender the remnant of their old costumes and traditions, put on broadcloth, read the daily papers like other civilised mortals, and let their long guns rust in the corners of their cottages.

It is possible, however, that ere Calabria is tamed to this dreadful extent the land will be almost depopulated. As it is, the annual exodus thence to America is very great. The traveller finds indications of it in the most trivial and remote little highland villages, as well as in the cafés of more advanced townlets within

hail of the railway. The former are still connected with the district capitals by the rudest of mule tracks, and are encircled in their apparent isolation by huge wooded ribs of mountain, at the bases of which are deep gullies made almost impassable in the rainy season by the brawling rush of watercourses. Yet even here the traveller sees the departing emigrants embracing their friends and acquaintances with much tearful lament, and afterwards setting forth in a halo of picturesqueness upon a string of mules. He sees others at the railway stations on the main line for the north, sad and sobbing as they think of the homes they have left, and the uncertainty of the future. And everywhere the large-lettered advertisements of the steamship companies confront him, and tell of the constant nature of the leak which is thus draining the land of its human muscle. If Calabria were the Paradise the proverb prates of, its sons and daughters, with their old parents and young children, would not be so ready to migrate elsewhere, especially now that a strong and paternal Government has removed the taint of lawlessness which formerly sullied its reputation.

So few travellers set foot in Calabria that the man who does venture into it feels that he is almost a pioneer. There is something pleurably exhilarating about such a feeling, though it may not be wholly justifiable. Hills and valleys, rivers and villages, the ruined castles of the old-time barons who oppressed the land, and even the ancient crones who hobble about with many a groan, all get more or less transfigured by the strong focus of interest that curiosity throws upon them. The tales of one's landlord in this or that sequestered little hostelry (where the visitor is in peril of being lionised uncomfortably), and the outspoken chatter of one's fellow-travellers in the wretched diligences which link valley to valley, have a knack of recasting themselves in memory, so that they appear subsequently much more romantic than they really were. The imagination, in short, has a very good time of it, and, for the moment, cold, clear-eyed Truth is slighted.

Let me give an instance of this. In journeying from Gioja to Monteleone (towns of Lower Calabria) I had for companions one day, an old gentleman and his daughter, with whom I soon became agreeably intimate. They were nothing out of the common to look at, though the girl wore a mantilla, as if to hint at the ages ago when Spain had a hand in the government of Calabria. We jaunted slowly along the hot, dusty highway in our hired carriage, between olive woods and vineyards, and across muddy brooks with but little water in them, until we came to just such a roadside shrine as the one in the picture. The driver crossed himself, and so did the old gentleman. But this did not satisfy the girl. What must she do but desire the vehicle to be stopped, that she might go on her knees before the dilapidated pale-blue plaster figure set in its niche? The driver took the opportunity to light a fresh cigarette; the old gentleman shrugged his shoulders

and smiled. When her devotions were at an end, the girl stood up and looked about her. A bunch of withered flowers in a vase was before the image. For these anon she substituted fresher ones, picked from the adjacent cactus hedge-rows. Then, with a happy look of contentment, she rejoined us. But after her prayers and praiseworthy attentions to the shrine, what think you had the maiden done further? She had climbed into a small vegetable-patch hard by, and pilfered an armful of broad-beans. As we drove on she merrily ate the fruits of her theft, and expressed a desire for more. It was a trivial little incident at the time, but now, in retrospect, it seems full of definite portrayal of the simplicity of the Calabrian character.

Some people fancy that there is still systematised brigandage in Calabria. I am sorry to have to dispel any such notions; sorry, that is, for the reader's, not the traveller's sake. Most of the Calabrian peasantry are sons and daughters or grandsons and granddaughters of bandits, or of those who were in league with the bandits. Here, as in Sardinia and Sicily, the profession of brigand was much esteemed of old. An honest shepherd who lived upon the produce of his flocks and nothing extraneous, was a man despised of the majority, a fit subject for blackmail; and as a suitor for the hand of a spirited girl of the soil he ranked much below the bold bandit with the blood of a score of victims upon his conscience. The country seemed made for the practice of this nefarious profession. Every peak was a fastness, and the yawning valleys round about them were the moats dug or suddenly created by considerate Dame Nature to protect her valorous sons from the approaches of the military or the district police. There are a multitude of sites like that of Brancaleone in the engraving, strong and startling; and the natives made the most of them. Tiriolo by Catanzaro is perhaps the most remarkable of them all. It stands so high that the predaceous villagers could view the land for many miles round, and the sea on both sides of the peninsula, and thus make their plans for the interception of strangers with the utmost assurance of success. After a tour among the Calabrian mountains, one wonders the less why the natives were so roguishly inclined, and why it was so hard for the Bourbons, and even for Victor Emmanuel, to eradicate the evil from this province of Italy.

But nowadays all is changed. One may lose oneself in the forests, whether of Aspromonte in the south, by Reggio, or in the north of the province, by Cosenza, and be in peril of nothing worse than a night in the open and a bad cold. The "caccia al brigantaggio," or brigand-hunting, which a few decades ago afforded such excellent and lively sport to those who were engaged in it, is at an end. It is well that it is so, for it was a pitiful pastime even at the best. One may doubt if the brigands themselves were ever more merciless and inhuman than the soldiers whom King Murat of Naples commissioned to exterminate them. Until Murat came to the

*Shrine near Catanzaro.*

throne there was little effectual restraint upon their actions, and when he was superseded by a Bourbon the old licence was renewed. Yet, though his mandates were stern to ferocity, he himself was not incapable of leniency. One day, for example, in the neighbourhood of Palmi, he met two soldiers with a man bound between them. He asked what crime the prisoner had committed, whereupon the man himself replied: "Your majesty, I am a brigand, but deserving of pardon, because yesterday while your majesty was climbing the mountains by Scilla, I might have killed you from behind a rock where I was hiding. I did think of doing it, and had prepared my gun. But your majesty's noble and royal deportment restrained me. If yesterday I had killed the king, I should not to-day have been a prisoner and at the point of death." Murat was notoriously vain of his personal appearance. He could not fail therefore to appreciate the compliment paid him by the brigand, whom he straightway set at liberty.

The professional comrades of this rogne, and even women and children suspected of being in collusion with or related to them, were less fortunate. Colletta, in his "History of the Kingdom of Naples," gives some appalling details of the cruelty to which the Calabrians as a people were subjected. It was a capital offence to be found in the open country with a crust of bread in one's pocket, the inference



STRAITS OF MESSINA, WITH ETNA IN THE DISTANCE.

being that the bread was for the sustenance of a proscribed person in hiding. Thus we read of the butchery of eleven women and children by Stilo, who were met on their way to the olive woods by certain of King Murat's soldiers under the command of the notorious Gambacorta. The poor creatures each had their midday meal with them, and upon this evidence alone they were shot then and there. Under stimulant of this kind it may be imagined that the legitimate brigands did not spare their foes when they got a chance at them. The land was consequently reddened with blood, and a hundred years ago men were shot and gibbeted or mutilated with as little scruple as if they had been so many crows. The tale of the South Italian baron who, in a fury against the clergy of his cathedral, cut off all their heads, and set the severed heads upon the stalls in the cathedral which they were wont to occupy, is an appropriate testimony to the hardness of the times here before the spirit of constitutional government came to civilise and reform the peninsula.

It is perhaps the recollection of the grim, evil lives of their forefathers, brought home to them the more as they advance in education, that makes civilisation seem so doubtful a boon to the modern Calabrian. "I loved my father and honoured him as a brave man until, with your schools and knowledge, you taught me to perceive that he was only a contemptible thief and shedder of blood." This is what one is prone to think the Calabrian says in his heart. It may also explain the sadness in the dark eyes of so many of the villagers. At first sight it is so pathetic an expression that the stranger does not know what to make of it. Perhaps he asks if there has been an epidemic (periodical pestilences being another of the influences in the development of the Calabrian), and if every family has paid toll to death. But later he arrives at what he conceives to be the real key to the riddle. It is this yearning to get away from a land which, with all its tender associations, daily reminds them of the iniquity and misery of their past, that makes Calabria so prolific a field of recruits for the broad pampas of the Argentine Republic, public works on the Panama isthmus, and the slums of New York. It were harrowing to trace the future of two-thirds of the Calabrian emigrants. In their ease the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children with bitter actuality.

Of the three districts into which Calabria is divided, that of Lower Calabria, of which Reggio is the capital, is the most thickly peopled. Seen from Sicily, on the other side of the Straits of Messina, this part of the mainland appears little but a great mountain plateau. The pines and beech-trees which beset the surface of the uplands are lost at a distance, and so are the deep ravines which cleave them and make movement here so arduous. I have looked over this tract from the summit of Etna, and marvelled where the towns and villages could be found to account for its population. On scirocco days it is peculiarly gloomy and forbidding. The

leadens haze of the heavens and the horizon deepens the black of the huge mass of Aspromonte (the name declares its ruggedness), where Garibaldi in 1862 suffered defeat, was wounded, and made prisoner. And the race of water in the Strait, with its low, white-capped waves, makes one think for the moment that there really might be a respectable measure of danger here at such times. Of course the ancients exaggerated when they made so much of the famous Scylla and Charybdis. Entering Messina from the north, the dog-teeth rocks of Scylla to the left are plainly visible: and certainly they would be unpleasant to shipwreck upon. But the whirlpool of Charybdis near the lighthouse on the cape from Messina is less evident. One hears tales of small fishing craft being engulfed in it, and it is conceivable that now and again there is an accident off Scylla; but a modern steamer takes little notice of either of these dreadful risks, separated the one from the other, moreover, by a distance of about two miles and a half. Virgil's description of them as they appeared to Æneas and his companions, sailing from the south, has all a poet's licence of enlargement:—

“ Far on the right her dogs foul Scylla hides,
 Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
 And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides,
 Then spouts them from below: with fury driven
 The waves mount up, and wash the face of heaven.
 But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
 The sinking vessel in her eddy draws
 Then dashes on the rocks.”

The modern town of Scilla, perched above the famous rocks, is pretty enough to tempt an artist. It is a white little place, with abundant orange and lemon gardens in its neighbourhood. Nowadays it has a railway station, and it is odd to have one's classical memories freshened by the voices of officials in gold-banded hats methodically calling the name of the place. A very ambitious line, moreover, is this new one thus on its way to Naples. It has Pullman cars on its trains, and the work of tunnelling through the mighty western spurs of Aspromonte, where they fall almost sheer into the sea, is a vigorous test of the skill of its engineers. The views of blue sea, olive woods, red ravines, and smoking Stromboli and the other Lipari Isles, which this line offers between its tunnels, are not easily matched for beauty even by those of the northern Riviera between Pisa and Monte Carlo.

Scilla suffered sadly, with the rest of Calabria, in the earthquake of 1783. The first shock set the houses falling, so that those of the people who could hurried out of them, and towards the shore. With the other refugees was the Prince of Scilla. But shortly afterwards there was a second shock: the sea swelled up before the eyes of the populace, and an enormous wave, more than twenty feet high, rushed upon the land. The Prince of Scilla and some two thousand others were carried

*Gerace.*

off by the reflux of the wave, and their bones still lie ungarnered in the sea. Some said this wave was boiling hot; but that seems as absurd as the other tradition which made it speed inland for three miles.

The earthquakes of 1783 were in truth as extraordinary as they were lamentable for Calabria. At about one o'clock in the day of February 5th the first shock shattered the land. In less than two minutes more than thirty-two thousand men, women, and children were killed. Mountains were overthrown by it; villages expunged from the face of the earth, and never a trace of them left; rivers diverted from their old beds to new. This was the beginning. Other earthquakes followed, in which the very houses and bodies of men swallowed up on February 5th were cast up again. Towns which had withstood the earliest and severest quake succumbed to the later ones. The people became demoralised. Under Ferdinand IV. there was at no time much security for life in Calabria. But the earthquake burst the prisons and let loose brigands and rogues upon the land by thousands; and so everywhere pillage and murder accompanied the other disasters. Nothing but a pestilence was wanted to make the misery of the unhappy Calabrians complete; and in the summer this also came upon them, as a result of the myriad of dead bodies which poisoned the air. It was a fearful year. Not fewer than sixty thousand people are said to have died from the earthquakes in ten months.

One might suppose that at such a time a person would think of anything rather than going to law. The right of the strong arm was then much, and for the weak there was the comfort of the church. But these alternatives were not enough for all. In one district the landed estate of a certain proprietor was upheaved, torn away, and carried down a mountain side, upon the fields of another proprietor. A

whole plantation of olive-trees was thus transferred by Nature. The two proprietors disputed about their claims, and appealed to the law. The original owner of the dislodged estate made his plea, which was sufficiently obvious; and the other who had thus involuntarily received such a substantial, though embarrassing, addition to his domains, proved that the land beneath was his. It was surely a case upon which an entire bench of the wisest judges might well have taken time to adjudicate. But here in Calabria it was soon settled. The man upon whose estate the other estate had descended was declared proprietor of all that stood upon his land. More equitably, the aggrieved landlord might have been told to take away his own plantation, yet



Rocella Tonica, from the Beach: Upper Calabria.

in such a way that he did no harm to the underlying estate of his neighbour. But it would have put him in a dilemma much like Shylock's.

Earthquakes, pestilences, and perennial disorder used to be the three prime agents of influence upon the character of the unfortunate Calabrians. Small wonder they got a bad name for themselves. We, of Great Britain, should be likely to deteriorate under the same conditions. The architectural poverty of Calabria is no doubt due in a measure to these earthquakes. Of what use was it to devote long years of surpassing labour to a work that might in a few moments be destroyed utterly? Besides, the older buildings have for the most part been shaken to the ground, or swallowed up long ago. Exception must, however, be made in favour of the baronial castles, on their rock eyries. These gaunt ruins still stand firm in defiance of storms and revolutions. The churches, on the other hand, are generally uninteresting, ugly, and comparatively fragile; with inner coats of whitewash, and decked, as to their altars, with unpleasing fripperies, and pictures that display a surprising amount of imbecility. Here and there one sees long, jagged seams in

the walls, crevices, may be, inches deep amid the bricks. This is the work of one earthquake more violent than its predecessors. The money-box by the door appeals to the charitable in the name of the earthquake. It is quite likely, however, that years ere the faithful can contribute enough for the necessary restoration, another shock will level the building to the ground.

But a sunny day makes one brutally unmindful of these various torments to which the "toe territory" of Italy has been subjected. The mood of Calabria, and especially of the Straits, is then completely charming. The white sands by S. Giovanni and Bagnara then gleam towards Sicily, and the verdure of Aspromonte's massy slopes has a sheen like velvet. Sails stud the blue channel between the two lands, with perhaps but just enough breeze in them to keep them steadily in motion. Though so dark of brow, and sad-faced, even the Calabrian may then be heard singing merry Neapolitan "*canzoni*," in oblivion of all his hardships, past, present, and to come. The steam-ferry that plies between Messina and S. Giovanni (the nearest village on the opposite shore) is then often quite tumultuous with song, and the very steward who goes about collecting the coppers from his passengers joins in with a laugh.

Much might be said about Messina, the head of this beautiful strait which is named after it. Few older cities exist in Europe, and when one reflects upon the worth of such a position in the old days, it is not to be wondered at. The strait was then an international padlock of much more importance than it is ever again likely to become.

Messina is a great place for fish as well as commerce. On one's bill of fare here, the item "sword-fish" is sure to attract notice. You may see the fish themselves in the market, being shorn into slabs; and very excellent are sword-fish steaks when broiled as we broil salmon. Tunny, another common dish in Messina, is not unlike the sword-fish, but scarcely so palatable.

The visitor who takes an interest in mythology will not fail to look at the towering altar in the old cathedral of this old city. The cathedral itself is exceptionally attractive, its strong, coarse architecture telling of the centuries that have gone by since the Normans began to build it. But the altar is the focus of all local veneration. Within it is a letter said to have been written by the Virgin Mary to the Messenians, enclosing a lock of her hair, and expressing the wish that they would regard her as their patron saint. Such a wish has, of course, been respected, especially as St. Paul is said to have been the bearer of the letter. Even nowadays one may meet Sicilians with the Christian name "*Letterio*" or "*Letteria*" (according to their sex), given them in honour of this unique treasure.

Gerace may be approached either from Catanzaro or Reggio, or by diligence across the mountains from Gioja on the western shore of Calabria. The man who

is not pressed for time may be advised to follow the last of these routes. Indeed, the like advice would hold for the rest of Calabria also. It is only in the interior that one can appreciate thoroughly the idle, placid life of the Calabrian assured of a livelihood. Besides, the air among the red-roofed villages in the chestnut and beech woods of the mountains is so much more bracing than that of the coast-line, and far healthier.

Malaria is in fact still a cruel scourge in this province of Italy. From spring to autumn it is prevalent in the lowlands. The sallow faces of the peasants tell their tale very clearly, and their wan cheeks seem the more wan in contrast with the gaudy scarlet and blue of their distinctive costumes, and the panoply of beads and gilt jewellery with which they bedeck themselves. The very fertility of the country does but aggravate the curse. The rivers that in spring run with a full stream, brown and turbid, are in summer little better than so many depressions of unctuous slime. Were the mountains whence they rise less rich in forests, the malaria of the seaboard (and especially in western Calabria) would be less intense. As it is, there is a constant renewal of the alluvial soil which annually drains with their superabundant moisture from the uplands towards the coast. In a certain church of Cosenza, the capital town of Upper Calabria, one sees a tombstone upon which is graven the lament that the deceased had no sooner set foot in the place than he fell a victim to a fever. The epitaph might almost be stereotyped for more general use.

When the writer was in Gioja a few months ago the new railway from the south had but just reached the village. Great was the bustle and excitement in the olive woods on the mountain slopes through which the line was being carried. A river was being bridged. Stores of all kinds were piled among the gigantic gnarled trunks of the old trees. Women were cooking victuals for the men, and large yellow dogs stood about eager for bones or aught else edible. The Calabrian labourers in their blue cotton jackets were all lustily engaged in helping on the work of civilisation: either felling trees, dressing granite blocks for the bridge, or cutting cross-ties for the permanent way.

Gerace is a little remote from the railway and the southern sea, upon both of which it looks from its higher elevation. Here, it is to be presumed, dwell the descendants of those once-great people, the Locrians of Magna Græcia. This is what Pindar calls the

“Locrians’ favoured land
Refreshed by zephyr’s breath.”

The whole extent of this south-eastern shore of Italy was, indeed, two and a half centuries ago, in a surprising state of prosperity. We can but guess at its magnitude from the feeble records of it in the writings of the ancients. The ruins of the

buildings that remain to us are trivial in comparison with the buildings themselves as they were. There is nothing here like the noble bronzed and gold temples of Paestum farther to the north; yet these were raised by emigrants from Greece of the same epoch. What little is left of Loeri in Gerace lies among the balmy orchards of oranges and lemons in its vicinity. Agesidamus, the son of Archestratus, whom Pindar celebrates for his victory with the cestus in the Olympic games, would

not now easily recognise his birthplace.

Sybaris is another Calabrian name to conjure with. The site of this ancient luxury-loving city is in middle Calabria, near that bold peak Monte Pollino. I spent a few hours at the modern Sibari one day, and failed to discern aught that even hinted at its substantial past. There was a railway station and a waiting-room, in which four priests, several emigrants and their bundles, and an old woman with a prodigious green umbrella, all sat in terror



Amendolea: Upper Calabria.

of the onter noonday sun. Half a dozen mean houses were near the station. In one a common table was set upon the earth floor, and divers Calabrian peasants, burnt almost black, were eating their mid-day meal of barley-bread, raw beans, and wine, at a cost of five halfpennies apiece. The place teemed with fleas, a characteristic of Calabrian dwellings; and well it might, for pigs and poultry were at liberty to enter and leave the house at their pleasure. A knot of four other men were sitting round another table outside, under the shade of a tall eucalyptus tree, playing cards somewhat soberly; while another man sat by mending a coat. The broad plain whence Sybaris drew much of its wealth was beyond the house, stretching to the base of the purple crag of Pollino, and its oats were ripe for the harvest. It was not to be traversed this day without peril of a sunstroke, so blistering was the heat. And thus I too enjoyed my ease under the shade, and drank wine, and smoked, and viewed the landscape until the cool of the evening was at hand, and



' A STREET FOUNTAIN, CATANZARO.

the mountain put on new garments of startling hues, from violet to crimson, ere losing itself in the sullen gloom of night.

In fact, however, a summer's night on these Calabrian shores has generally but little gloom about it. The stars are here brighter than with us. A mild light seems to be diffused over the land from the gentle rippling of the sea upon the beach; and countless fireflies dance in the air, like lamps in the hands of fairies holding revel on these shores of romantic memories.

This is the time, too, to discover a multitude of fanciful beauties in such places as Roccella Ionica, and the other little coast towns. By day there is dirt and dilapidation enough in their cramped streets; and the dark faces of the people seem prematurely wrinkled. But under the moon all is transfigured and bewitching. The boys, neck-deep in the waveless water, look as if they were in molten silver. The grime and disorder of the place are sweetly dissembled, and one is content, even at the certain cost of much discomfort, to pass many a wakeful night in a Calabrian inn.

But the moods of the Mediterranean are no more enduring than those of our grey northern seas. It may chance that in an hour or two a storm shall blow up from the south, cloud the moon, and send the white spume of the waves far over the smooth sands of the shore. At such times there is likely to be a hurried rally towards port of the several fishers and other barks in the offing; and where there is no harbour near, a good deal of tact and external aid are needful to get the boats safely beached and cabled out of the influence of the storm. It is surprising what gales the Mediterranean can brew at an hour's notice. A man need not go to the North Atlantic or the tropics for a thorough-paced buffeting from wind and waves. Nor is it then so easy as it looks to get ashore from such a boat as the artist has shown being hauled, perhaps too officiously, out of the surf. A little lack of tact might well eventuate in disaster, even though the disaster meant nothing worse than a ducking for the passenger and loss of oars and cargo.

So, northwards, by Amandolea and many another little town of a somewhat uniform type, and many a tower built in the old times as look-out stations against the rovers of north Africa and Turkey, we approach the seaport of Catanzaro, the capital city of middle Calabria.

Here in summer, as elsewhere in the south of the Mediterranean, the inhabitants seem to be amphibious. Indeed, the wonder would be if they were not, with so fair and inviting a strand and sea at their very doors. The boys spend hours in the water; and when they are not swimming or paddling about, with a truly southern disregard for their nakedness, they lie or lounge about the warm sands, either with or without a mere shirt to their brown backs, playing cards or chattering, with many a laugh at they hardly know what. The scene in the picture is suggestive of a

southern "festa" or saint's day. One may suppose that Catanzaro is holding mild revel, and that a goodly number of the poorer inhabitants are here, in temporary encampment, determined to enjoy the gifts of Nature at their disposal. Few sights in southern Italy are more picturesque than these semi-religious gatherings. The priests are with their flock, but they do not oppress them with a superabundance of devotional services at such times. There is a mass in the morning, a procession through the midst of the camp with cross and thurifer and the particular reliquary of the saint being honoured. After this the day is mainly divided between dinner-time and the dance. A considerable quantity of wine is drunk. If the "festa" lasts but a day or two, the night is not an occasion for sleep. And on the morrow, if the assemblage is not dissolved, the scenes are repeated; and so on until the holiday is at an end. The few headaches that result from all this junketting are as nothing at all by the side of the joyous exhilaration to which they give birth. The Calabrians are among the most superstitious of Italians. Their "feste" are therefore almost necessary incidents of their lives. Without them it is conceivable they would be fanatics of a very gloomy kind.

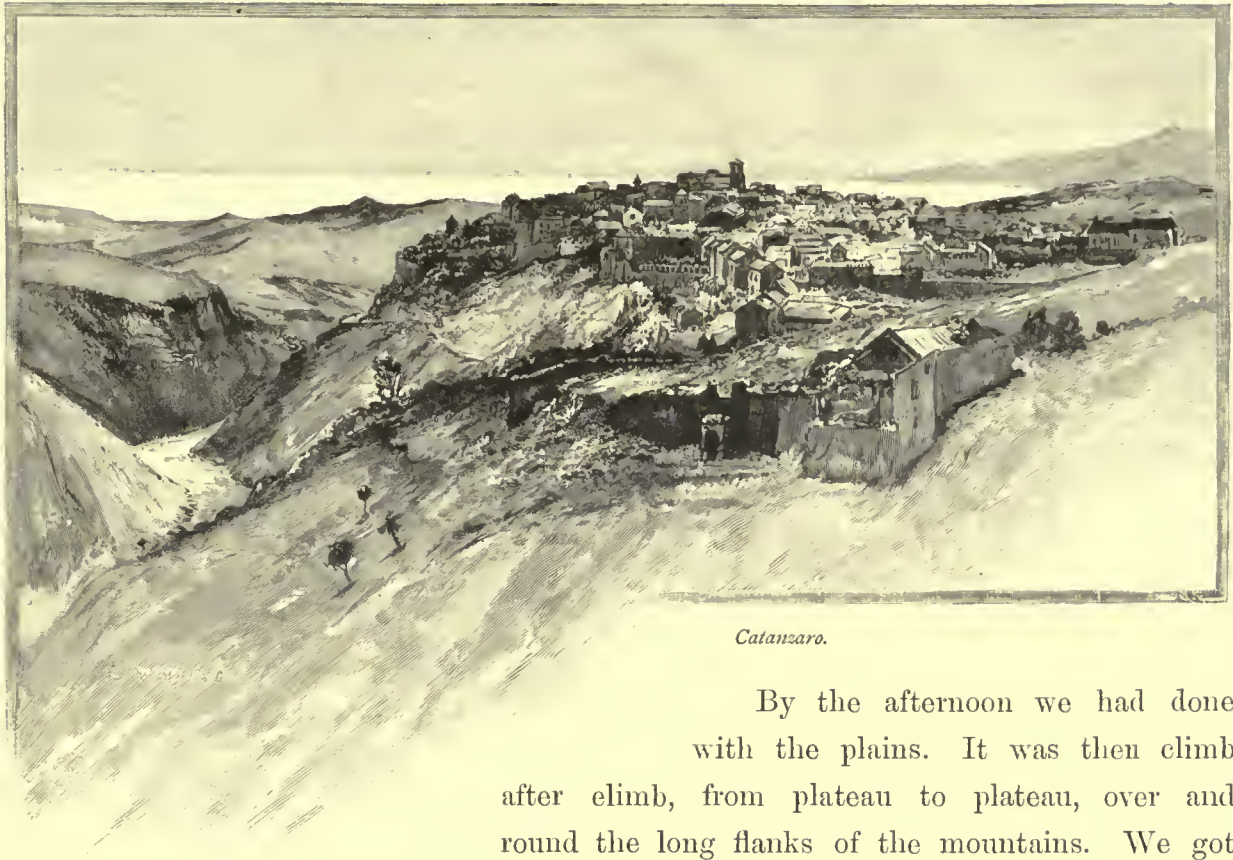
The marina of Catanzaro is eight or nine miles from Catanzaro itself, and connected with it by a branch line of railway. The approach to Catanzaro from the coast is sufficiently impressive, for the city has a superb situation on a rock which falls almost perpendicularly a thousand feet towards the lowland upon one side. The road winds down to the plain and the railway station, from the steep streets of the city, with an infinite number of zigzags, and tedious indeed is the ascent from the marina. Such a place might be expected to have a good record of resistance to siege. It is all but impregnable, as the royalists in the wars between Ferdinand II., the deposed king of Naples, and the French Republicans (who held it) found to their cost. With much labour, cannon might be dragged to the summit of the neighbouring mountains, whence it could be bombarded. Otherwise, Catanzaro might laugh even at the stoutest efforts of modern siege artillery. In the early days of the century Catanzaro was rather an advanced city; by no means the home of stale fashions and servile opinions. To-day also it is in repute for its enlightened freedom of thought. This is no small thing in a province so ridden by superstition as Calabria, and in which the average Calabrian would rather trust for his welfare, temporal and spiritual, to the brazen medallions of the saints which he wears next his heart, than to his own right hand, systematic industry, and a well-disciplined intelligence.

But to my mind Catanzaro is even more engaging when reached from the interior. I made the journey from Monteleone one day, a diligence ride of forty miles, lasting from 6 a.m. until 5 p.m. This may seem but a poor pace; yet it was not bad for the country, which, save for the first two hours and a half of the road,

*Catanzaro Marina.*

consists of a series of acclivities which have to be climbed upon one side and descended on the other. The Calabrian coachmen are rare madcaps. They flog their horses down-hill till the greatest possible amount of 'speed' is attained. The rickety old coach (perhaps tethered to the animals by frayed ropes instead of leather reins) follows reluctantly, with many a direful creak, and swaying ominously from side to side. There is thus always an element of peril in a Calabrian coach. The drivers do not deny the imputation, but lay the fault for it at the feet of the postal authorities of the kingdom, by whom they are subsidised in so mean a manner that they cannot afford to be particular about the harness.

Until we began to rise into the mountains, which traverse the length of the peninsula like a backbone, we were on flattish ground. Where there was cultivation, vines and oranges thrive well here. But for the most part the country was wild and uninhabited. Seaward there was a great stretch of scrub-land, bisected by the broad, stony bed of a river, and highly suggestive of the fever it bountifully begets. Inland, however, the view was more enlivening. The lower slopes of the hills were full of flowers and heath and gorse, interspersed with battalions of mammoth thistles in fervent bloom; and above, the olive woods formed a fringe between this nether zone and the still higher dark masses of oak forest, knee-deep in fern, and the haunt of game. There is fine timber in the Calabrian woods, though perhaps less than in the past, when the Greeks came here for the material for their fleets, and when, subsequently, Napoleon coveted the land for the sake of the unborn navies he saw in it.



Catanzaro.

By the afternoon we had done with the plains. It was then climb after climb, from plateau to plateau, over and round the long flanks of the mountains. We got into the clouds, descended from them, and anon rose into them again. The scenery was vigorous enough, but the engineers who have made these excellent highways through the land are responsible for a diminution of the romance of Calabria. It is difficult to think of this country as the hive of brigands it used to be; at least, it would be if the tradition of them was not still so strong. Here and there we passed a locality with a story appended to it. Yonder pile of rocks, with the fringe of bushes on the summit, was a favourite perch of the bandits. They challenged the travellers through the bushes, which concealed both them and the gun-barrels which stared at the hearts of the wayfarers. Elsewhere, the police and the villagers (nearly as much bandits as the bandits themselves) had had a brush among the trees. The iron cross under the oak marks the spot where so many police and so many Calabrians bit the dust. Thus, from one site to another, we came to Tiriolo, the notorious nest of brigandage, so high up in the clouds that we did not see it until we were close under it. This place is nearly three thousand feet above the sea; the slopes beneath it were terraced with vines, and women in crimson skirts with blue bodices, and long streamers to their heads, either white or yellow and black, were working in the fields. Of course in winter there is snow here, but in summer, if Calabria continues to prosper, it is likely by and by to become a place of "villeggiatura." From its dark houses one looks towards the Lipari Islands on one side of Italy, and the Gulf of Taranto on the other.

Catanzaro is a city with about thirty thousand inhabitants. Its shops are large, and in the miscellaneous nature of their goods much like the stores of an American town. You may buy a pocket-handkerchief and a packet of chocolate at the same counter. The streets are, as a rule, both dark and narrow. Their picturesqueness is certainly not due to the architecture of their houses, but to the bustle of varied movement in them, and the glimpses of domestic life one perceives through the open doors on both hands. The principal thoroughfare, in which the hotels, cafés, chief shops and municipal buildings are situated, is generally thronged towards sunset, and it is as difficult to make one's way up or down it as in the back streets of Naples. Here, however, broadcloth is commonly worn; and the frequent mention of Signor Crispi's name tells of the interest of these gossipers in the politics of the day. It is the same in the gilded café hard by, and which offers much toothsome pastry to its customers. To avoid this conventional metropolitan tone, one must turn aside and get into the network of shaded alleys which form the very broad fringe to the nucleus of the city. Here one is sure to meet peasants from the country in their unadulterated traditional garb. They come hither to sell eggs and poultry; and very agreeable features of the road they are, with their straight, sturdy carriage, swinging arms, and stout, brown legs.

In this elevated city I found the air fresh almost to coolness when the sun was behind the mountains. The damp and smell of the soil which ascended to the aerial battlements of the city made me think of my native county in England. But before the evening mists quite enveloped us, and the last glow left the Mediterranean, we had a broad panorama of the summits of hills and mountains towards the south. It was a singularly bleak prospect, not unlike the outlook over the Cheviots from one of the higher peaks of the Border range. The hills were nearly denuded of trees, and the scrub upon them was diversified with patches of brilliant green and a bright crimson, grass and clover of an excellent kind, valuable to agriculturists. North, however, a dark cloud was upon the mountains of the interior, and it was evident rain was falling.

Few cities have such a magnificent promenade as the Via Bellavista of Catanzaro. The road skirts the edge of the precipice by which the city is built, and the broad river-bed at its base seems dwindled to a ribbon's width. Hither, at sundown, the citizens and their wives and daughters come to take the air, enjoy the view, see and be seen. The ladies of Catanzaro have long had a reputation for their beauty. When the French soldiers were quartered here in the Napoleonic wars the officers were delighted to find that it was a custom (breach of which implied extreme discourtesy) for acquaintances of both sexes to kiss each other as a formal method of salutation. They thought no more of it than if they had merely put hand to hand. In his memoirs of the war in Calabria one of

these officers describes the winning way in which the fair girls of Catanzaro, upon an introduction, were wont to make tender of their lips.

Alas, however! the spirit of progress which has breathed over Calabria in so many directions during the last century has wrought a change in this respect also. The manners of the young ladies of Catanzaro to-day do not differ much from those of the Neapolitans, and it is no longer the custom to kiss a stranger at sight. Otherwise it is probable the excursion agents of the ribald North of Europe would be quick to advertise tours to this fascinating spot. For my part, I was fain to believe the ladies of the city are not as beautiful as their fame. It might have been

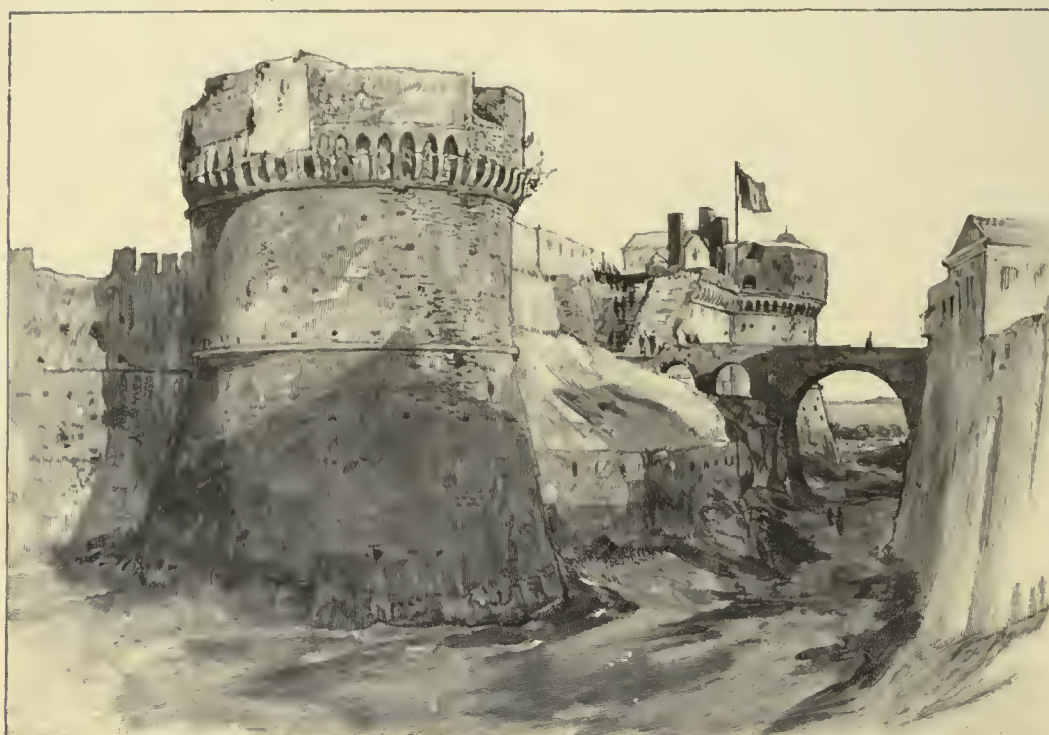


Policoro, Basilicata.

different if they had shown the old interest in a stranger. But they showed none, as a matter of fact. They moved up and down the promenade in their stiff, unbecoming finery and tall Paris hats, chattering so fast that the swallows, gyrating athwart the face of Catanzaro's cliffs, seemed to hold their babble for a challenge, and screamed loud in their turn. Nevertheless, for their long, exuberant black hair, and their expressive dark eyes, the ladies of Catanzaro still deserve to be praised.

Cotrone is distant from Catanzaro about thirty-seven miles by the railway. It is another of the famous cities of Magna Græcia, with a history receding almost to fabulous times. In the nineteenth century after Christ it is but a puny place compared to what it was some five centuries before the Christian era. Its population of to-day, all told, is not reckoned more than ten thousand, but in the year 510 B.C., as Croton, it is said to have been able to put an army of a hundred thousand men in the field. Perhaps, however, this included mercenary troops as well as Crotonians.

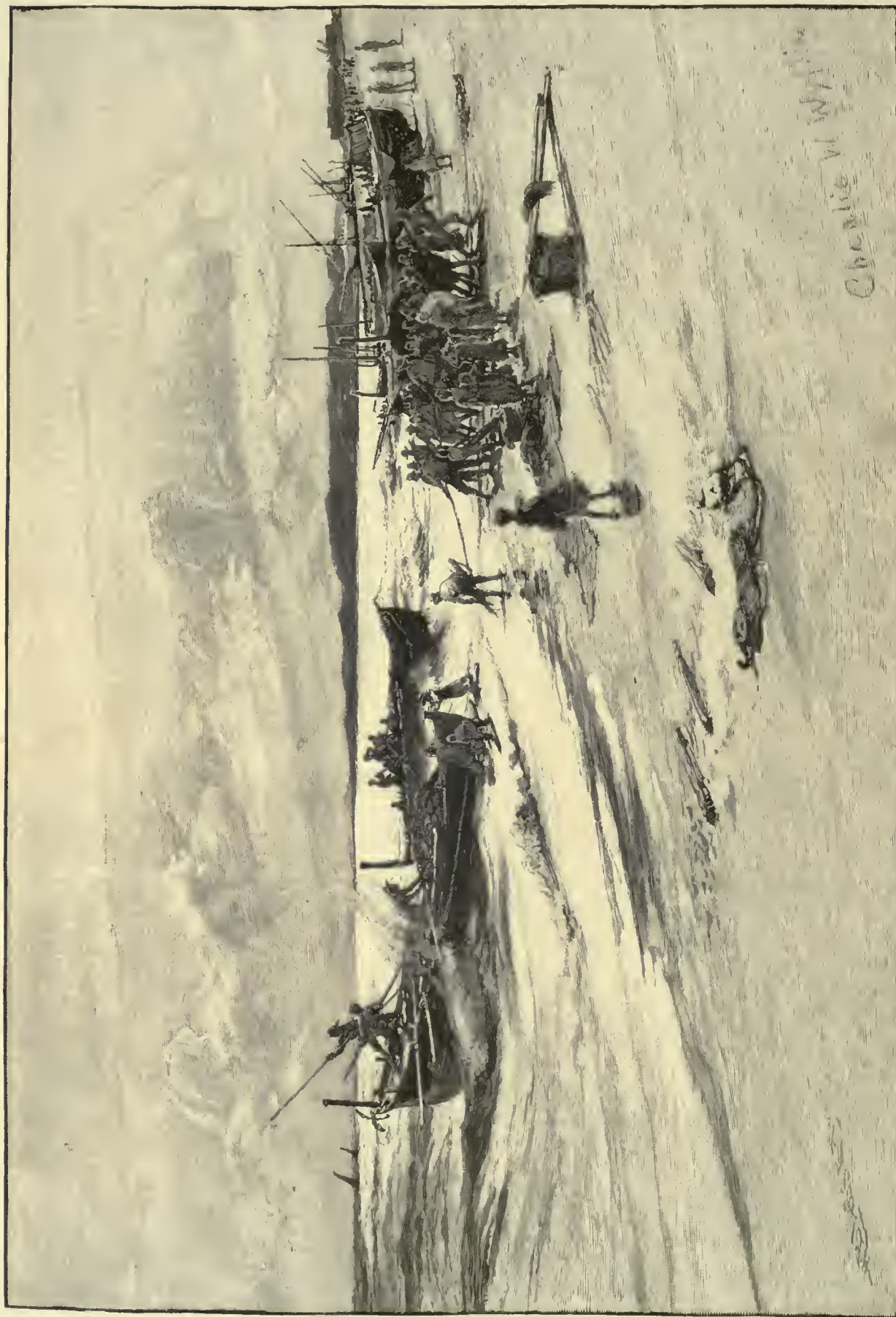
All the land adjacent to Cotrone and Taranto is sacred to the memory of Hannibal and the Roman consuls who patriotically opposed him, with such varying

*The Castle, Cotrone.*

success. By that time Cotrone, or Croton, had passed the zenith of its importance. But it was still an aristocratic city when it fell into the hands of the Carthaginians, early in the long duel between Carthage and Rome. In the third century B.C. Cotrone was, according to Livy, twelve thousand paces in circuit. It was a place of visitation for votaries of the Lacinian Juno, whose temple stood on the modern Capo delle Colonne, some six miles distant. Of this temple, nestled in a belt of trees, the resort of people from far and near, and in the sacred demesne attached to which flocks and herds consecrated to the goddess were pastured unattended by a shepherd, nothing remains except one column and sundry disconnected masses of masonry. After a manner very common in the countries of the Mediterranean, the veneration in which the temple of the Lacinian Juno was held is perpetuated in the regard of a somewhat similar kind which the local inhabitants feel for the Christian church that has superseded it. Instead of a temple to Juno there is a church to the Madonna of the Cape, and thither the girl-children of the district periodically go bare-footed in procession, to make their vows and petitions to "the Mother of God."

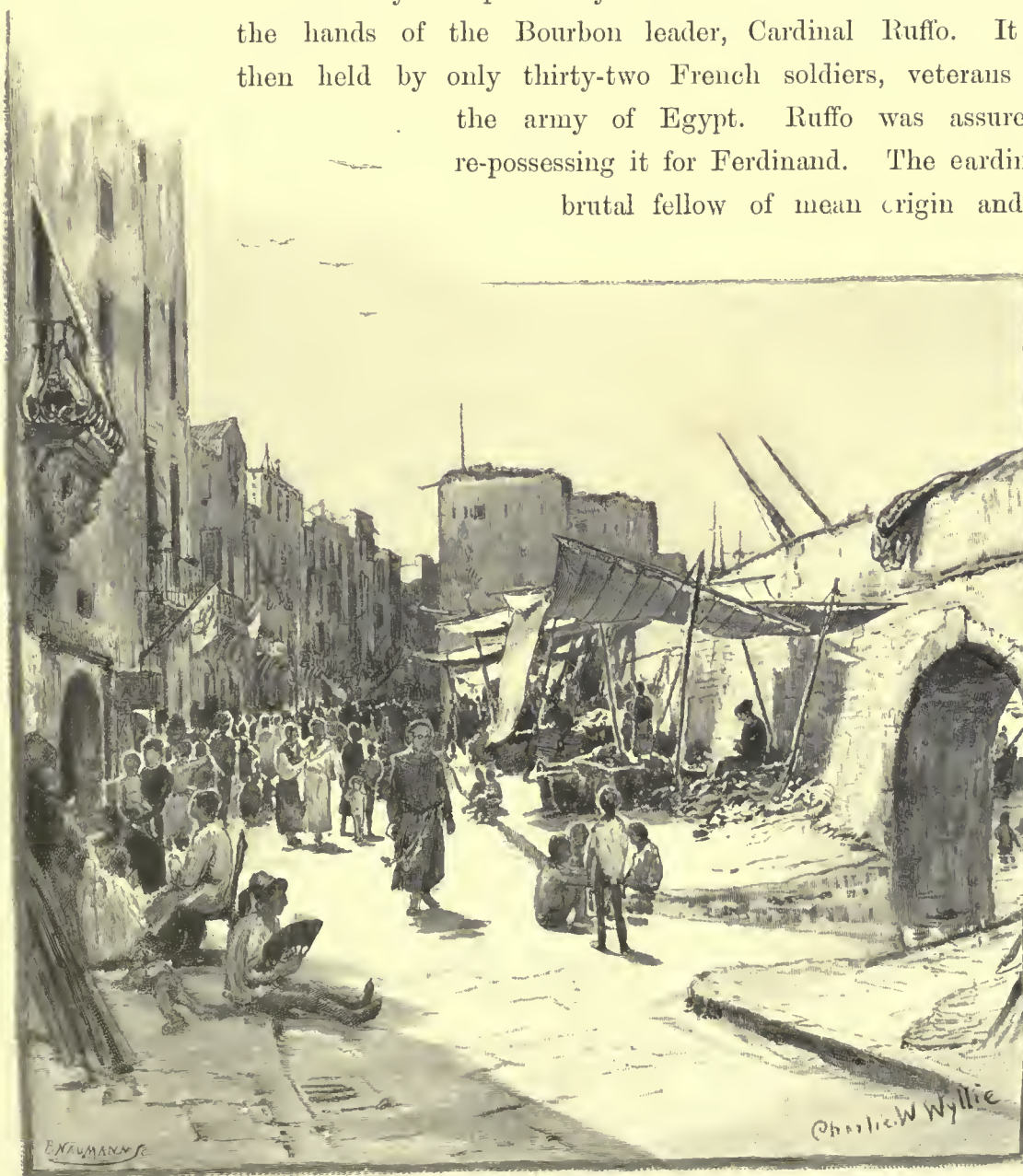
The river, which Livy mentions as dividing the city of Cotrone, is clearly indicated in the artist's drawing. Sometimes it has much water in it, and sometimes it has little or none.

In the year 1806, when Calabria, like the rest of Europe, was full of conflicting troops, Cotrone, then in possession of the Bourbons, was besieged by the French. The blockade was so close that provisions fell short, and there seemed no hope



for the city except in surrender. It chanced at this conjuncture that an English frigate appeared in the offing. By some means or other it was necessary to advise the commander of the ship of the situation of the besieged, that these might profit by our alliance with the deposed king of Naples. Three men undertook the mission. They stripped, and entered the river, which the rains had fairly filled with water. Thus they reached its point of junction with the sea. Here the French saw and fired at them. One was killed, and the second was wounded. But the third swam on, and eventually reached the frigate. By this means the garrison of Cotrone were saved. They were able to embark on the ship, and afterwards the city surrendered to the French.

Seven years previously Cotrone had suffered horribly at the hands of the Bourbon leader, Cardinal Ruffo. It was then held by only thirty-two French soldiers, veterans from the army of Egypt. Ruffo was assured of re-possessing it for Ferdinand. The cardinal, a brutal fellow of mean origin and bad



Strada Garibaldi, Taranto.

character, refused all terms to the besieged, and the city was taken by assault. The sack lasted two days, the Bourbon soldiers being licensed to commit every conceivable outrage upon the miserable Cotronians. When all was over, the cardinal, in purple vestments, celebrated mass before his troops, whom he formally absolved from the sins they had committed during the last few hours; and he blessed them as a stimulus to new deeds of the same kind. It may be imagined that the other cities of Calabria took good heed how they engaged in conflict with this ecclesiastic.

One may recall these and the other various vicissitudes of the city at one's ease, and with considerable pleasure, after the evening meal in Cotrone's little inn, or even over the macaroni and wine at table. There is a tendency to fancy that the Calabrians are rogues in their treatment of strangers, as their grandsires used to be. It is not so really. Perhaps it is because they see so few: they do not know how precious a booty they are. Certainly I, for one, had no need to keep in mind the warning proffered to me by a Calabrian about his fellow-countrymen: "If you would not be cheated by them, you must cheat them." At the hotels the cost of your bedchamber is placarded over the head of the bed; nor are you defrauded by preposterous and vague items in your bill. This is quite charming to the traveller fresh from Neapolitan inns. And he is thus half-disposed to leave Calabria (like Hannibal when he was summoned hence to Carthage, as the last hope of the state) with groans and lamentations about the uncertainty of the future.

This maritime district of south Italy is associated with the name of another warrior, whom Hannibal regarded as the superior of both Scipio and himself, the great Pyrrhus. Tarentum, at war with Rome, called Pyrrhus to her aid, as a general "of ability and character." Pyrrhus had no particular regard for the Tarentines, but he was quick to accept this opportunity to extend his fame and enlarge his empire. To Tarentum therefore he sailed, with troops and elephants. He did not think much of the Tarentines themselves, who "sat still at home, and spent their time about the baths or in feasting and idle talk, as expecting that he would fight for them." As a remedy for this, he therefore, as Plutarch tells us, "shut up the places of exercise, and the walks where they used, as they sauntered along, to conduct the war with words. He also put a stop to their unseasonable entertainments, revels, and diversions. Instead of these, he called them to arms, and in his musters and reviews was severe and inexorable; so that many of them quitted the place; for, being unaccustomed to be under command, they called that a slavery which was not a life of pleasure." This done, he prepared to meet the Romans under the Consul Lævinus. He marched inland, towards the level ground between Heraclea and Pandosia, where he found the enemy in battle array ready for him. Policoro commemorates the scene of his victory. The Romans are said to have lost fifteen thousand men, and Pyrrhus thirteen thousand; the honour of the day being with the

elephants, who broke the Roman legions. These plains between the mountains of Calabria and the Apennines more to the north were admirable battle-fields. The hills by Rocca Imperiale and Monte Pollino have seen many a fray of which history has no record; and the long grass and the grain and wild olives of Sybaris and Policoro may almost be said to be nourished on the human blood in their soil.

About modern Taranto, the survival of that great Tarentum for which Hannibal and Rome wrestled for years, and which in B.C. 209 yielded so immense a booty to



Taranto.

the Roman treasury, not much can be said here. It is a city of Puglia, not Calabria, celebrated for its oysters, and for that matchless inertia which sits so gracefully upon the southern Italian. The view of Strada Garibaldi, in the engraving, is Santa Lucia of Naples on a small scale. One sees here the same dark-skinned and dark-eyed happy-go-lucky bipeds, content to sit chattering on chairs in the shade from sunrise to sunset; the same dirt and gaiety; the same tall houses with balconies, and parti-coloured counterpanes, sheets, blankets, or washed linen suspended from the windows to dry in the sun.

Dame Nature has been civiller to few habitable sites than to Taranto. Its position on an island between the living Mediterranean and a little inland sea (the "Mare Clansum"), placid as a lagoon, is delightful and convenient. Bridges connect the old town with its fairer suburbs and the mainland at either extremity.

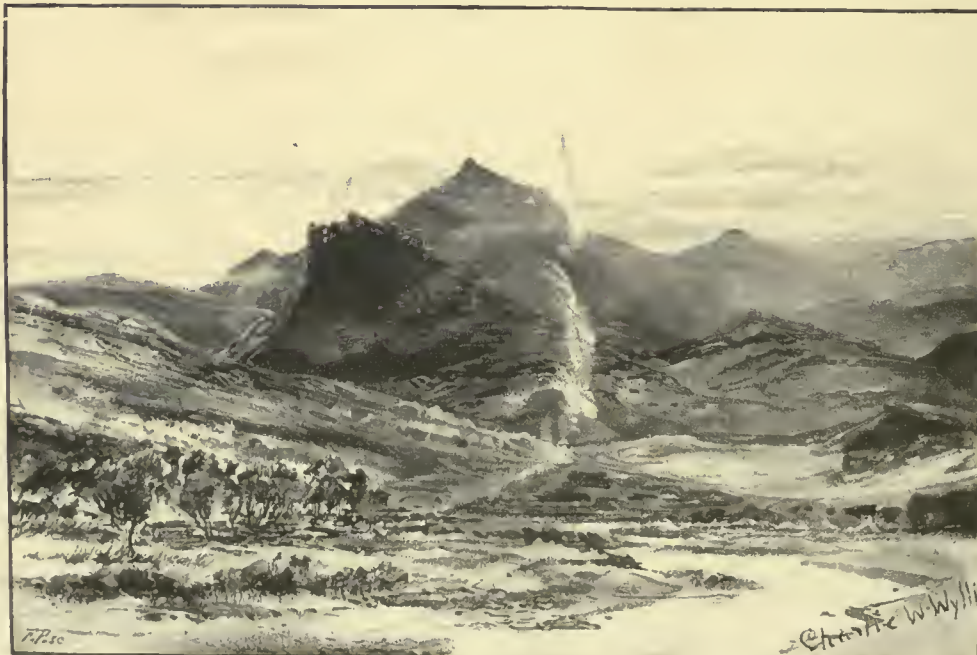
According to Horace,

"No spot so joyous . . . of this wide globe's extended shores."

But one must not come to Taranto for types of Calabrian men and women. It may, however, be confessed in conclusion, that even the legitimate Calabrians of the mountains are a little disappointing to a person in search of muscular individuals. The men are less conspicuously robust than the women. This may be due to the old practice whereby the women do more field-work than the men. But the men themselves, though undersized, are active and enduring; and, like all highlanders, they are taller than their lowland neighbours. The most characteristic feature of their garb is a little black sugar-loaf hat, with a narrow brim, from which hang three or four short leather tags. Their jacket and knee-breeches are black, like the national hat, so that their general appearance is somewhat sinister.

But, of course, it is only a question of time ere the little black hat and all their other eccentricities (agreeable or otherwise) shall utterly disappear. The other day two Calabrians disputed about the dignity of carrying the baldaquin in a church procession: the one stabbed the other so that he died. The old passionate blood of their brigandage days boiled for a moment, and this was the outcome. So with their costumes. A hundred years hence perhaps a few of their local peculiarities will survive, as traditions of the home land, in the Argentine territory of South America. But it is probable that the tailors of a united Italy will, long ere then, have set hard and fast chains of dull convention upon the Calabrians of Calabria.

CHARLES EDWARDES.



Rocca Imperiale.



Washing-place outside the Walls, Almeria.

MALAGA.

MALAGA has been very differently described and appreciated. The Arab chroniclers who knew it in the palmy days of the Moorish domination considered it "a most beautiful city, densely peopled, large and most excellent." Some rose to poetical rhapsody in describing it; they praised it as "the central jewel of a necklace, a land of paradise, the pole star, the diadem of the moon, the forehead of a bewitching beauty unveiled." A Spanish poet was not less eloquent, and sang of Malaga as "the enchantress, the home of eternal spring, bathed by the soft sea, nestling amidst flowers." Ford, on the other hand, that prince of guide-book makers, who knew the Spain of his day intimately from end to end, rather despised Malaga. He thought it a fine but purely commercial city, having "few attractions beyond climate, almonds and raisins, and sweet wine." Malaga has made great strides nevertheless in the forty-odd years since Ford so wrote of it. While preserving many of the charming characteristics which evoked such high-flown eulogiums in the past, it has developed considerably in trade, population, and importance. It grows daily; building is constantly in progress, new streets are added year after year to the town. Its commerce flourishes; its port is filled with shipping which carry off its many manufactures: chocolate, liquorice, porous jars, and clay figures, the iron ores that are smelted on the spot; the multifarious products of its fertile soil, which grows in rich profusion the choicest fruits of the earth: grapes, melons, plantains, guava, quince, Japanese medlars, oranges, lemons, and prickly pears. All the appliances and luxurious aids to comfort known to our latter-day civilisation

are to be found in Malaga: several theatres, one of them an opera house, clubs, grand hotels, bankers, English doctors, cabs. It rejoices too in an indefeasible and priceless gift, a nearly perfect climate, the driest and balmiest in Southern Europe. Rain falls in Malaga but half a dozen days in the year, and its winter sun would shame that of an English summer. It has a southern aspect, and is sheltered from the north by an imposing range of mountains; its only trouble is the *terral* or north-west wind, the same disagreeable visitor as that known on the Italian Riviera as the Tramontana, and in the south of France as the Mistral. These climatic advantages have long recommended Malaga as a winter health resort for delicate and consumptive invalids, and an increasingly successful rival to Madeira, Malta, and Algiers. The general view of this city of sunshine, looking westward, to which point it lies open, is pleasing and varied; luxuriant southern vegetation, aloes, palmetto, and palms, fill up the foreground; in the middle distance are the dazzling white façades and towers of the town, the great amphitheatre of the bull ring, the tall spire of the Cathedral a very conspicuous object, the whole set off by the dark blue Mediterranean, and the reddish-purple background of the Sierra Bermeja or Vermilion Hills.

There is active enjoyment to be got in and near Malaga as well as the mere negative pleasure of a calm, lazy life amid beautiful scenes. It is an excellent point of departure for interesting excursions. Malaga lies on the fringe of a country full of great memories, and preserving many curious antiquarian remains. It is within easy reach by rail of Granada and the world-renowned Alhambra, whence the ascent of the great southern snowy range, the Sierra Nevada, may be made with pleasurable excitement and a minimum of discomfort. Other towns closely associated with great events may also be visited: Alhama, the mountain key of Granada, whose capture preluded that of the Moorish capital and is enshrined in Byron's beautiful verse; Ronda, the wildly picturesque town lying in the heart of its own savage hills; Almeria, Antequera, Archidona, all old Moorish towns. By the coast road westward, a two days' ride, through Estepona and Marbella, little seaside towns bathed by the tideless Mediterranean, Gibraltar may be reached, the great rock fortress won by English daring and held by English pluck for nearly two hundred years. Inland, a day's journey, are the baths of Caratraca, delightfully situated in a narrow mountain valley, a cleft of the rugged hill, and famous throughout Spain. The waters are akin to those of Harrogate, and are largely patronised by crowds of the bluest-blooded hidalgos, the most fashionable people, Spaniards from La Corte (Madrid), and all parts of the Peninsula. Yet another series of riding excursions may be made into the wild Alpujarras, a desolate and uncultivated district gemmed with bright oases of verdure, which are best reached by the coast road leading from Malaga through Velez Malaga, Motril to Adra, and which is perhaps the pleasantest

route to Granada itself. On one side is the dark-blue sea; on the other, vine-clad hills: this is a land, to use Ford's words, "overflowing with oil and wine; here is the palm without the desert, the sugar-cane without the slave;" old Moorish castles perched like eagles' eyries crown the hills; below cluster the spires and towers of churches and convents, hemmed in by the richest vegetation. The whole of this long strip of coast is rich with the alluvial deposits brought down by the mountain torrents from the snowy Sierras above; in spring time, before the summer heats have parched the land, everything flourishes here, the sweet potato, indigo, sugar-cane and vine; masses of wild flowers in innumerable gay colours, the blue iris, the crimson oleander, geraniums, and luxuriant festoons of maidenhair



*Coast Road near Adra,
Andalusia.*

ferns bedeck
the landscape
around. It is

impossible to exaggerate
the delights of these riding trips;
the traveller relying upon his
horse, which carries a modest kit,

enjoys a strange sense of independence: he can go on or stop, as he chooses, lengthen or shorten his day's journey, which takes him perpetually and at the leisurely pace



Malaga, from the Alcazaba.

which permits ample observation of the varied views. The scene changes constantly: now he threads a half-dried watercourse, thick with palmetto and gum cistus; now he makes the slow circuit of a series of little rocky bays washed by the tideless calm of the blue sea; now he breasts the steep slope, the seemingly perilous ascent of bold cliffs, along which winds the track made centuries since when the most direct was deemed the shortest way to anywhere in spite of the difficulties that intervened.

Malaga as a seaport and place of settlement can claim almost fabulous antiquity. It was first founded by the Phœnicians three thousand years ago, and a continuous existence of thirty centuries fully proves the wisdom of their choice. Its name is said to be Phœnician, and is differently derived from a word meaning salt, and another which would distinguish it as "the king's town." From the earliest ages Malaga did a thriving business in salt fish; its chief product and export were the same anchovies and the small *boquerones*, not unlike an English whitebait, which are still the most highly prized delicacies of the Malaga fish market. Southern Spain was among the richest and most valued of Phœnician possessions. It was a mine of wealth to them, the Tarshish of Biblical history from which they drew such vast supplies of the precious metals that their ships carried silver anchors. Hiram, King of Tyre, was a sort of goldsmith to Solomon, furnishing the wise man's house with such stores of gold and silver utensils that silver was "accounted nothing therein," as we read in the First Book of Kings. When the star of Tyre and Sidon waned, and



MALAGA, FROM THE SUGAR FIELDS

Carthage became the great commercial centre of the Mediterranean, it controlled the mineral wealth of Spain and traded largely with Malaga. Later, when Spain passed entirely into Roman hands, this southern province of Bætica grew more and more valuable, and the wealth of the country passed through its ports eastward to the great marts of the world. Malaga, however, was never the equal either in wealth or commercial importance of its more eastern and more happily placed neighbour Almeria. The latter was the once famous "Portus Magnus," or Great Port, which monopolised most of the maritime traffic with Italy and the more distant East. But Malaga rose in prosperity as Roman settlers crowded into Bætica, and Roman remains excavated in and around the town attest the size and importance of the place under the Romans. It was a municipium, had a fine amphitheatre, the foundations of which were laid bare long afterwards in building a convent, while many bronzes, fragments of statuary, and Roman coins found from time to time prove the intimate relations between Malaga and the then Mistress of the World. The Goths, who came next, overran Bætica, and although their stay was short, they rechristened the province, which is still known by their name, the modern Andal-, or Vandalucia. Malaga was a place of no importance in the time of the Visigoths, and it declined, only to rise with revived splendour under the Moors, when it reached the zenith of its greatness, and stood high in rank among the Hispano-Mauresque cities.

It was the same one-eyed Berber General, Tarik, who took Gibraltar who was the first Moorish master of Malaga. Legendary story still associates a gate in the old Moorish castle, the Gibralfaro, with the Moorish invasion. This Puerta de la Cava was called, it has been said, after the ill-used daughter of Count Julian whose wrongs led to the appeal to Moorish intervention. But it is not known historically that Count Julian had a daughter named La Cava, or any daughter at all; nor is it likely that the Moors would remember the Christian maiden's name as sponsor for the gate. After the Moorish conquest Malaga fell to the tribes that came from the river Jordan, a pastoral race who extended their rule to the open lands as far as Archidona. The richness of their new possession attracted great hordes of Arabs from their distant homes; there was a general exodus, and each as it came to the land of promise settled where they found anything that recalled their distant homes. Thus the tribes from the deserts of Palmyra found a congenial resting-place on the arid coast near Almeria and the more rugged kingdom of Murcia; the Syrian mountaineers established themselves amidst the rocky fastness of the Ronda Serranía; while those from Damascus and Bagdad revelled in the luxuriant beauty of the fertile plains watered by the Xenil and Darro, the great Vega, with its orange-groves and jewelled gardens that still make Granada a smiling paradise.

These Moslem conquerors were admirable in their administration and development of the land they seized, quick to perceive its latent resources and make the most

of them. Malaga itself became the court and seat of government of a powerful dynasty whose realms extended inland as far as Cordova, and the region around grew under their energetic and enlightened management into one great garden teeming with the most varied vegetation. What chiefly commended Malaga to the Moors was the beauty of its climate and the amazing fertility of the soil. The first was a God-sent gift, the latter made unstinting return for the labour freely but intelligently applied. Water was and still is the great need of those thirsty and nearly rainless southern lands, and the Moorish methods of irrigation, ample specimens of which still survive, were most elaborate and effective contrivances for distributing the fertilising fluid. Many of these ancient systems of irrigation are still at work at Murcia, Valencia, Granada, and elsewhere. The Moors were masters of hydraulic science, which was never more widely or intelligently practised than in the East. So the methods adopted and still seen in Spain have their Oriental prototypes and counterparts. They varied, of course, with the character of the district to be irrigated and the sources of supply. Where rivers and running water gave the material, it was conveyed in canals; one main trunk-line or artery supplied the fluid to innumerable smaller water-courses or veins, the *acequias*, which formed a reticulated network of minute ramifications. The great difficulty in the plains, and this was especially the case about Malaga, was to provide a proper fall, which was effected either by carrying the water to a higher level by an aqueduct or sinking in below the surface in subterranean channels. Where the water had to be raised from underground, the simple pole, on which worked an arm or lever with a bucket, was used, the identical "shadoof" of the Nile; or the more elaborate water-wheel, the Arab *Anaoura*, a



La Concepcion, Malaga.

name still preserved in the Spanish *Noria*, one of which is figured in the Almeria washing-place, where it serves the gossiping *lavanderas* at their work. In these norias the motive power is usually that of a patient ox, which works a revolving wheel, and so turns a second at right angles armed with jars or buckets. These

descend in turn, coming up charged with water, which falls over into a reservoir or pipe, whence it flows to do its business below.

Under this admirable system the land gives forth perpetual increase. It knows no repose. Nothing lies fallow. "Man is never weary of sowing, nor the sun of calling into life." Crop succeeds crop with astonishing rapidity; three or four harvests of corn are reaped in the year, twelve or fifteen of clover and lucerne. All kinds of fruit abound; the margins of the watercourses blossom with flowers that would be prized in an English hothouse, and the most marvellous fecundity prevails. By these means the Moors of Malaga, the most scientific and successful of gardeners, developed to the utmost the marvellously prolific soil. Moorish writers described the pomegranates



Street beneath the Alcazar, Malaga.

of Malaga as red as rubies, and unequalled in the whole world. The *brevas*, or small green figs, were of exquisitely delicious flavour, and still merit that encomium. Grapes were a drug in the markets, cheap as dirt; while the raisins into which they were converted, by a process that dates back to the Phœnicians, found their way into the far East and were famous in Palestine, Arabia, and

beyond. The vineyards of the Malaga district, a wide tract embracing all the southern slopes towards the Mediterranean, were, and still are, the chief source of its wealth. The wine of Malaga could tempt even Mohammedan Moors to forget their prophet's prohibition; it was so delicious that a dying Moor when commending his soul to God asked for only two blessings in Paradise, enough to drink of the wines of Malaga and Seville. As the "Mountains," this same wine was much drunk and appreciated by our forefathers. To this day "Malaga" is largely consumed, both dry and sweet, especially that known as the Lágrimas, or Tears, a cognate term to the famous *Lachrymæ Christi* of Naples, and which are the very essence of the rich ripe grapes, which are hung up in the sun till the juice flows from them in luscious drops. Orange groves and lemon groves abound in the Vega, and the fruit is largely exported. The collection and packing are done at points along the line of railway to which Malaga is the maritime terminus, as at La Pizarra, a small but important station which is the starting point for the Baths of Caratraca, and the mountain ride to Ronda through the magnificent pass of El Burgo. Of late years Malaga has become a species of market garden, in which large quantities of early vegetables are raised, the *primeurs* of French gourmets, the young peas, potatoes, asparagus, and lettuce, which are sent north to Paris during the winter months by express trains. This is probably a more profitable business than the raising of the sugar-cane, an industry introduced (or more exactly, revived, for it was known to and cultivated by the Moors) in and around Malaga by the well-known General Concha, Marques del Duero. He spent the bulk of a large fortune in developing the cane cultivation, and almost ruined himself in this patriotic endeavour. Others benefited



Almeria, from the East.

largely by his well-meant enterprise, and the sugar fields of southern Spain prospered until the German beet sugar drove the home-grown hard. The climate of Malaga, with its great dryness and absolute immunity from frost, is exceedingly favourable to the growth of the sugar-cane, and the sugar fields at the time of the cutting are picturesque centres of activity. The best idea, however, of the amazing fertility of this gifted country will be obtained from a visit to one of the private residential estates, or *fincas*, such as that of La Concepcion, where palms, bamboos, arums, cicads and other tropical plants thrive bravely in the open air. It is only a short drive, and is well worth a visit. The small Grecian temple (see the illustration) is full of Roman remains, chiefly from Cartama, the site of a great Roman city which Livy has described. Some of these remains are of beautiful marble figures, which were found, like ordinary stones, built into a prison wall and rescued with some difficulty. The Malaga authorities annexed them, thinking they contained gold, then threw them away as old rubbish. Other remains at La Concepcion are fragments of the Roman municipal law, on bronze tablets, found at Osuna, between Antequera and Seville.

Malaga possesses many mementoes of the Moors besides their methods of irrigation. The great citadel which this truly militant race erected upon the chief point of vantage and key to the possession of Malaga still remains. This, the Castle of Gibralfaro, the rock of the lighthouse, was built by a prince of Granada, Mohammed, upon the site of a Phœnician fortress, and it was so strongly fortified and held that it long resisted the strenuous efforts of Ferdinand and Isabella in the memorable siege which prefaced the fall of Granada. How disgracefully the Catholic kings ill-treated the conquered Moors of Malaga, condemning them to slavery or the *auto da fé*, may be read in the pages of Prescott. The towers of the Gibralfaro still standing have each a story of its own: one was the *atalaya*, or watch-tower; on another, that of La Vela, a great silver cross was erected when the city surrendered. Below the Gibralfaro, but connected with it and forming part of the four deep city walls, is the Alcazaba, another fortification utilised by the Moors, but the fortress they raised stands upon Phœnician foundations. The illustrations plainly show how this now ruined but still stalwart citadel dominated the lower town; in one it overlooks even the tall tower of the cathedral, in the other rises menacing against the sky-line, and its lofty outlines merge in the still higher Gibralfaro. The quarter that lies below these Moorish strongholds is the most ancient part of Malaga, a wilderness of dark, winding alleys of Oriental aspect, and no doubt of Moorish origin. This is the home of the lower classes, of the turbulent masses who have in all ages been a trial and trouble to the authorities of the time. The Malagueños, the inhabitants of Malaga, whether Moors or Spaniards, have ever been rebellious subjects of their liege lords and uncomfortable neighbours to one

another. In all their commotions they have generally espoused the cause which has ultimately failed.

Thus, in 1831, Riego and Torrijos having been in open revolt against the Government, were lured into embarking for Malaga from Gibraltar, where they had assembled, by its military commandant Moreno, and shot down to a man on the beach below the Carmen Convent. Among the victims was an Englishman, Mr. Boyd, whose unhappy fate led to sharp protests from England. Since this massacre a tardy tribute has been raised to the memory of the slain; it stands in the shape of a monument in the Plaza de Riego, the Alameda. Again, Malaga sided with Espartero in 1843, when he "pronounced" but had to fly into exile. Once more, in 1868, the Malagueños took up arms upon the losing side, fighting for the dethroned Isabella Segunda against the successful soldiers who had driven her from Madrid. Malaga was long and obstinately defended, but eventually succumbed after a sanguinary struggle. Last of all, after the abdication of Amadeus in 1873, the Republicans of Malaga rose, and carried their excesses so far as to establish a Communistic régime, which terrorised the town. The troops disbanded themselves, their weapons were seized by the worst elements of the population, who held the reins of power, the local authorities having taken to flight. The mob laid hands on the custom-house and all public moneys, levied contributions upon the more peaceable citizens, then quarrelled among themselves and fought out their battles in the streets, sweeping them with artillery fire, and threatening a general bombardment. Order was not easily restored or without the display of armed force, but the condign punishment of the more blameworthy has kept Malaga quiet ever since.

While the male sex among the masses of Malaga enjoy an indifferent reputation, her daughters of all classes are famed for their attractiveness, even in Spain, the home, *par excellence*, of a well-favoured race. "Muchachas Malagueñas, muy halagueñas" (the girls of Malaga are most bewitching) is a proverbial expression, the truth of which has been attested by many appreciative observers. Théophile Gautier's description of them is perhaps the most complimentary. The Malagueña, he tells us, is remarkable for the even tone of her complexion (the cheek having no more colour than the forehead), the rich crimson of her lips, the delicacy of her nostril, and above all the brilliancy of her Arab eyes, which might be tinged with henna, they are so languorous and so almond-shaped. "I cannot tell whether or not it was the red draperies of their headgear, but their faces exhibited gravity combined with passion that was quite Oriental in character." Gautier drew this picture of the Malagueñas as he saw them at a bull-fight, and he expresses a not unnatural surprise that sweet, Madonna-like faces, which might well inspire the painter of sacred subjects, should look on unmoved at the ghastly episodes of the blood-stained ring. It shocked him to see the deep interest with which these pale beauties

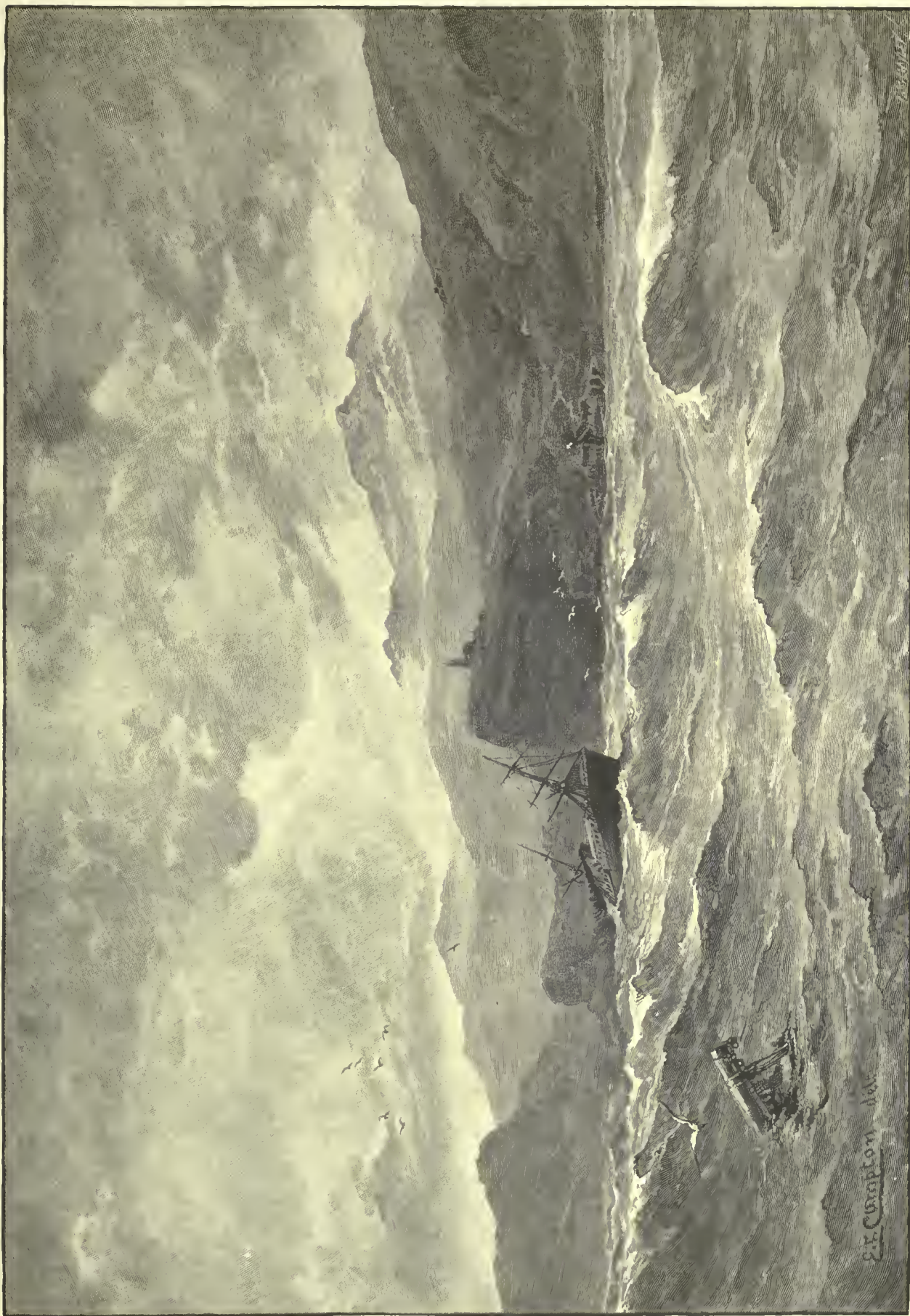
followed the fight, to hear the feats of the arena discussed by sweet lips that might speak more suitably of softer things. Yet he found them simple, tender-hearted, good, and concluded that it was not cruelty of disposition but the custom of the country that drew them to this savage show. Since then the bull-fight, shorn, however, of its worst horrors, has become acclimatised and most popular amidst M. Gautier's own country-women in Paris. That the beauty of the higher ranks rivals that of the lowest may be inferred from the fact that a lady whose charms were once celebrated throughout Europe is of Malagueñan descent. The



Malaga Harbour.

mother of the Empress Eugénie, who shared with Napoleon III. the highest honours in France, was a Malaga girl, a Miss Fitzpatrick, the daughter of the British consul, but she had also Spanish blood in her veins.

Malaga might count on a prosperous future if she had a more commodious and more trustworthy port. The great complaint against the harbour is the steady retrocession of the sea. One cause of this is said to be the city river, the Guadalupe, which traverses the town, and although almost an empty watercourse during drought, wintry floods in the upper lands convert it into a raging torrent laden with solid detritus. These deposits are gradually filling up the harbour, continuing the process which left the old Moorish mole and the Moorish arsenal, the Ataranza, far inland. A century ago the site of the Alameda, now a gay promenade shaded by well-grown trees, was still submerged under the sea. An admirable project for the improvement of the port by cleansing and deepening it was prepared some years ago, and would have done wonders for Malaga. But difficulties supervened, litigation



NEAR CABO SAGRATIFI: SIERRA NEVADA IN DISTANCE.

delayed the undertaking, and probably it will never be carried out now. A near neighbour and old rival, as richly endowed, may again pass Malaga in the great race for commercial expansion. This is Almeria, which lies farther eastward and which owns many natural advantages; its exposed port has been improved by the construction of piers and breakwaters, and it now offers a secure haven to the shipping that should ere long be attracted in increasing tonnage to carry away the rich products of the neighbouring districts. Almeria is the capital of a province teeming with mineral wealth, and whose climate and soil favour the growth of the most varied and valuable crops. The silver mines of the mountains of Murcia and the fertile valleys of the Alpujarras would find their best outlet at Almeria, while Granada would once more serve as its farm. So ran the old proverb, "When Almería was really Almería, Granada was only its alquería," or source of supply. What this time-honoured but almost forgotten city most needs is to be brought into touch with the railway systems of Spain. Several lines projected for this purpose are now in progress; but the work, which has already received State assistance to the extent of twenty-five per cent. on the total estimated cost, is slow and still uncompleted. Meanwhile, Almeria, awaiting better fortune, thrives on the exports of its own products, chief among which are grapes and esparto. The first has a familiar sound to British ears, from the green grapes known as "Almerias," which are largely consumed in British households. These are not equal to the delicately flavoured Muscatels, but they are stronger and will bear the packing and rough usages of exportation under which the others perish. Esparto is a natural product of these favoured lands, which, after long supplying local wants, has now become an esteemed item in our list of British imports. It is known to botanists as the Spanish rush, or bass feather grass, the Genet d'Espagne, and is compared by Ford to the "spear grass which grows on the sandy sea-shores of Lancashire." It is still manufactured, as in the days of Pliny, into matting, baskets, ropes, and the soles for the celebrated Alpargatas, or rope sandal shoes, worn universally by Spanish peasants in the south and Spanish soldiers on the line of march. The ease and speed with which the Spanish infantry cover long distances are greatly attributed to their comfortable chausses. Nowadays a much wider outlet has been found for esparto grass. When rags became more and more scarce and unequal to the demands of the paper-makers, experiments were made with various substitutes, and none answered the purpose better than the wild spear-grass of southern Spain. It is now grown artificially, and forms a principal export.

Almeria, while awaiting the return of maritime prosperity, can look with some complacency upon a memorable if not altogether glorious past. Its very names, Portus Magnus under the Romans, and Al Meriah, the "Conspicuous," under the Moors, attest its importance. All the agricultural produce of the prolific Vega, the

silks that were woven on Moorish looms and highly prized through the East, were brought to Almeria for transmission abroad. The security and convenience of this famous port gave it an evil reputation in after years, when it became an independent kingdom under Ibn Maymun. Almeria was the terror of the Mediterranean; its pirate galleys roved to and fro, making descents upon the French and Italian coasts, and carrying back their booty, slaves, and prizes to their impregnable home. Spaniards and Genoese presently combined against the common enemy, and Almeria was one of the earliest Christian conquests regained from the Moors. Later still the Algerian Moors took fresh revenge, and their corsairs so constantly threatened Almeria that



Waggons with Esparto Grass at Almeria.

Charles V. repaired its ancient fortifications, the old Moorish castle now called the Aleazaba, the centre or keep, and hung a great tocsin bell upon its cathedral tower to give notice of the pirates' approach. This cathedral is the most imposing object in the decayed and impoverished town. Pigs and poultry roam at large in the streets, amidst dirt and refuse; but in the strong sunlight, white and blinding as in Africa, the mean houses glisten brightly, and the abundant colour seen on awnings and lattice, upon the women's skirts and kerechiefs, in the ultramarine sea, is brought out in the most vivid and beautiful relief.

The scenery on the coast from Malaga eastward is fine, in some parts and under certain aspects magnificent. Beyond Almeria is the famous Cape de Gatt, as it is known to our mariners, the Cabo de Gata of local parlance, the Agate Cape, to give it its precise meaning. This remarkable promontory, composed of rocks encrusted with gems, is worthy of a place in the "Arabian Nights." There are miles and miles of agates and crystal spar, and in one particular spot amethysts are found. Wild winds gather and constantly bluster about this richly constituted

but often storm-tossed landmark. Old sailor saws have perpetuated its character in the form of a proverb, "At the Cape de Gatt take care of your hat." Other portions of the coast nearer Malaga are still more forbidding and dangerous: under the Sierra Tejada, for example, where the rocky barriers which guard the land rise tier above tier as straight as a wall, in which there are no openings, no havens of safety for passing craft in an inshore gale. Behind all, a dim outline joining hands as it were with the clouds, towers the great snowy range of southern Spain, the Sierra Nevada, rejoicing in an elevation as high as the Swiss Alps, and in some respects far more beautiful.

There are, however, no such grim glaciers, no such vast snow-fields as in Switzerland, for here in the south the sun has more power, and even at these heights only the peaks and pinnacles wear white crests during the summer heats. This more genial temperature encourages a richer vegetation, and makes the ascents less perilous and toilsome. A member of the Alpine Club would laugh to scorn the conquest of Muley Hacen, or of the Picacho de la Veleta, the two crowning peaks of the range. The enterprise is within the compass of the most moderate effort. The ascent of the last-named and lowest, although the most picturesque, is the easiest made, because the road from Granada is most direct. In both cases the greatest part of the climbing is performed on horseback; but this must be done a day in advance, and thus a night has to be passed near the summit under the stars. The temperature is low, and the travellers can only defend themselves



The Cathedral, Almeria.



A bit of Almería ; Capo di Gata in the distance.

against the cold by the wraps they have brought and the fuel they can find (mere knotted roots) around their windy shelter. The ascent to where the snow still lingers, in very dirty and disreputable patches, is usually commenced about two in the morning, so that the top may be reached before dawn. If the sky is clear, sunrise from the Picacho is a scene that can never be forgotten, fairly competing with, if not outrivalling, the most famous views of the kind. The Mediterranean lies below like a lake, bounded to the north and west by the Spanish coast, to the south by the African, the faintest outlines of which may often be seen in the far, dim distance. Eastward the horizon is made glorious by the bright pageants of the rising sun, whose majestic approach is heralded by rainbow-hued clouds. All around are the strangely jagged and contorted peaks, rolling down in diminishing grandeur to the lower peaks that seem to rise from the sea.

The highest peak of the Sierra Nevada is Muley Hacen, although it has only the advantage over the Picacho de la Veleta by about a couple of hundred feet. It is a longer and more difficult ascent, but in some ways the most interesting, as it can best be reached through the Alpujarras, those romantic and secluded valleys which are full of picturesque scenery and of historical associations. The starting point, as a general rule, is Trevelez, although the ascent may be equally made from Portugos, somewhat nearer Granada. Trevelez is the other side and the most convenient coming from Malaga by way of Motril. But no one would take the latter route who could travel by the former, which leads through Alhendin, that well-known village which is said to have seen the last of the departing Moors. This is the point at which Granada is finally lost to view, and it was here that Boabdil, the last king of Granada, took his last farewell of the city whose loss he wept over, under the seathing sarcasm of his more heroic mother, who told him he

might well "weep like a woman for what he could not defend as a man." Near this village is the little hill still known as the site of "El Ultimo Suspiro del Moro, the last sigh of the Moor." This same road leads through Lanjaron, an enchanting spot, posted high upon a spur of the hills, and famous as a bathing place with health-giving mineral springs. From Portugos or Trevelez the climb is easy enough: to be accomplished a great part of the way on horseback, and in its earlier levels ascending amid forests of evergreen oak; after that, long wastes of barren rock are passed, till at length the summit is reached, on a narrow strip of table-land, the highest in Southern Europe, and with an unrivalled view. The charm of the Muley Hacen peak is its isolation, while the Picacho looks better from it than Muley Hacen does from the Picacho, and there is a longer vista across the Mediterranean Sea.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.



Packing Lemons at Pizzaria, near Malaga.



Corfu.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

FEW scenes in the world are more strikingly magnificent and more historically interesting than that on which one looks from the flag-staff battery of the Citadel of Corfu, the battery on the higher of the twin peaks, the *Aeriæ Phæacum arces* of Virgil, which are covered now with the vast and massive fortifications, memorials both of the Venetian and of the British protectorates of the Ionian Islands. The rocks of the Citadel rise so sheer from the sea that Nelson's plan for taking it was to run a ship ashore, and then scale and assault the fortress from fore- main- and mizen-topgallant yards. Such were the audacities planned, and such were also the audacities achieved, by British admirals in the Napoleonic wars. But the stern grandeur of the rocky staircases, barracks, dungeons, and bastions is relieved by the green foliage here and there of fig-trees and cypresses; and very pleasant is thus the scene immediately around and below us. But look, now, abroad. One sees at once the meaning both of *Δρεπάνη*, one of the ancient names of the island, and of its modern name, Corfu. The latter is an Italian corruption of *Κορυφά*, the Byzantine name for the island with the Citadel of Peaks, *Κορυφαί*; and the former name means the "Sickle." And seeing the island here in its whole length, from Pantokrátor, or San Salvador, its great northern mountain, to Amphipagos, or

Cape Bianco, its southern promontory, we see that it is really curved like a sickle, with the city and citadel of Corfu jutting out from the middle of its sharp edge, its inner, or concave line. There is thus so narrow a strait between the two promontories of the island and the mainland that the sea within the curve appears like a land-locked lake. But what a lake! and what a line of enclosing hills! Truly, it is only this Ionian Sea, with its liquid sapphires flashing in countless gleams of light, that enables one fully to understand what Æschylos meant by his

“Innumerable laughter of sea-waves.”

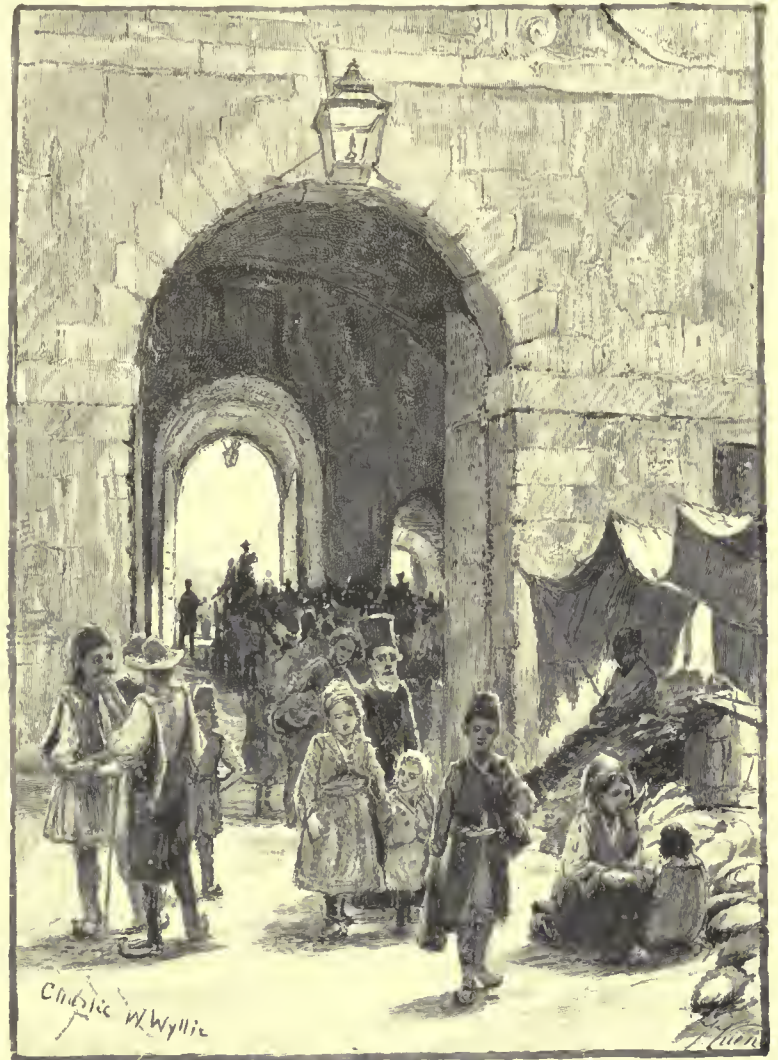
And the enclosing hills that rise so steeply from the gleaming shore are the mountains of Albania, on which Childe Harold looked:

“Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
Nature’s volcanic amphitheatre,
Chimera’s Alps extend to left and right.”

But as historically interesting as strikingly magnificent is the scene beheld from the citadel of Corfu. We know from Thucydides that there was an established tradition in his time which identified the island with the Homeric Scheria, and its capital with the city of the Homeric Phæacians; and the tradition has been persistent to this day, notwithstanding the scepticism of a few ancient as well as modern critics. Nor is the persistency of such a tradition to be wondered at, seeing that Homer’s description of the city of the Phæacians so remarkably corresponds with the actual characteristics of the classical Korkyra and modern Corfu. Thus it runs, in Messrs. Butcher and Lang’s translation, which I shall use throughout this article in my quotations from the *Odyssey*: “There is a fair haven on either side of the town, and narrow is the isthmus, and curved ships are drawn up on both sides of the way; for all the folk have stations for their vessels, each man one for himself. And there is the Agoré about the goodly temple of Poseidon. . . . For the Phæacians care not for bow nor quiver, but for masts and oars of ships, and gallant barks, wherein, rejoicing, they cross the grey sea.” No doubt modern criticism has shown that the *Odyssey* is not merely a synthesis of epics (one, for instance, on the return of Odysseus, and another on the adventures of Telamachus), but that these elementary epics were syntheses of current stories, of which the Phæacian story in particular exists in a rough form in a collection of Indian folk-tales, a collection dating as far back apparently as the twelfth century B.C. Still it may very well be that the poet, in weaving this old folk-story into his epic, sketched the scene of it, or some at least of its features, from some place which he had either visited or had heard described. “Why,” as the late Mr. Herman Merivale pertinently asked, “the double haven and the narrow isthmus, and the very characteristic feature of the ships drawn up on each side of the road along it, unless the poet had here some real

spot in his eye?" This will appear still more probable when we come to Ithaca, and find how extraordinarily accurate are the bard's descriptions there. He must certainly have been in Ithaca, and there he may well have heard described the more characteristic features of the ancient island of the Liburnians. But not only is the Homeric *Seheria* thus probably identified with an actual island, but the Homeric Phæcians may be probably identified with an actual people. Weleker supposed that they were the poet's own Ionian fellow-countrymen; and Professor Mahaffy thinks that they were more probably the Phokæans; but Colonel Mure's conclusion, that by the Phæcians the Phœnicians were meant, seems to me far more probable. And, as he remarks,* the similarity of the epithets applied to Phæcians and Phœnicians "would be sharpened by the punning connection, in the true spirit of Homeric humour, between the names *Φαίηκες* and *Φοίνικες*." I must, however, add an observation which, as I think, is of considerable importance. Mr. Flinders Petrie's "Racial Types from Egypt," in which he gives photographs of ancient Egyptian ethnographic portraits of the peoples of the Levant of and anterior to the fourteenth century B.C., appear to me to have, in conjunction with certain other facts, conclusively shown that the Phœnicians, though they spoke a Semitic language, were not a Semitic race.

Korkyra, anciently the usual local name for Corfu, first appears as *Κέρκυρα* in Herodotus and Thucydides, and it is in this Attic form that the ancient name has been revived, and is now commonly used. The cities, however, which successively



The Gate of Corfu.

* "History of Greek Literature."

gave the names of *Κορκύρα* and of *Κορυφώ* to the island, seem to have occupied different sites. The Kerkyra of Herodotus and of Thucydides appears to have been situated on the hilly peninsula between the two harbours that lie behind the modern town, the bays of Kastrades and Kaliehiopoulo, the latter the Hyllaie harbour of Thucydides. It was on this peninsula, still known as Palæopolis, that the Corinthians founded the ancient town in the eighth century B.C., the Kerkyra which played so great a part in the beginning of the Peloponnesian War (431—404 B.C.), and which seems to have existed till the desolating invasion of Totilas in the sixth century A.D. The twin-peaked hill of the modern citadel probably represents the island opposite the Heraion, or Temple of Heré; the island of Vido, Ptyehía; and that upper part of



Cape Ducato.

the peninsula, of which the chief building is now the villa of the king and former casino of the British Lord High Commissioner, seems to have been the quarter occupied by the *Demos* of the Thucydidian city. For the oligarchie party were the merchant-princes, and they dwelt beside their ships on the low ground along the bay of Kastrades, and there was the Agora, and visible from it were the Tombs, of which one, that of Menekrates, is still to be seen. And this was the wealthy Lower Town which was set on fire during the fierce conflict of its merchant princes with the democracy of the Upper Town. Little permanent damage, however, was done by this Civil War, if we can believe the picture drawn of the island in 373 B.C. by Xenophon. In 229 B.C. Kerkyra lost its independence under a Roman Protectorate; and when the seat of the Roman Empire was removed to Constantinople, the island became attached to its eastern division.

Since the time at least of the Crusades all the historical associations of Corfu are with episodes of the age-long war between Europe and Asia. From Corfu Richard Cœur de Lion took ship on his return home after his victorious conclusion of the



THE CITADEL, CORFU.

Third Crusade (1192), and it was this voyage that was the beginning of the adventures which, after two shipwrecks, terminated in the discovery at Vienna that "Hugh the Merchant" was the great Richard of England, Ireland, and half France, and in his consequent imprisonment and holding to ransom. In the partition of the Greek Empire, the result of the Fourth Crusade, Corfu was annexed by the Latin kings of Naples (1264); but in 1386 the Corfiotes implored the protection of the Imperial Republic of Venice. The local legend explains the Corfiote device of a rudderless boat by a story of how the deputation, having gone to sea in such a vessel, resolved to consider those to whom wind and waves should first drift them their God-appointed protectors. During four centuries, till the fall of the Republic in the Napoleonic wars (1797), Corfu was a dependency of Venice. When Constantinople fell, in 1453, and all south-eastern Europe was overrun by the Turks, Corfu, under the Venetians, remained an impregnable bulwark of Christendom. Thrice it defied the whole power of the Ottomans, in 1537, 1570, and, above all, in 1716, when the Lords of the Mainland made their last great attempt to extend the sway of Islam in Europe. Thus, across this narrow, sapphire-gleaming strait, Europe has for nearly five hundred years confronted a hostile Asia. And so it is still. From the citadel one may see near a low, isolated hill, over which the higher mountains tower, the mouth of the river Kalamas, at which begins what is called on the official maps of the "Turco-Greek frontier" the "rectification" proposed by the Conference of 1880; and close by one may see, if not actually the vessels, the anchorage, at least, of two ironclads of the Ottoman fleet, silent but significant rejoinders to the proposal of "rectification."

Very curious and interesting, with their Italian style and Greek names, are the narrow streets, with occasional balconies and arcades, as at Padua and Bologna, of the modern capital of the island, modern, though its foundation probably dates back to but a short time after that desolating invasion of Totilas in the sixth century A.D., in which the ancient Korkyra seems to have been destroyed. And now, from the long, narrow, and crowded street, let us pass out of the town, under the archway of the old Venetian town-gate, and past the vast mounds of the Venetian and British fortifications, for one of many charming excursions into the country. We pass the Bay of Góvina, with its ruins of the Venetian arsenals and storehouses, and its memories of the Turkish disembarkation and re-embarkation after their five or six weeks' desperate but fruitless siege of Corfu in 1716. And our drive thence inland for some ten miles is through almost continuous groves of olives, not, as in France and Italy, pruned and trained orchard trees, but gnarled and massive forest trees. These olive groves, with their fruit-laden branches, are interspersed with equally continuous vineyards, which, when I drove through, were filled with peasants gathering into deep baskets, for which ponies waited, an unusually abundant vintage. Olive groves and vineyards were set in

ever-varying surroundings of hills, some terraced for vines and olives, others browsed over by sheep and goats, with kilted Chimariot shepherds from Albania, carrying, even here, their old-fashioned pistols. At length the varying scene reached a climax of magnificently mingled grandeur and beauty. The hills struck out into the glittering sea in sudden precipitous peninsulas, forming bays with inner curves of sandy beach, close down to which were carried still the terraces of olives and vines. Crowning one of these rocky peninsulas were the ruins of the feudal castle of St. Angelo, built by a prince of the imperial family of Comnenus, who, in establishing



Vathy, Ithaca.

himself as Despot of Albania, and transmitting his principality to his heirs, saved for two centuries a fragment at least of the Greek Empire from the Latin partition (1204). And crowning another and nearer promontory was the ancient monastery, founded, as its name imports, on the ruins of a fortress still more ancient, the goal of our journey, the Monastery of Palæokastritza.

Leaving Corfu, and proceeding southward in our cruise through the Seven Islands, we pass, or better, stop at, the little rocky island of Paxo, with its adjunct Antipaxo. But the most picturesque thing about it, and which alone need here detain us, is that famous legend told by Plutarch of a voyage made by Epitherses (the father of Æmilian the Rhetorician) to Italy. "When they were still not far from the Echinades islands the wind fell, and they were drifting in the evening towards the islands of

Paxi. Then suddenly, as the passengers were drinking after supper, a voice was heard from one of the islands calling on a certain Thammos so loudly as to fill all with amazement. For this Thammos was an Egyptian pilot known to but few on board. Twice the voice called on him without response, but the third time he replied; and then the voice said: 'When thou comest over against Palodes, announce that the Great Pan is dead!'" Palodes has with certainty been identified as the Bay of Butrinto, on the Epirote coast opposite Corfu, Butrinto, the ancient Buthrotum, the scene of the meeting of Æneas with Andromache, the widow of Hektor. The effect



Samos.

of the announcement there of the death of Pan is alluded to by Milton in lines which may, perhaps, even to Browningites, still sound grandly musical:

"The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn."

And as to the origin of the legend, might not voyagers actually have heard some enthusiastic Epirote convert to Christianity on a still evening calling out from the beach at Paxi, "Spread the tidings that the Great Pan is dead!"



Chas. W. Wyllie

SANTA MAURA.

Continuing our voyage southward, we cast anchor off the old castle of Santa Maura, originally built by a Frank noble of the shameful Fourth Crusade, that partitioned the Greek Empire instead of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre. The name of the castle has, since the thirteenth century, been extended to the whole island, called *Levkás* (*Leucas* or *Leucadia*) by the Greeks. The view from the deck is, at first, more puzzling than pleasing. This is caused by a spit of sand in the form of an S, some four miles long, thrown up probably by an earthquake, and which is only separated from the coast of Acarnania by a shallow lagoon. Santa Maura, indeed, hardly appears to be an island at all, and originally was actually a peninsula. On the mainland, to the left, the long, low promontory of Actium juts northwards from under the Acarnanian mountains, enclosing the famous bay within which lay for weeks the fleet of Antony and Cleopatra, "like floating castles," till down swept the triremes of Augustus and attacked the great ships of Antony as they were coming out of the strait (31 B.C.). And on the northern shore of the Bay of Actium we now descry (for it is but nine or ten miles off, across a narrow strait of gleaming sea) the domes and minarets of Preveza of the Moslems. Presently disembarking, we proceed in a boat up a canal cut in the shallow lagoon to the miserable little capital of the island, *Amaxíchi* (*Ἀμαξίχιον*), Cart-town. So it was called from the carts or cars (*Ἀμαξαι*) on which the Venetians carried down their oil and wine from the inland districts, and which were kept here. Its houses are rarely more than two storeys high, and the upper one is constructed of wood, on account of the frequent earthquakes.

There has been a question as to whether *Levkás* should not be identified with the Homeric *Doulíchion*, which sent forty ships to the war against Troy. Strabo supposed *Doulíchion* to be one of the *Echinades*, and most modern writers have acquiesced in his conclusion, assuming that his epithet, "rich-in-corn," applied to the neighbouring tract of the mainland. "But," says Sir Edward Bunbury, "it must be admitted that the explanation is a forced one, and it seems far more simple to suppose that the island intended was that of Santa Maura; the only other large island of the group, which was known in the historical ages of Greece as *Leukas*, but is never mentioned by that name in Homer. On that supposition, the poet would, in this instance, be free from geographical inaccuracies, and would enumerate the three principal islands in the natural order of their occurrence." And in reference to Strabo's epithet, it seems corroborative of this identification that two of the islets, dependencies of *Levkás*, are, to this day, famous for their wheat, which is the finest found in the Ionian Islands. So-called Cyclopean, or, as I should rather say, Archaian, walls cover many rocky eminences. The most ancient of these remains, on the heights commanding the former isthmus, probably mark the Homeric *Acropolis* of *Nerikos*. And the more recent of these walls along

the shore certainly belong to the Levkás, built in the seventh century B.C. by the Corinthians, who cut through the isthmus and converted the peninsula into an island.

Sappho's Leap at the south-west, and Mount Skaros at the south-east extremity of the island, are the two great points of excursion from Amaxikhi. On starting for either the one or the other excursion, our road at first lies through the delicious shades of a vast olive-grove which stretches up from the shallow lagoon to the foot of steeply-rising mountains. Let us take the longer excursion first, that to the ruins of the Temple of Apollo, on the summit of the White Cape *Λευκάτες*, now Cape Ducato, from which Sappho is said to have taken her despairing leap. As we ride along, the country often recalls to me Palestine; the same stony hills and basin-like glens, but all terraced here with vineyards, which are filled with grape-harvesters. But from the scenery our attention is soon drawn to the parties of peasants we meet, driving asses and mules laden with a couple of wine-filled goat-skins apiece. The dress of the men consists of footless white hose, light-blue bags falling to the knee and drawn together at the waist, darker blue waistcoat and short jacket, the latter generally off, and on the head a straw hat, or, oftener perhaps, merely a red or blue kerechief. Of a light blue also are the petticoats of the women, and of a darker blue the large kerchief worn on the head, drawn under the chin, and falling down over the shoulders, while very low bodices leave it only to a white chemise to veil the full, swelling bosom of many a *βαθυκόλπος κόρη*. Fine figures they have too, as they glide along, wonderfully erect, carrying on their heads deep hampers filled with dozens of pounds of grapes.

After an eight or nine hours' ride along the hills of the west coast, or across the central heights, we reach at length the goal of our pilgrimage. As to Æneas,

"Mox et Leucatæ nimbosa cacumina montis,
Et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo."

But we find only the substructures of the temple, a quantity of broken glass and pottery, and, with good fortune, perhaps, a coin bearing a harp, the symbol of the God. Looking down, we see a white cliff rising on one side perpendicularly some two hundred feet out of the sea, and on the other side sloping precipitously. Down this cliff slaves and criminals were cast as expiatory sacrifices. But when preemption from this height served as an ordeal, or appeal to the judgment of God, the persons making this appeal got themselves covered with wings and feathers of birds, and had boats in waiting to pick them up. The priests of Apollo are said to have known how to take this perilous leap without danger. And possibly it may have been these customs only that were the basis of the story of the death of Sappho. But it was in the midst of the political revolution which ended the

empire of the Pharaohs, and of the synchronous intellectual revolution that may be indicated by the names of Thales, Xenophanes, and Pythagoras, that

“Burning Sappho loved and sung.”

And, as Colonel Mure thinks, quite possibly, so far as we yet know, in her grand climacteric, deserted by Phaon, and never having been beautiful save with the radiance of intellect, she may have come hither from Sicily, whither she had followed him, and plunged from the Apollo-consecrated Leukadian cliff into the eddying deep, she and her Lesbian lyre.

Passing the night at the village of Attani, and returning the next day to Amaxíkhí, we may, on the following day, set out on the other great Leukadian excursion. After a ride of three or four hours, latterly under the overreaching boughs of a primeval oak-forest, we suddenly emerge on the open lawns and rocks of the sunny brow and summit of Skaros. A magnificent scene greets our eyes. A sapphire sea, with hilly isles innumerable, and a mountainous mainland extending from Peloponnesus to Pindus in Albania. North and south gleam two of the greatest sea-battle scenes of the long war between Europe and Asia: on the north the Gulf of Actium (31 B.C.), and on the south the Gulf of Lepanto (1571). And in the deep blue sea at our feet, between Levkás and the mainland, are the three small islands (Meganisi, Kalamo, and Kustos) traditionally identified with those of the trading or



Argostoli, Cephalonia.

piratical Taphians of the Odyssey. Beside these small Homeric islands, and amid all the historic scenes I have just indicated, is the island of Maduri, a favourite retreat of the famous modern Greek poet of Levkás, Aristotéles Valaorítes. In the far distance to the north he might look on Pindus, that towers over the Lake of Ioánnina, the scene of that tragedy of the time of Ali Pasha, immortalised in one of his finest poems, "The Lady Phrosýné;" and likewise on those mountains of Souli, the scene



Windmills, Ithaca.

of that heroic life and heroic death of Samuel the Kaloyer, or Monk, also celebrated by him in a poem worthy of its theme. But now look to the south-west. There we behold the Homeric islands of Ithaca, Samos, or Kephallónia, and Zaeynthos, or Zante, which sent contingents to the Trojan war under the leadership of the supreme chief, Odysseus, the islands towards which our cruise must now be steered.

Ithaea, called by the modern Greeks Thiáki, is in its name another witness to a Phœnician, previous to the Hellenic, occupation of these islands; and another witness, therefore, to the probability above indicated, that by the Phæcians

Homer meant the Phœnicians. For the name appears to have been originally identical with Utica, of which the meaning in Phœnician was "Colony." On its eastern side the island is almost divided in two by the Gulf of Molo, from which opens, on the left, a deep horseshoe bay, round the end of which runs the little modern capital of Vathy, its name in Greek, *Βαθύ*, "deep," indicating its situation, far at the end of the bay. It is a most picturesque, out-of-the-world looking little town, with rugged mountains behind it, and in front an islet covered with houses, which shuts out the view of the sea beyond. Of that outer sea, however, there are speaking witnesses in the big ships moored close alongside the houses. And the inhabitants of the town, some three thousand in number, are, like the inhabitants of the island generally, some twelve thousand, almost all owners of at least some roods of land and some shares in a ship. But the island has no history save that attaching to Odysseus, its ancient chief. Its very name is scarcely mentioned by any historical writer; in 1504 A.D. it appears to have been nearly, if not quite, uninhabited; and its capital, Vathy, is but a century old. All these facts, however, only make it more exclusively and sacredly Homeric. And curiously enough, it is as central in geographical position as it is in traditional interest. North of it are Corfu, Paxo, and Levkás; and south of it Cephalonia, Zante, and Cerigo; and, as we shall see, the descriptions in the Odyssey, not only of the island generally, but of special localities, are so extraordinarily in accordance with what we may still observe after the lapse of three thousand years, as to make it highly probable that in visiting these localities we visit places which were actually trodden by the bard of the Odyssey, and which probably looked to his eye very much as they do to ours, save, perhaps, in the absence now of ancient forests. Nor were the old Greeks less struck with Homer's accuracy in describing Ithake than is the modern traveller. For it was mainly the recognition of this loving accuracy that led to the support of the claim of Ithaca to be the birthplace of Homer, and to the occurrence of its name in the famous line enumerating the seven cities which pretended to that honour:

"Smyrna, Khios, Kolophon, Ithaca, Argos, Athénai, and Athens."

Now in our tour of the island let us follow the story of the adventures of Odysseus after he was landed in Ithaca by the Phæcians. But first let me say that Homer's representation that the voyage from Schería occupied but a single night is little, if at all, beyond the bounds of possibility, if Schería is identified with Corfu. For there is an authentic record of a voyage made in a single day from Ithaca to Corfu by the British Resident during our Protectorate, in one of the coasting boats of the island, which, in build and rig, are still very like the ancient galleys. And hence, seeing that "even as on a plain a yoke of four stallions comes

springing all together beneath the lash, leaping high and speedily accomplishing the way, so leaped the stern of that ship, and the dark wave of the sounding sea rushed mightily in the wake," quite possibly the ship of the Phæcians, in which Odysseus "slept in peace, forgetful of all that he had suffered," drew nigh at early dawn to where "in the land of Ithaca is a certain haven of Phorcys, the ancient one of the sea." It is a haven on our left as we sail down the great gulf of Molo, a haven called Dexia from being to the right of the opening into the deep bay of Vathy. "At the harbour's head is a long-leaved olive tree, and hard by is a pleasant cave and shadowy, sacred to the Nymphs that are called Naiads. . . . Whither they, as having knowledge of that place, let drive their ship; and the vessel in full course ran ashore, half her keel's length high. . . . Then they lifted Odysseus from out the hollow ship, all as he was in the sheet of linen and the bright rug, and laid him, yet heavy with slumber, on the sand. And they took forth the gifts which the lordly Phæcians had given him, . . . and set them in a heap by the trunk of the olive tree, a little aside from the road. . . . Then themselves departed homeward again."

When Odysseus awoke "he knew not his native land again, having now been long afar, and around him Pallas Athene had shed a mist." But the very objects by which the Goddess convinces him that he is verily again in Ithaca must convince us that the land-locked bay of Dexia is the Odyssean "haven of Phorcys." For we, too, may see directly opposite, across the gulf of Molo, the hill of Neriton, pointed out by the Goddess; and near the beach not only a cave, but just such a cave as that described as "sacred to the nymphs that are called the Naiads." According to Homer's description, "two gates there are to the cave, the one set toward the north wind, whereby men may go down; but the portals toward the south pertain rather to the Gods, whereby men may not enter." And, says Schliemann, "all this is true; but by the entrance for the Gods he means the artificially cut hole in the vault of the grotto, which must have served as a chimney to carry off the smoke of the artificial fires." Again, says Homer, there are in the cave "mixing bowls and jars of stone, and great looms of stone, wherein the Nymphs weave raiment of purple stain, a marvel to behold." And "from the vault of the grotto," says Schliemann, "hang innumerable stalactites, which gave Homer the idea of the stone urns and amphoræ, and the stone frames and looms on which the Nymphs wove purple-coloured mantles and veils." And, yet further, it may be noted that from this cave there would be just such a rugged walk "up the wooded country and through the heights" as was presently taken by Odysseus to the station of his faithful swineherd Eumæos, at the extremity of the island nearest Peloponnesos.

Odysseus found this most faithful of his thralls "sitting at the front entry of the house, where his courtyard was builded high in a place with wide prospect; a great

court it was and a fair, with free range round it. . . . And within the courtyard he made twelve styes hard by one another to be beds for the swine, and in each stye fifty grovelling swine were penned. . . . And their tale was three hundred and threescore. And by them slept four dogs as fierce as wild beasts. . . . And of a sudden the baying dogs saw Odysseus, and they ran at him yelping," etc.



Zante.

Now, about half a dozen miles' walk from the grotto of the Nymphs there actually are a number of enclosures like stables, averaging twenty-five feet in length and ten in breadth, partly cut out of the rock, partly formed by Archaian walls of huge, rudely-wrought stones, which, we may readily believe with Schliemann, "must have given to Homer the idea for the twelve pigstyes built by the divine swineherd Eumæos." To the east of the stables, and just in front of them, thou-

sands of very common but most ancient potsherds indicate the existence of an ancient rustic habitation. And Schliemann, having excavated here, "found fragments of very interesting, most ancient, unpainted pottery, and also of archaie pottery with red bands." Nor thus only may we identify the swineherd's dwelling where Odysseus, in the guise of an old beggar, found his faithful thrall Eumæos, and where both were afterwards joined by Telemachos, the son of Odysseus. For grey-eyed Athene had said to Odysseus that he should "find Eumæos sitting by the swine as they are feeding near the Rock of Korax [the Raven Rock] and the Spring of Arethusa, where they eat abundance of acorns, and drink the black water, things that make in good

case the rich flesh of swine;" and to such a great rock Odysseus refers as close at hand when he says to Eumæos that, if his lord returns not, he may set his thralls upon him [the seeming old beggar], and cast him down from the mighty rock, that another beggar in his turn may beware of deceiving." Now such a rock, called to this day Korax, rises, in a white cliff of a hundred feet, at but a very short distance to the south of the enclosures just mentioned, and near the sea; and below this Raven Rock, in a recess, is a natural and always plentiful spring of pure water, traditionally identified with the Homeric Fountain of Arethusa.

And now let us follow Odysseus, as by "the swineherd he is led to the city in the guise of a beggar, a wretched man and an old, leaning on a staff." Having passed "the fair flowing spring, with a basin fashioned, whence the people of the city drew water," they came to the house of the prince. "And Odysseus caught the swineherd by the hand, and spake, saying: 'Eumæos, verily this is the fair house of Odysseus, and right easily might it be known even were it seen among many. There is building upon building, and the court of the house is cunningly wrought with a wall and battlements, and well fenced are the folding doors.'" Can this chief of all the Homeric localities of Ithaca be identified? With considerable certainty, apparently. For Schliemann's excavations have confirmed Sir William Gell's identification (1806) of the Castle of Odysseus with the grand Archaian ruins which crown the summit of the steep hill which rises from the narrow isthmus between those northern and southern divisions of the island which, stretching out from the isthmus, and having the Gulf of Molo between them, give to the hill of the isthmus such a likeness to the body of a great bird with outstretched wings that it is called Aetos, "The Eagle." From the dwellings of the swineherds in the southern division of the island there would have been just such a walk as the Homeric narrative leads us to imagine to the "fair house of Odysseus," if here it was situated on Mount Aetos. The hill, with windmills on its sides, rises to the height of six hundred feet above the sea, and had on its summit a level quadrangular platform 166 feet long by 127 feet broad, so that there was ample room for the "building upon building" mentioned by Homer. To the north and south of the circuit wall are towers of Archaian masonry, from each of which a huge wall of immense stones runs down; and two other such walls also run down, the one in an easterly, the other in a south-easterly direction. To increase the strength of the place, the foot of the hill was cut away so as to form a perpendicular rock twenty feet high. Three gates can be recognised in the walls. And between them there once stood a city which, according to Dr. Schliemann's calculation, "may have contained two thousand houses, either cut out of the rock or built of Cyclopean masonry." But the reader must not imagine that this city and citadel, of an

architecture similar to that of Mykenæ and Tiryns, and differing from it only in the greater size of the stones used for the houses, was built by Odysseus, or even by Greeks. It belonged to an anterior civilisation, of the arts and monuments of which the Greeks succeeded in possessing themselves.



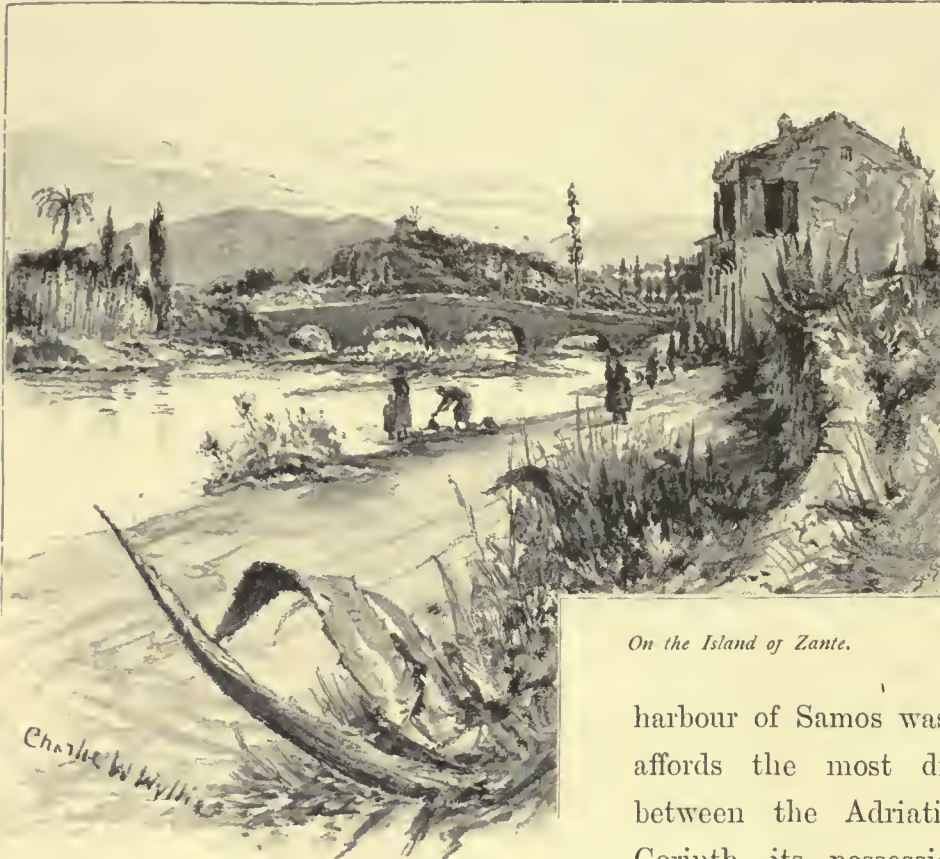
On the Hill beyond Zante.

The three remaining Islands of the Seven need not, all put together, detain us so long as each of the more historic islands, Corfu, Santa Maura, or Levkás, and Ithaca. For their picturesqueness is more of that physical kind of which an idea is better conveyed by pictures than by words. Even Cephalonia, the largest of all the Seven Islands, has nothing like such historical picturesqueness as the little island of Ithaca, from which it is separated but by a narrow channel. It is mentioned, indeed, by Homer under the name of Samé or Samos, the name, properly speaking, of its capital city; and he speaks of its inhabitants as Kephallenians (*Κεφαλλήνες*), and as subjects of Odysseus. Its later history was similar to that of the other islands. Reduced by the Romans (189 B.C.), it became attached, on the division of the Roman Empire, to its eastern provinces, and remained subject to the Byzantine Empire till the twelfth century, when it



Charlie W. Wyllie

passed into the hands of various Latin princes, and finally under the sway of Venice. Of the four ancient cities of Cephalonia, of which ruins still exist, those of the Homeric Samos are not only the most interesting, but the most extensive. It was built near the shore of a bay, from which, near a modern village, a ferryboat now crosses the channel to Ithaca. At the north-east extremity of the ancient city are



On the Island of Zante.

the Archaian remains of the two citadels of Samos, separated by a narrow valley, as described by Livy in his account of the four months' siege conducted by the Roman Consul in 189 B.C. Situated, as the broad and sheltered

harbour of Samos was, on the strait which affords the most direct communication between the Adriatic and the Gulf of Corinth, its possession was essential for the Roman conquest of Greece; and

Roman, as well as Hellenic and Archaian remains are therefore found on the site of Samos. The modern capital, Argostoli, occupies a far less eligible site than the ancient metropolis. It is situated on the western coast, on the shore of a bay of the gulf that runs deeply into the island from the south. In this retired position it is entirely shut out from any view of the open sea, and stretches about a mile along excellent quays, which form a promenade for its eight thousand or so of inhabitants. Nearly all the public buildings in Argostoli, and all the splendid roads throughout the island, are the work of Sir Charles Napier when British Resident. But among the picturesque features of Cephalonia the most striking of all is the classical Mount Ænos, rising to the height of 5,380 feet, and now called the Black Mountain, from the dark pine forests with which it is partly covered. And among various singular natural phenomena, the most remarkable, perhaps, is the subterranean passage into which the sea flows near the entrance of the harbour, about a mile and a half from Argostoli.

Zante is called by the Greeks, as it was by Homer, *Zákynthos*. Its history is of little interest, but the beauty and fertility of the island, and the picturesque situation of its capital on the shore of a semicircular bay, have been celebrated in all ages. Theocritus sang of it in his "Idylls"; and in the Italian proverb it is called "The Flower of the Levant." The houses of the capital stretch along the bay for a mile and a half, but only some three hundred yards inland, save where they extend up the slope of the Castle hill; and here, as at Corfu, there are arcades reminding one of Bologna or of Padua. The Castle hill rises three hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and, except on its eastern side, which has been disfigured by a landslip caused centuries ago by an earthquake, presents a mass of groves, houses, and gardens in the most picturesque confusion. The view from the ramparts is very extensive. Eastwards, particularly, spreads the long line of the coast of Greece, from Missolonghi to Navarino, and in the blue distance are the lofty mountains of Acarnania and Ætolia, of Arcadia and Messenia. Above the eastern extremity of the bay rises the jagged summit of Mount Skopos to the height of thirteen hundred feet. Of old covered with pines, as its ancient name, Mount Elatus, implies, it is now covered with groves of olive-, almond-, and orange-trees. Towards the north, Cephalonia rises abruptly from the sea, with its Black Mountain girt still with pines. From the western ramparts we look down on the richest district of the island, a plain stretching from sea to sea, and varying in breadth from one to eight miles. There are a few patches of corn- and pasture-land, but the plain is almost entirely covered by a continuous vineyard of the dwarf or currant grape, so called from having been earliest cultivated near Corinth, and hence called *Raisin de Corinthe*. Zante, also, may boast of singular natural phenomena, and particularly of the Pitch Wells mentioned by Herodotos, Pausanias, and Pliny.

Santa Maura, or *Levkás*, Ithaca, Cephalonia, and *Zákynthos*, or Zante, all lie close together. But from Zante to Cerigo, the last of the Ionian Islands, which lies directly off Cape Malea, the south-eastern promontory of Greece, there is a considerably greater distance than from Corfu to Santa Maura. And on our voyage from Zante to Cerigo we pass two groups of islets, the first dependent on Zante, the second on Cerigo; the former of mythological, the latter of political interest. For the former are the Strophades, where Æneas had his adventure with the Harpies. And the latter are the islets of Sapienza and Cervi, the first commanding the harbour of Methóné, and the second the Bay of Vatika. The name Cerigo is probably a softened form of Tzerigo, the name of some Slavonian chieftain who may have seized the island when the neighbouring Peloponnesos was overrun by the Slavs. Its Homeric name, however, and that which it still bears in modern Greek, is Kythera. It was from this island that Aphrodité took her epithet of Kytherean, for here it was

that the Goddess was received when she arose from the ocean. In other words, here it was that Phœnicians, coming from the sea, first planted, in these western islands, the worship of the Syrian and Assyrian Goddess of love and beauty. But of the site of the temple of Aphrodite there appears to be no certain indication, though Pausanias has recorded the magnificence of her shrine in Kythera. By no means, however, is either the physical aspect of the island, or the moral character of its inhabitants, such as we might imagine from the associations called up by the name of Aphrodité. Though some parts produce corn, wine, and olive-oil, and the honey of Cerigo is particularly esteemed, the island is rocky, mountainous, and in great part uncultivated, and the inhabitants still deserve the character for industry and frugality which they have borne from of old. The chief town, or rather village, Kapsáli, stands on a narrow ridge terminating in a precipitous rock crowned with a mediæval castle near the southern extremity of the island. And among the curiosities of nature in this Kytherean isle are two stalactitic caverns of great beauty, the one about two hours' ride from Kapsáli, and the other in the sea-cliff at the entrance to the beautiful glen of Mylopotamos. Midway between Cerigo and Crete is the little island of Cerigotto, as it is called by the Italians, or Lios, as it is named by its inhabitants (some two-score families), but of which the ancient name was Ægilia. And here we may terminate our description of the more picturesque features, natural and historical, of the Ionian Islands and Islets.

J. S. STUART-GLENNIE.



The Island of Cerigo.



Cagliari.

SARDINIA.

IT is so easy to reach Sardinia, and yet the island is still in our day almost as much shunned by the people of the continent as it was when the Romans found it useful as a species of very mortal Botany Bay. Even the average Italian knows nothing at all about it except that it has a capital called Cagliari, and that some of its wines are not too bad to drink. For the rest, he has a vague idea that, in spite of all the fine talk about the march of civilisation, there are still bandits enough in the island to keep him in a state of anxiety so long as his evil genius should compel him to stay in it, and finally that its climate has a bad reputation.

No doubt the fame of its insalubrity is the chief deterrent of visitors to this great island, some ten thousand square miles in extent. The ancients gave it a bad name in this respect, and it has not yet outlived the reproach. Two thousand years ago Cieero warns his brother, whose official duties and debts have taken him to Sardinia, to be very careful of his health; nor must he be negligent because it happens to be winter, when fevers are not supposed to walk abroad: for, although it is winter, he is in Sardinia.

Similar evidence is offered by the Sarde poet Carboni, who, a century ago, put the following wail into the mouth of the personification of his native land: "O immortal gods, if mortal things affect you, if you care aught for the concerns of men, and can relieve their woes, behold me in my misery, and mark how my dolorous and fatal disease makes of my life one never-ending struggle. I beseech ye, O gods, take away my shame from me!"

Maltzan, who travelled three or four months in the island, diligently investigating every characteristic feature of it, from its nuraghe to its diseases, observes: "Although I travelled in the healthiest season of the year during the whole time I was in Sardinia, I was not well for a single day. This constrains me to declare that there is not the least exaggeration in terming this island one of the most unhealthy countries in the world."

For my part I have no such unpleasant recollections of the island's climate, and I was in it during May and June. I travelled somewhat recklessly, and during the day and the night indiscriminately; and I earned, if ever man did, an attack of fever or rheumatism, both among the commonplaces of experience in Sardinia if rumour is to be believed. Nevertheless, I was troubled by neither. In counterpoise, therefore, to the Baron von Maltzan's testimony as to his feelings in the island, I may be permitted to say that I never felt better than when wandering about the surface of this much-dreaded and, I believe, somewhat defamed, province of Italy. Only once was I conscious of any of the symptoms which seem to betray a malarious district. This was at Oristano, which has a very bad record. Here at sunset there was an indescribably uncomfortable feeling in the air, and it seemed to produce just the faint kind of headache which the natives term "micrania." That evening I adopted the Sarde precaution, and drank more wine to my dinner than usual. The next morning I was in my customary state of health.

This general neglect of Sardinia has not been without its advantages from certain points of view. Of course, the tourist accustomed to a Grand Hôtel d'Angleterre wherever he goes will not like it. Even in Cagliari he would not feel at his ease; and I am sure he would soon lose all patience in the remote villages, where he would find it a work of time and not a little tact to get himself bedded for the night, though ever so roughly.

But, on the other hand, it has helped to keep the country in a picturesque state, which is neither barbarism nor yet civilisation. Few countries anywhere are so rich in peculiarities of costume. I began to have an inkling of it when I had been in the island but a couple of hours. The steamer had set me ashore at Capo Figari, where a train was waiting in the half-light of the dawn to proceed on its long journey through the entire length of the island to the capital. A dark-eyed

woman, with a tangled mass of black hair blowing before the wind, her shoulders and mouth covered with a scarlet shawl, and wearing a white skirt, held a pale-green lantern-light for the guidance of the engine-driver. Other Sardes were soon declared at the various railway stations: men in sheepskins, in vests and jackets of green or lavender-coloured velvet or leather, and having guns in their hands; and women in gorgeous flowered silks, with a profusion of gold jewellery about their necks. The effect was quite kaleidoscopic, and it was so charming and novel that for the time I was oblivious of the spacious meadows through which we were steaming, and of the striking appearance of the mountains beyond, with their dark heads hidden in thunder-cloud.

It is not so long ago that Sardinia was so deeply sunk in silly superstition that the villagers of the interior positively rose in arms to oppose the making of the great high-road which was to connect Cagliari in the south with Sassari and Terra Nova in the north. Cagliari and Sassari had been rivals from the very beginning. It was argued that terrible events would happen if by the agency of engineers they were brought within easy reach of each other. And the same arguments were used by villages and towns of the interior. Hitherto they had got along very well, without more than an occasional quarrel with their neighbours. But there was no saying what the high-road would bring forth. Besides, it would facilitate the movements of the gendarmerie, who had brothers and sons belonging to innumerable families on their list of outlaws to be shot or arrested as soon as possible.

Mark the state of Sardinia less than three-quarters of a century back. "No high-roads, but lanes all broken up and muddy, or precipitous and rocky, and in many places dangerous to travellers by reason of the bandits who infested them. Hardly had the autumn rains begun when all connection was interrupted, not only between one province and another, but even between neighbouring villages; no internal trade; abundance in one town, scarcity in another; the dwellers in one street strangers to the dwellers in another; and the Sardes themselves ignorant of their own island. Hence civic strife, inveterate prejudices, scant sociability, a lack of the conveniences of existence, a circumscribed and wretched life." This is an admirable summary of Sarde existence to this day in the more mountainous parts of the island. But the white roads are annually climbing more and more into the midst of the wilder districts of Sardinia; and now from Gemargentu, the highest peak of Barbargia, one can trace them far and wide in a land which the Romans and Carthaginians, the Spaniards who preceded the house of Savoy, and the administrators of the princes of Piedmont, were all content to leave very much to itself.

The white roads and the schools and the gendarmes, upon whom the traveller is constantly chancing in the midst of the cork forests of the mountain slopes or the

ravines of the Flumendosa, are doing their work slowly though surely. Even now a brigand must be baited very temptingly if he is to be drawn into broad daylight. And, at the worst estimate, the island is in a vastly more secure state than its neighbour Corsica.

In the variation of its population one may form some idea of the harassing vicissitudes Sardinia has had to suffer. Before the time of the Roman Cæsars two millions is the estimate of its inhabitants. This is no excessive number when one remembers how rich in grain-growing the island has been from the earliest recorded period. Without Sardinia Rome would at times have been near starvation. In our own day landed investments here yield from ten to fifteen per cent. per annum.

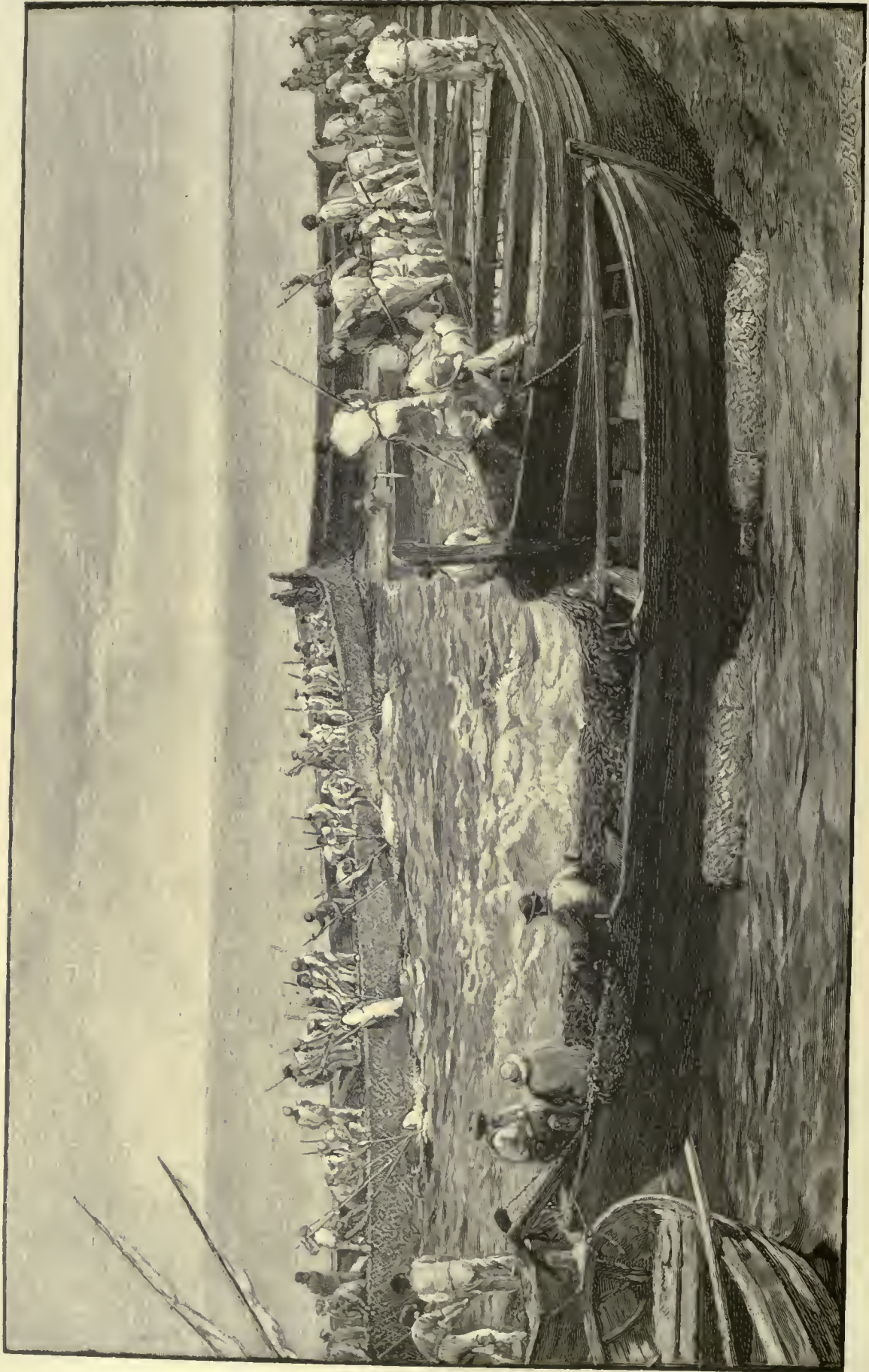
But from the beginning of the Christian era the number of Sardinia's people constantly decreased, until in 1698 it was only 261,674. It was due to the ceaseless warfare in which the inhabitants were obliged to have a part. Pisa and Genoa fought for the island, each with the aid of one or other of the four judges or



The Roman Amphitheatre, Cagliari.

princes who, in the middle ages, had divided the island between them. The Saracens worried its shores year after year. Eventually the King of Aragon dispossessed Pisa, and occupied most of the island. But it was not until after another century of strife that, in 1421, Sardinia was finally wrested wholly to the Spanish Crown.

In 1728 the population had increased to 309,994. This increase continued in 1775 to 436,374, and so on, until in 1870 the number reached 636,660, and in



TUNNY FISHING: THE SLAUGHTER.



Nuraghe at Santa Barbara, Macomer.

1880, 682,002. Perhaps in the course of three or four hundred years the island will again become as populous as it was ere the Roman pro-consuls made it their business to kill and sell Sardes by the tens of thousands annually.

For an island of this magnitude, Cagliari, with about forty thousand inhabitants, cannot be called a very imposing capital. But it is a famous and ancient place, nevertheless. Philologists tell us that its name is derived from the Phœnician “Keret al,” which signifies “set on high.” The town is, in fact, built on a tufa hill some four hundred feet above the sea, which washes its base; and landwards it is surrounded by the rich green plain of the Campidano and the “stagni” or marshes, which are one of the most picturesque, though not wholly welcome, details in the view from the city’s battlements.

It is only necessary to walk a few yards along the high-road west of the city to see abundant traces of the first, or at least the early, inhabitants of Cagliari. We are in the suburb of S. Avendraio, with the bright blue water on one side of the road, and the purple mountains of the south-western corner of Sardinia beyond. There are low, commonplace white houses by the roadside, of a single storey. But behind the houses, where, to the right, they seem buttressed against the long promontory of tufa which springs from the mass upon which the city itself is built, there are scores of empty tombs. Here for a time lay the Carthaginians who died in Karales before Rome got hold of Sardinia. There is not the least doubt about it. The nature of the sepulchral chambers betrays their presence, even if coins and jewel-work of Carthage had not been unearthed as conclusive testimony.

These Carthaginian tombs are excavated in the tufa laterally, so that they face the road and the sea beyond. But they are not all. If one climbs to the white, glaring plain of which these honeycombed little cliffs are the termination one finds tombs of another kind. The Carthaginians buried in their own way, and the Romans in theirs; and the sunken shafts of the Roman graves now and then actually pierced the vaulting of the sepulchres of their predecessors.

Though comparatively so small, Cagliari is not a contemptible place from any aspect. The higher one climbs in it the narrower the streets become. In the neighbourhood of the cathedral, at the summit, they are not streets but alleys, dark and cool even on a summer day at noon. It is positively dazzling to break from this sombre maze of streetlets upon the magnificent promenade of Buon Cammino, which skirts the side of the rock for half a mile, with seats and shade under the pepper-trees, and a view that one could look upon for a day and not weary of. There is also a public garden, with palm-trees, statuary, and fountains, whence the mountains of Barbagia, to the north, do not appear half as distant as they are.

In past time Cagliari has received special Papal benediction for its religious zeal and orthodoxy. Whether this was merited or not, it has an astonishing number of little churches, and the Sarde calendar is full of saints and martyrs whose blood has moistened this their native soil. These churches cannot be termed very interesting. Most of them are now in a condition of decay, with rotten woodwork, defaced stonework, and unbeautiful paintings over their altars. Externally this is not apparent. Inside it is otherwise. Even the gaudy decking of paper roses, which indicates one or other of the many local festa-days, cannot veil the decrepitude of the building.

Cagliari is seen at its liveliest during one of the chief religious festivals of the year. The peasants from the Campidano then troop into the city in all their traditional and inherited finery, and there is a melodious tinkling of jewellery in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and the other principal thoroughfares. When the throng and babble is at its worst, the blue or crimson flutter of a banner from a side street may betoken the coming of one of those religious processions which are nowhere more elaborate than in Sardinia. Acolytes in scarlet and white, little girls in long veils, old men with badges and candles, and the priests themselves in a pomp of vestments, go by to the blare of trumpets. Perhaps there is a shedding of rose or geranium petals upon the high-road for them to tread upon, or green twigs plucked by children for the purpose. Be that as it may, it is always impressive to mark how the swarthy, eagle-eyed men from the country fall instantly upon their knees with a mutter of prayer at these manifestations of the dignity and power of Holy Church. The youth of Cagliari's university, or those who have matriculated in the freer air of Rome, are by no means so ready to bow the knee. They are more

apt to stand with a sneer upon their hairless lips, and to shrug their shoulders at each other in derision of the superstitious degradation of those poor mountebanks of peasants. But the Sardes of the Campidano are not to be influenced by sneers and mocks. They may be ignorant, credulous fellows, but at any rate they are true to what pass for their convictions.

Among its relics of antiquity the amphitheatre of Cagliari is probably the most interesting, as it is certainly the largest. The Canon Spano, who has done so much for Sarde archaeology, was the chief agent of its clearance from the immense amount of rubbish which had been cast into it during ten or eleven centuries. As a rubbish-pit it no doubt served excellently, from the end of the eighth century onwards. The last record of its use dates from the year 777, when bull-fights were held here to celebrate the temporary expulsion of the Saracens from the island. Thenceforward the citizens had little peace from their enemies, and the original purpose of the amphitheatre was probably unheeded.

Unlike most theatres, this of Cagliari is an excavation, not a superstructure. It reminds one of the Odeon of Herod Atticus in the side of the Acropolis at Athens. The rude outline of it was formed by a watercourse which existed here. The tufa yielded to the autumnal rains, even as it still does; and when the hint had taken root in the minds of the Cagliaritan architects, it was easy to extend the area of dilapidation. It is not a very large excavation, though it is estimated that it could seat twenty thousand spectators. What it lacks in breadth, however, it gains in height, its elevation being about a hundred feet. Perhaps the most interesting part of it is the series of corridors and chambers which burrow under the lower tier of seats. These were concerned with the wild beasts brought here to die. The iron rings to which they were tethered may still be seen welded into the matrix.

The Cagliari amphitheatre is not on show at half a franc or a franc a head. It is left very much indeed to itself. Under this hot sky it is, moreover, a trifle arduous to explore the excavation thoroughly. The seats are high, and there are fissures in the masonry which it would never do to slip into. Here and there a clump of cactus or prickly pear has perched itself about the theatre. A little boy may perhaps be seen amusing himself by leaping from seat to seat, and shouting to snare the echo. Else, you and the amphitheatre and the blue sky which domes it are likely to be very much alone. Bees and butterflies and lizards are, of course, of no account. Of these, however, there will probably be no lack.

I have mentioned the Sarde's devotion to the church. One notices this in the towns; but it is brought home to one with the greatest force when wandering among the mountains or over the spacious plains which stretch between the different mountain groups, and are famous as the breeding-grounds of the Sarde horses so much in request in Marseilles. Here and there, far from the haunts

of men, appears a little white church, with its windows boarded and its door securely locked. If you ask what it means, you are told that it is dedicated to this or that saint, whose name you may now hear for the first time, and that on such and such a day in the year there is a festa in honour of the saint. On this festa-day and the two or three following days the church is unlocked, and wonderful is the concourse of people from far and wide to eat and drink and pray and dance in honour of this particular saint.

It is the same all over Sardinia. Cagliari in the south has its Saint Efsio, who provokes every May such scenes of festivity and rejoicing as appear astonishing to us of the north. In the extreme north-west S. Gavino is in the most repute. While walking along the coast one day from Porto Torres I came unexpectedly upon the traces of the recent festa of S. Gavino. There were certain caves in the rock, and a chapel that was half a burrow and half the result of the work of masons. With some difficulty I made my way into a series of the rock chambers, which were green with damp. The apartments, the court-yard by the church porch, and the neighbouring space for many yards, were all rendered repulsive by the prodigious litter of bones, peascods, grape skins, and rotting crusts which the recent revellers had discarded after the festa-day. Great was the concourse of bloated beetles and ants and slugs among this decaying refuse, which was so abundant that one could fancy the festa-day would come round again ere they had effectually done their scavengering.

After a little experience of Sardinia I was quick to know when a festa was in the air. There would then be an unusual number of people abroad, in their best clothes, with or without portly haversacks slung over their mules or horses, and the greetings they gave a passer-by would have an agreeable, rollicking tone. A good deal of drinking takes place thus under the ægis of Mother Church. I suppose, too, that most of the marriages in Sardinia get their initial impulse at these merry-makings.

Of course, under such conditions, the church in Sardinia is likely to be prosperous. That, in fact, it is. The free-thinking editors of newspapers in such towns as Cagliari and Sassari may put their notions in print with as much force as large type and italics can add to them: it does not make the least difference to the country Sarde. Even if he can read at all, he will not be influenced much by editorial vapouring. He is much too conservative an individual to allow himself to be argued out of the beliefs that are as familiar and fond to him as his environment.

In travelling from the north of Sardinia towards the south one cannot fail to notice the almost abrupt change in the vegetation which seems to begin in the neighbourhood of Oristano. North of Macomer, which stands nearly two thousand feet above the sea, the scenery is European. The rich meadows, teeming with flowers, and pervaded by flowing brooks in which cows may be seen

knee-deep, and the fine oak woods populous with asphodels, are not at all suggestive of a semi-tropical climate. Add to the asphodels thickets of wild cistus massed with bloom, and you may have some idea of the surface appearance of the Sardinian highway in the north.

But as we descend in long curves from Maecomer, we, as it were, arrive in Africa. I have seen few such gigantic hedges of prickly pear as in the vicinity of Oristano. It is a land of marvellous fertility. Every yard seems determined to produce the very utmost possible. Fig trees, vines, and barley all draw their support from the same soil; and the fervid blue sky overhead indicates whence the chief source of all this exuberance proceeds.

It is a curious country, this round about Oristano and which we approach so circuitously from Maecomer. Before we come to its dead level we speed for a while along the edge of a plateau, rising inland, whence we look west to the sea across an old alluvial bed of great extent, broken only by sundry yellow-brown blotches, which represent the numerous villages of the district. In one place the nakedness is relieved by a long, dark smudge under the slope of the shore hills. This is Milis, the estate of the Marchese di Boyl, a vast orange grove, miles in length, and reputed to yield sixty million oranges annually. Throughout Sardinia a Milis orange has as precious a reputation as in England a Ribstone pippin. I have bought ten of them for a penny in Oristano, and felt assured by his face that the vendor was not giving me full market value for my money.

The Sardinians have a proverb, "Who goes to Oristano stays in Oristano." He dies, in fact, from a fever. Certainly no one can affirm that this low-lying place is healthy. From the railway one sees nothing of it but a mosaic of lichenized roofs, with the dome and campanile of the Cathedral rising above them, and the near hedges of prickly pear twelve and fifteen feet high. It is a very hot town, a curious mixture of fine new buildings and old mud hovels with thatched roofs.



Entrance to the Nuraghe of Santa Barbara.

But it is half-girdled by "stagni," and the Tirso, the largest river in the island, carries its muddy stream past it towards the sea. Nowhere in Sardinia did I see the classic "mastruca" more in vogue than here. The natives use it partly as a safeguard against the chills which usher in a fever. To a stranger it is odd to see those bronzed sons of the soil huddled in sheepskin jackets, the wool outermost, under the scorching heat of a July sun. In truth, however, the Sarde would much prefer dispensing with the "mastruca" in winter than in summer. Sunrise and sundown are the times when the timorous take every precaution lest they be caught unawares. Unless they are obliged to be out, they then keep to the house. They are, further, scrupulous in the matter of diet. The germ (though, of course, they know nothing of "bacilli") may be in a green fig, or a fish from such and such a "stagno." Nor will they uncover the head in a café or other place of public resort, nor inhale the air of a bad district if they can possibly be hurried through it while they hold the breath. "Stay in and drink plenty of wine" is a current prescription for the man who feels he is on the verge of malaria; and it does not seem to be wholly contemptible counsel.

Macomer is a great contrast to Oristano. Instead of being embosomed in palm-trees and vegetation, it is built on a slope of the Marghine mountains, whose naked rock summits stretch bleakly towards the interior. As a town it is not at all striking. The large house near the railway station was the residence, until his death the other day, of Mr. Pierce, the English engineer who has done so much for Sardinia in labouring so strenuously on behalf of the island's railway system. In Macomer, at any rate, his work is amply recognised. The English stranger is welcomed here: it is enough that he is a countryman of Mr. Pierce, whom all Macomer seems to have loved and respected.

One would suppose that this elevated place could hardly fail to be healthy; and yet it is esteemed uncommonly dangerous. In spite of its perils, however, which I fancy are not so grave as they are reputed to be, the traveller ought to tarry a while in Macomer, if only for the nuraghe which abound in the neighbourhood. The artist has chosen the best-preserved of them as a subject for illustration, and it may, in default of others, serve as an example of the many hundreds of somewhat similar towers which exist in all parts of the island. Scores of nuraghe elsewhere are in the last stages of ruin, at least you would imagine so. Perhaps a single section alone of a wall remains, as in the case of that of Su Paladinu, by Nulvi. And yet there is no knowing if it will not endure for a millennium longer, even as, for all we know, it may already have lasted in its present ruined state for a millennium or more. According to the evidence of one of the parchments of Arborea (a packet of mediæval writings found in Oristano, which some think were forgeries, but in which Sarde antiquaries put much faith), the word "nuraghe"

comes from Norax, the Phœnician founder of Nora, or Pula as it is now called. They are further described as being temples of the sun, and places of burial for the early shepherds and priests. This is so very vague and infantine an elucidation of the mystery of the nuraghe that it may be dismissed at once. Apart from other objections, if the nuraghe owed their origin to Norax the Phœnician, whence did Norax get the model for these Sarde towers? If from Phœnicia or Carthage, why do we not find the prototypes of the nuraghe in those districts? If the nuraghe of Sardinia have lasted for so many thousand years, would not the nuraghe of Africa or Phœnicia have lasted equally?

For very many centuries the nuraghe have served as a quarry for the more modern dwellers in Sardinia. The parchment of Arborea above mentioned says they were all ransacked during the reign of the Judge Gialetus, about 700 A.D. This, no doubt, was but one of the series of ransackings they have had to suffer for generations. Even in our own time they have not been left to themselves. La Marinora and others have delved in them in quest of bones and bronzes, to give some clue to their origin; but of bones to prove they were sepulchres practically none have been found. The one skeleton discovered in the nuraghe of Iselle, near Buddusò, was, from the nature of the metal trifles which lay with it, much subsequent to the building of the nuraghe itself.

In fact, villages are built almost wholly of the big rectangular stones lifted from the nuraghe. Yet the ruins remain, twenty, thirty, forty feet and more in height, and it is one of the many other mysteries of the kind how the great uncemented stones which form the lower tiers of the towers were first brought and set where they still stand. It is well, however, that they are of sufficient bulk to defy the acquisitive inclinations of the latter-day Sardes.

It were bold in a paper of this kind to attempt to discuss fully the theories about the genesis of the nuraghe. Some three thousand are said to exist. A multitude of pamphlets and chapters have been written about them, each convincing from the standpoint of its author, and it is to be hoped they will survive to puzzle posterity to the tenth and twentieth generation. They differ as much in size and architectural detail as in their situations. Nowadays they are all truncated, with a variety of grasses growing upon what may without disrespect be termed the roof. This has led some people to class them with the temples of the old Central American races, and to assume that they were so many altars, upon the flat summits of which the human sacrifices were consummated before the eyes of the bystanders.

Internally, however, the nuraghe have distinctive marks. Some are of two storeys, the ovoidal dome to the inner chambers being of the same uncemented stones which compose the body of the building. From others, again, having attained the summit, one looks down to the earth floor as at the bottom of a well.

Only the shells remain. But many, if not most, of both kinds are provided with a rude narrow staircase within the walls themselves, which leads from the base to the top of the nuraghe. This of Santa Barbara by Macomer is a fine example of a fully equipped nuraghe. And there are others with subterranean apartments, though these are so broken into each other by investigations that it is hard to make out their scheme and connection.



Grotto of the Viper, by Cagliari.

As for the spoil yielded in modern days by the nuraghe, it consists exclusively of a number of ill-shapen bronze images, which may now be seen in the Cagliari Museum. They are the Sarde idols, so-called. Some of them are nightmarish conceptions, though hardly one has failed of an interpretation, often, be it said, satisfactory to no one except the interpreter. The majority represent human forms. But in many cases the horns attached to the head, three or four legs instead of the common pair, and sundry other excrescences, leave it dubious if their prototypes dwelt on our planet. The horns, again,

are branched like a stag's antlers, or a single pair like those of a cow. Certain of the heads are bovine; others resemble an ape, with inchoate tendencies towards the human outline. Yet are not the idols all single figures. We find serpents, dogs, and men moulded into one group; three or four rudely-shaped men and women welded together in another.

These little images (generally and plausibly supposed to be Phœnician symbols of the gods worshipped by the Canaanites of Tyre and Sidon) appear to have been the sole inhabitants of the nuraghe. Were they the Lares and Penates of the establishment, guardians of the dead (since, with their attendant treasure of gold necklets, beads, etc., removed), or were the nuraghe temples for their enshrinement? Who shall say? At any rate, now they are displaced. A few may be found as ornaments

in the houses of the country priests and landowners, but the majority are in the museums. One may fancy how the early evangelists in Sardinia regarded these ugly heathenish things when they found them in the possession of the people they had come to convert. In the sixth century Sardinia was still largely pagan, and Gregory the Great wrote special letters to the bishops in the island exhorting to the destruction of these very idols. Multitudes of them were then hacked to pieces, or fused into church bells, or buried with solemn maledictions beneath the Christian buildings which were to supplant them. Such as they are, however, the Sarde idols are as unique in their way as the nuraghe in theirs.

The commonplace idea that the nuraghe were the castles of the prehistoric Sardes may, after all, it seems, be the real solution of the mystery of these towers. Of course, they need not have been used except in times of danger. The conical huts still made by the rustic Sardes were their ordinary dwellings. But as citadels of refuge nothing could be less assailable than the nuraghe, with their portals so narrow that they had, in most cases, to be entered upon the hands and knees. "Thus enclosed in his nuraghe, surrounded by his armed vassals, amply supplied with provisions, a Sarde chief could defy all attacks, and wait in security until his assailant should be summoned away by his own domestic needs." These are the words of the Baron von Maltzan, who has further computed that, in all, the nuraghe of Santa Barbara alone could shelter about two hundred and fifty persons.

If I were asked what impressed me most during my tour in the island, I should reply the nuraghe, and a "matanza," or slaughter of tunny fish, at which I was privileged to be present. The tunny fishery is, in truth, one of the most important of the few industries of Sardinia. When Spain ruled in the island it was worth much more than it is at present. Since then it has been grievously neglected, though in the last few decades its value has begun again to be recognised.

Of the various "tonnare," or villages devoted to the tunny fishery, the chief are Isola Piana in the south, off the islet of S. Pietro, and Porto Torres in the north. The former is, or at any rate was recently, let at a rental of £11,700 per annum, and an average year's receipts amounted to some twelve thousand fish, representing a thousand tons' weight, at £40 the ton. As the season lasts only for a few weeks in the spring of the year, it will be apparent that the lessees of the fishery of Isola Piana do well by their bargain.

I was fortunate enough to be in Carloforte, the capital of S. Pietro, when the fishery was in progress; and also, a week later, in Porto Torres, with the like opportunity at hand. As luck would have it, however, I missed a "matanza" at Isola Piana, though I watched the boatloads of merry-makers who set out from the little harbour of the town for the distant scene of capture and slaughter,

and subsequently saw the smoke of the "tonnara" chimneys puffing in eloquent demonstration that there had been a fine catch, and that the employés of the Genoese contractors who rent the "tonnara" were boiling the fish as fast as possible for the European market.

From first to last the taking and potting of the tunny is an affair of much tact and patience. The net or snare into which the wandering herds of fish are enticed has to be of immense size, dexterous construction, and irreproachable strength. It is of two parts: the one an outer framework of palmetto or esparto grass, made fast by cables and a tether of huge stones; and the other an inner drag net, by means of which the fish are eventually brought near to the surface. This is the slaughterers' moment; and a wild enough scene it is, when the great fish are thus at the mercy of the men who have been nominated to stand on two of the sides of the great boats which pen the fish, waiting the word of command from the "rais" to drive their iron hooks into the glittering bodies of their victims.

It is an affair of patience, because sometimes the fish hold aloof unaccountably. The look-out man, whose business it is to be constantly moving as quietly as possible over the area of the "madruga," as the net is called, to keep himself informed of the number of tunny already in the snare, has no very easy time of it. A storm, of course, sends him back to the "tonnara," since the "matanza" itself is impossible in a very disturbed sea. Ordinarily, however, he must be vigilant and persistent in peering through the clear water. And only when enough fish are in the snare to repay the labour of the "matanza" is it his duty to warn the manager, who gives the word for the last act in the lives of the hundreds of trapped tunny.

Even then hours must elapse before the fish can be got to the surface in fit trim for the slaughter. They must all be in the final or death chamber of the snare, and until they are there different tactics are used to coax them thither. When the "rais" (from the Arabic "ras," the head), or leader, is satisfied that the right moment has come, the barges, which are a necessary feature of the fishery, form a square over the "madruga," and by slow degrees the net is hauled in until the tunny are forced pell-mell near the surface of the water. It is a tedious piece of work, and though a hundred men may be engaged at it, sometimes a couple of hours go by ere the final dispositions for the slaughter take place. Five or six hundred fish, weighing a couple of hundredweight each, make a very respectable burden to upheave.

At last the supreme moment arrives. There are the tunny, lashing each other with their powerful tails as they try to move freely in their restricted quarters. The water within the square is all in a boil. The spray is shot right and left so vigorously that the spectators are soon drenched, and it rises high in the air like the spouting from a hundred fountains.

The slaughterers have dressed themselves in cottons from head to foot. Well they may, for in a few moments they are red all over with the blood of the dead and dying fish. These they stab with their "crocchi," or hooked poles, and draw from the water into the roomy holds of the barges, which cut off all chance of escape for the fish. It is not child's play, though of actual danger there is none, save that of a blow from the tail of the fish as it is being urged into the boat. And so the work proceeds until the gory sea within the enclosure is divested of its tenants. Then the men leap into the water upon the other side, and swim about until they and their cottons are a more presentable colour; after which the burdensome catch is towed landwards by the "tonnara" steam-tug, and the tunny are transported very promptly into the "marfaragiu," or factory, where the dissection, cooking, and tinning processes are carried through without waste of a minute.

Decidedly, as an experience, a "matanza" of tunny is something to see. For myself, however, I do not think I could make it an occasion of picnics and festivity as do the country Sardes who are able to hire boats to be "in at the death." It is too sanguinary a spectacle, mere butchery, and the fumes of blood poison the air, so that none but hardened stomachs can endure it without an attack of nausea.

If there were space at command, I should like to have written something about the islands off the Sarde coast. About such eccentric rocks as "Woman's Thigh Headland," and "Stomach-ache Island," on the west side, little need be said, because they are so small. Of the others, Asinara, to the north-west, about thirty-five miles in circumference, is the largest. It is a bleak, treeless cape of red granite, very much out of the world. Not so long ago pen and ink did not exist in it, and a sick man had to be rowed fifteen miles thence in a boat to receive extreme unction from a priest. It is not so bad now. Earlier in the century there was a Duke of Asinara; but the title was so doubtful an honour, being much the same as Duke of Donkeys, and the revenue so small (about £2 per annum), that the Duke petitioned successfully to be Duke of Vallombrosa instead.

In the south-west are two other islands—S. Pietro, already mentioned for its "tonnara," and S. Antioco. The former is peopled by inhabitants of Genoese extraction, who differ from the Sardes alike in features, energy, habits, and dress. Elsewhere in Sardinia life is conducted with Oriental calmness, but in Carloforte of S. Pietro there is an invigorating amount of stir. The city, too, is attractive, with its girdle of crenulated walls, built in the last century as a protection against the Algerines and other pirates, with its tall pink and ochre houses, and its bright outlook across the blue strait at the mountains of Iglesias.

S. Antioco is more lethargic than S. Pietro. It is not, like Carloforte, a port enlivened by the transshipment of minerals to the continent, and in the tunny season by all the cheery bustle incidental to the catching, pickling, and exportation of the

tunny; but it has charms of its own. It is an old place, and its stones whisper of Carthage, Egypt, and Rome, of the Saracens who later, for two or three centuries, camped amid its mined temples, and of its resuscitation as a modern, unpretending townlet. Its people are a simple, kindly community, much intermarried, and ready to take oath that S. Antioco is the healthiest spot in the world. I was here put through some odd cross-examination about my native land. The villagers were astonished to learn that England was governed by a woman; but, hearing that the Queen had a son, they forthwith assumed that he was the real ruler, his mother acting but as a nominal sort of regent.

The view from S. Antioco across its narrow sound of water is both like and unlike that from Carloforte. It looks upon the same mountains, but between them and the coast is a broad and long flat, pestilential in the dog-days, and to the eye only an immense cornfield of very thin corn, with here and there a white house or two distributed about it. Anciently this was the site of the important city of Sulcis, one of the most populous during the Roman occupation of Sardinia. It is supposed that the four thousand Egyptians and Jews of whom Tacitus writes were transported hither, to live or die as they might. But the city is now quite expunged from the face of the earth, saving the fragments in S. Antioeo. Two or three granite columns, half sunk in the dark mud of the marshes by the old Roman road, do but just keep it in memory.

CHARLES EDWARDES.



Tunny Fishing: The Look-out.



Bay of Algiers, from Mustapha.

ALGIERS.

“ALGIERS,” says the Arab poet, with genuine Oriental love of precious stones in literature, “is a pearl set in emeralds.” And even in these degenerate days of Frank supremacy in Islam, the old Moorish town still gleams white in the sun against a deep background of green hillside, a true pearl among emeralds. For it is a great mistake to imagine North Africa, as untravelled folk suppose, a dry and desert country of arid rocky mountains. The whole strip of laughing coast which has the Atlas for its backbone may rank, on the contrary, as about the dampest, greenest, and most luxuriant region of the Mediterranean system. The home of the Barbary corsairs is a land of high mountains, deep glens, great gorges; a land of vast pine forests and thick, verdant undergrowth. A thousand rills tumble headlong down its rich ravines; a thousand rivers flow fast through its fertile valleys. For wild flowers Algeria is probably unequalled in the whole world; its general aspect in many ways recalls on a smaller scale the less snow-clad parts of eastern Switzerland.

When you approach the old pirate-nest from the sea, the first glimpse of the African coast that greets your expectant eye is a long, serrated chain of great sun-smitten mountains away inland and southward. As the steamer nears the land, you begin, after a while, to distinguish the snowy ridge of the glorious Djurjura, which is the Bernese Oberland of Algeria, a huge block of rearing peaks, their summits thick-covered by the virgin snow that feeds in spring a score of leaping torrents. By-and-by, with still nearer approach, a wide bay discloses itself, and a

little range of green hills in the foreground detaches itself by degrees from the darker mass of the Atlas looming large in the distance behind. This little range is the Sahel, an outlier just separated from the main chain in the rear by the once marshy plain of the Metidja, now converted by drainage and scientific agriculture into the most fertile lowland region of all North Africa.

Presently, on the seaward slopes of the Sahel, a white town bursts upon the eye, a white town so very white, so close, so thick-set, that at first sight you would think it carved entire, in tier after tier, from a solid block of marble. No street or lane or house or public building of any sort stands visible from the rest at a little distance; just a group of white steps, you would say, cut out by giant hands from the solid hillside. The city of the Deys looks almost like a chalk-pit on the slope of an English down; only a chalk-pit in relief, built out, not hewn inwards.

As you enter the harbour the strange picture resolves itself bit by bit with charming effect into its component elements. White houses rise up steep, one above the other, in endless tiers and rows, upon a very abrupt acclivity. Most of them are Moorish in style, square, flat-roofed boxes; all are whitewashed without, and smiling like pretty girls that show their pearly teeth in the full southern sunshine. From without they have the aspect of a single solid block of stone; you would fancy it was impossible to insert a pin's head between them. From within, to him that enters, sundry narrow and tortuous alleys discover themselves here and there on close inspection; but they are too involved to produce much effect as of streets or rows on the general *coup d'œil* from the water.

Land at the quay, and you find at once Algiers consists of two distinct towns: one ancient, one modern; one Oriental, one Western. Now and again these intersect, but for the most part they keep themselves severely separate.

The lower town has been completely transformed within half a century by its French masters. What it has gained in civilisation it has lost in picturesqueness. A spacious port has been constructed, with massive mole and huge arcaded breakwater, at one end of which the old octagonal lighthouse of the Barbary corsairs gives a solitary token of the antiquity of the original harbour. Inside, vast archways support a magnificent line of very modern quays, bordered by warehouses on a scale that would do honour to Marseilles or to Liverpool. Broad streets run through the length and breadth of this transformed Algiers, streets of stately shops where ladies can buy all the fripperies and fineries of Parisian dressmakers. Yet even here the traveller finds himself already in many ways *en plein Orient*. The general look of the new town itself is far more Eastern than that of modernised Alexandria since the days of the bombardment. Arabs, Moors, and Kabyles crowd the streets and market-places; muffled women in loose white robes,

covered up to the eyes, flit noiselessly with slippared feet over the new-flagged pavement; turbaned Jews, who might have stepped straight out of the "Arabian Nights," chaffer for centimes at the shop-doors with hooded mountain Berbers. All is strange and incongruous; all is Paris and Bagdad shaking hands as if on the Devonshire hillsides.

Nor are even Oriental buildings of great architectural pretensions wanting to this newer French city. The conquerors, in reconstructing Algiers on the Parisian model, have at least forborne to Haussmannise in every instance the old mosques and palaces. The principal square, a broad place lined with palm-trees, is enlivened and made picturesque by the round white dome and striking minarets of the *Mosquée de la Pêcherie*. Hard by stands the Cathedral, a religious building of Mussulman origin, half Christianised externally by a tower at each end, but enclosing within doors its old Mohammedan *mimbar* and many curious remains of quaint Moorish decoration. The Archbishopric at its side is a Moorish palace of severe beauty and grandeur; the museum of Græco-Roman antiques is oddly installed in the exquisite home raised for himself by Mustapha Pasha. The Great Mosque, in the *Rue Bab-el-Oued*, remains to us unspoiled as the finest architectural monument of the early Mohammedan world. That glorious pile was built by the very first Arab conquerors of North Africa, the companions of the Prophet, and its exquisite horse-shoe arches of pure white marble are unsurpassed in the Moslem world for their quaintness, their oddity, and their originality.

The interior of this mosque is, to my mind, far more impressive than anything to be seen even in Cairo itself, so vast it is, so imposing, so grand, so gloomy. The entire body of the building is occupied throughout by successive arcades, supported in long rows by plain, square pillars. Decoration there is none; the mosque depends for effect entirely on its architectural features and its noble proportions. But the long perspective of these endless aisles, opening out to right and left perpetually as you proceed, strikes the imagination of the beholder with a solemn sense of vastness and mystery. As you pick your way, shoeless, among the loose mats on the floor, through those empty long corridors, between those buttress-like pillars, the soul shrinks within you, awe-struck. The very absence of images or shrines, the simplicity and severity, gives one the true Semitic religious thrill. No gauds or gewgaws here. You feel at once you are in the unseen presence of the Infinite and the Incomprehensible.

The very first time I went into the Great Mosque happened, by good luck, to be the day of a Mohammedan religious festival. Rows and rows of Arabs in white robes filled up the interspaces of the columns, and rose and fell with one accord at certain points of the service. From the dim depths by the niche that looks towards Mecca a voice of some unseen ministrant droned slowly forth loud Arabic



Moorish Villa, Mustapha.

prayers or long verses from the Koran. At some invisible signal, now and again, the vast throng of worshippers, all ranged in straight lines at even distances between the endless pillars, prostrated themselves automatically on their faces before

Allah, and wailed aloud as if in conscious confession of their own utter unworthiness. The effect was extraordinary, electrical, contagious. No religious service I have ever seen elsewhere seemed to me to possess such a profundity of earnest humiliation, as of man before the actual presence of his Maker. It appeared to one like a chapter of Nehemiah come true again in our epoch. We few intrusive Westerns, standing awe-struck by the door, slunk away, all abashed, from this scene of deep abasement. We had no right to thrust ourselves upon the devotions of these intense Orientals. We felt ourselves out of place. We had put off our shoes, for the place we stood upon was holy ground. But we slunk back to the porch, and put them on again in silence. Outside, we emerged upon the nineteenth century and the world. Yet even so, we had walked some way down the Place de la Régence, among the chattering negro pedlars, before one of us dared to exchange a single word with the other.

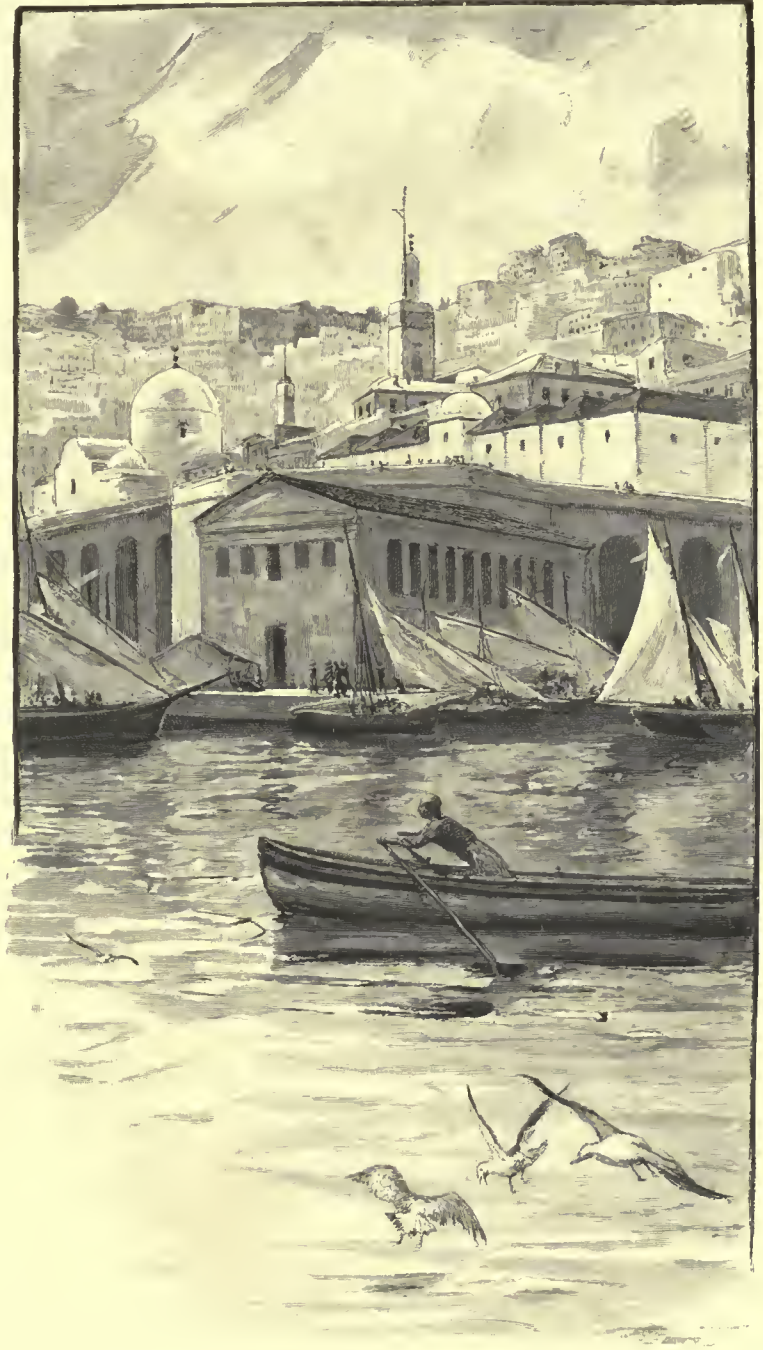
If the new town of Algiers is interesting, however, the old town is unique, indescribable, incomprehensible. No map could reproduce it; no clue could unravel it. It climbs and clambers by tortuous lanes and steep staircases up the sheer side of a



ALGIERS.

high hill to the old fortress of the Deys that crowns the summit. Not one gleam of sunshine ever penetrates down those narrow slits between the houses, where two people can just pass abreast, brushing their elbows against the walls, and treading with their feet in the poached filth of the gutter. The dirt that chokes the sides is to the dirt of Italy as the dirt of Italy is to the dirt of Whitechapel. And yet so quaint, so picturesque, so interesting is it all, that even delicate English ladies, with the fear of typhoid fever for ever before their eyes, cannot refuse themselves the tremulous joy of visiting it and exploring it over and over again; nay, more, of standing to bargain for old brass-work or Algerian embroidery with keen Arab shopkeepers in its sunless labyrinths. Except the Mooskee at Cairo, indeed, I know no place yet left where you can see Oriental life in perfection as well as the old town of Algiers. For are there not tramways nowadays even in the streets of Damascus? Has not a railway station penetrated the charmed heart of Stamboul? The Frank has done his worst for the lower town of his own building, but the upper town still remains as picturesque, as mysterious, and as insanitary as ever. No Pasteur could clean out those Augean stables.

In those malodorous little alleys, where every prospect pleases and every sight is vile, nobody really walks; veiled figures glide softly as if to inaudible music;



Harbour of Algiers.

ladies, muffled up to their eyes, use those solitary features with great effect upon the casual passer-by; old Moors, in stately robes, emerge with stealthy tread from half-unseen doorways; boys clad in a single shirt sit and play pitch-and-toss for pence on dark steps. Everything reeks impartially of dirt and of mystery. All is gloom and shade. You could believe anything on earth of that darkling old town. There all Oriental fancies might easily come true, all fables might revive, all dead history might repeat itself.

These two incongruous worlds, the ancient and the modern town, form the two great divisions of Algiers as the latter-day tourist from our cold North knows it. The one is antique, lazy, sleepy, unprogressive; the other is bustling, new-world, busy, noisy, commercial. But there is yet a third Algiers that lies well without the wall, the Algiers of the stranger and of the winter resident. Hither Mr. Cook conducts his eager neophytes; hither the Swiss innkeeper summons his cosmopolitan guests. It reaches its culminating point about three miles from the town, on the heights of Mustapha Supérieur, where charming villas spread thick over the sunlit hills, and where the Western visitor can enjoy the North African air without any unpleasant addition of fine old crusted Moorish perfumes.

The road to Mustapha Supérieur lies through the Bab-Azzoun gate, and passes first along a wide street thronged with Arabs and Kabyles from the country and the mountains. This is the great market road of Algiers, the main artery of supplies, a broad thoroughfare lined with *fondouks* or caravanserais, where the weary camel from the desert deposits his bales of dates, and where black faces of Saharan negroes smile out upon the curious stranger from dense draping folds of some dirty burnouse. The cafés are filled with every variety of Moslem, Jew, Turk, and infidel. Nowhere else will you see to better advantage the wonderful variety of races and costumes that distinguishes Algiers above most other cosmopolitan Mediterranean cities. The dark M'zabite from the oases, arrayed like Joseph in a coat of many colours, stands chatting at his own door with the pale-faced melancholy Berber of the Aurès mountains. The fat and dusky Moor, over-fed on kous-kous, jostles cheek by jowl with the fair Jewess in her Paisley shawl and quaint native head-gear. Mahonnais Spaniards from the Balearic Isles, girt round their waists with red sashes, talk gaily to French missionary priests in violet bands and black cassocks. Old Arabs on white donkeys amble with grave dignity down the centre of the broad street, where chasseurs in uniform and spahis in crimson cloaks keep them company on fiery steeds from the Government stud at Blidah. All is noise and bustle, hurry, scurry, and worry, the ant-hill life of an Eastern bazaar grotesquely superimposed on the movement and stir of a great European city.

You pass through the gates of the old Moorish town and find yourself at once in a modern but still busy suburb. Then on a sudden the road begins to

mount the steep Mustapha slope by sharp zigzags and bold gradients. In native Algerian days, before Allah in his wisdom mysteriously permitted the abhorred infidel to bear sway in the Emerald City over the Faithful of Islam, a single narrow mule-path ascended from the town wall to the breezy heights of Mustapha. It still exists, though deserted, that old breakneck Mussulman road, a deep cutting through soft stone, not unlike a Devonshire lane, all moss-grown and leafy, a favourite haunt of the naturalist and the trap-door spider. But the French engineers, most famous of road-makers, knew a more excellent way. Shortly after the conquest they carved a zigzag carriage-drive of splendid dimensions up that steep hill-front, and paved it well with macadam of most orthodox solidity. At the top, in proof of their triumph over nature and the Moslem, they raised a tiny commemorative monument, the Colonne Voirol, after their commander's name, now the Clapham Junction of all short excursions among the green dells of the Sahel.

The Mustapha road, on its journey uphill, passes many exquisite villas of the old Moorish corsairs. The most conspicuous is that which now forms the Governor-General's Summer Palace, a gleaming white marble pile of rather meretricious and over-ornate exterior, but all glorions within, to those who know the secret of decorative art, with its magnificent heirloom of antique tiled dados. Many of the other ancient villas, however, and notably the one occupied by Lady Mary Smith-Barry, are much more really beautiful, even if less externally pretentious, than the Summer Palace. One in particular, near the last great bend of the road, draped from the ground to the flat roof with a perfect cataract of bloom by a crimson bougainvillea, may rank among the most picturesque and charming homes in the French dominions.

It is at Mustapha, or along the El Biar road, that the English colony of residents or winter visitors almost entirely congregates. Nothing can be more charming than this delicious quarter, a wilderness of villas, with its gleaming white Moorish houses half lost in rich gardens of orange, palm, and cypress trees. How infinitely lovelier these Eastern homes than the fantastic extravagances of the Californie at Cannes, or the sham antiques on the Mont Boron! The native North African style of architecture answers exactly to the country in whose midst it was developed. In our cold northern climes those open airy arcades would look chilly and out of place, just as our castles and cottages would look dingy and incongruous among the sunny nooks of the Atlas. But here, on the basking red African soil, the milk-white Moorish palace with its sweeping Saracenic arches, its tiny round domes, its flat, terraced roofs, and its deep perspective of shady windows, seems to fit in with land and climate as if each were made for the other. Life becomes absolutely fairy-like in these charming old homes. Each seems for the moment while you are in it just a dream in pure marble.

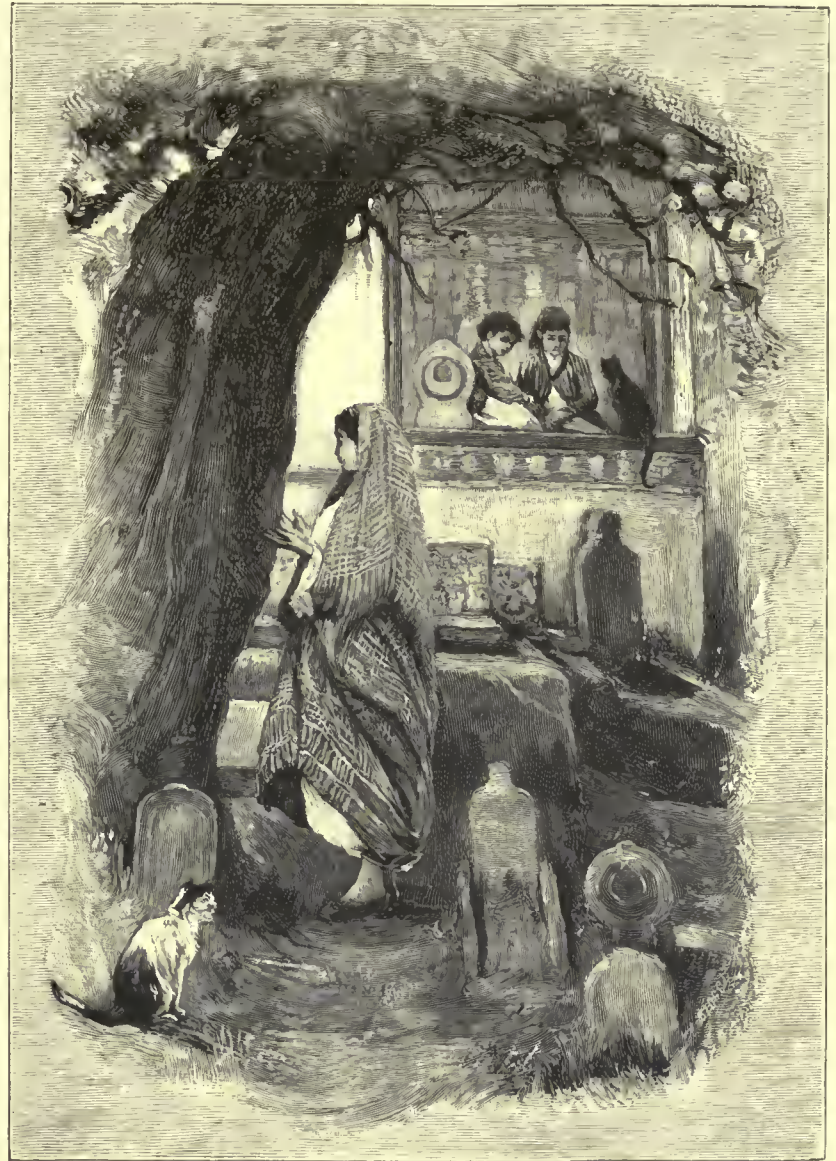


Moorish Villa, with Bay of Algiers.

I am aware that to describe a true Moorish villa is like describing the flavour of a strawberry; the one must be tasted, the other seen. But still, as the difficulty of a task gives zest to the attempt at surmounting it, I will try my hand at a dangerous word-picture. Most of the Mustapha houses have an outer entrance-court, to which you obtain admission from the road by a plain, and often rather heavy, archway. But, once you have reached the first atrium, or uncovered central court, you have no reason to complain of heaviness or want of decoration. The court-yard is generally paved with parti-coloured marble, and contains in its centre a Pompeian-looking fountain, whose cool water bubbles over into a shallow tank beneath it. Here reeds and tall arums lift their stately green foliage, and bright pond-blossoms rear on high their crimson heads of bloom. Round the quadrangle runs a covered arcade (one might almost say a cloister) of horse-shoe arches, supported by marble columns, sometimes Græco-Roman antiques, sometimes a little later in date, but admirably imitated from the originals. This outer court is often the most charming feature of the whole house. Here, on sultry days, the ladies of the family sit with their books or their fancy-work; here the lord of the estate smokes his afternoon cigar; here the children play in the shade during the hottest African noon-day. It is the place for the siesta, for the afternoon tea, for the lounge in the cool of the evening, for the joyous sense of the delight of mere living.

From the court-yard a second corridor leads into the house itself, whose centre is always occupied by a large square court, like the first in ground-plan, but

two-storeyed and glass-covered. This is the hall, or first reception room, often the principal apartment of the whole house, from which the other rooms open out in every direction. Usually the ground-floor of the hall has an open arcade, supporting a sort of balcony or gallery above, which runs right round the first floor on top of it. This balcony is itself arcaded; but instead of the arches being left open the whole way up, they are filled in for the first few feet from the floor with a charming balustrade of carved Cairene woodwork. Imagine, such a court, ringed round with string-courses of old Oriental tiles, and decorated with a profusion of fine pottery and native brass-work, and you may form to yourself some faint mental picture of the common remodelled Algerian villa. It makes one envious again to remember how many happy days one has



Woman Praying to a Sacred Tree.

spent in some such charming retreats, homes where all the culture and artistic taste of the West have been added to all the exquisite decorative instinct and insight of the Oriental architect.

Nor are fair outlooks wanting. From many points of view on the Mustapha Hill the prospect is among the most charming in the western Mediterranean. Sir Lambert Playfair, indeed, the learned and genial British Consul-General whose admirable works on Algeria have been the delight of every tourist who visits that beautiful country, is fond of saying that the two finest views on the Inland Sea are, first, that from the Greek Theatre at Taormina, and, second, that from

his own dining-room windows on the hill-top at El Biar. This is very strong praise, and it comes from the author of a handbook to the Mediterranean who has seen that sea in all aspects, from Gibraltar to Syria; yet I fancy it is too high, especially when one considers that among the excluded scenes must be put Naples, Sorrento, Amalfi, Palermo, and the long stretch of Venice as seen from the Lido. I would myself even rank the outlook on Monaco from the slopes of Cap Martin, and the glorious panorama of Nice and the Maritime Alps from the Lighthouse Hill at Antibes, above any picture to be seen from the northern spurs of the Sahel. Let us be just to Piræus before we are generous to El Biar. But all this is, after all, a mere matter of taste, and no lover of the picturesque would at any rate deny that the Bay of Algiers, as viewed from the Mustapha Hill, ranks deservedly high among the most beautiful sights of the Mediterranean. And when the sunset lights up in rosy tints the white mole and the marble town, the resulting scene is sometimes one of almost fairy-like splendour.

Indeed, the country round Mustapha is a district of singular charm and manifold beauty. The walks and drives are delicious. Great masses of pale white clematis hang in sheets from the trees, cactus and aloe run riot among the glens, sweet scents of oleander float around the deep ravines, delicious perfumes of violets are wafted on every breeze from unseen and unsuspected gardens. Nowhere do I know a landscape so dotted with houses, and nowhere are the houses themselves so individually interesting. The outlook over the bay, the green dells of the foreground, the town on its steep acclivity, the points and headlands, and away above all, in the opposite direction, the snow-clad peaks of the Djurjura, make up a picture that, after all, has few equals or superiors on our latter-day planet.

One of the sights of Mustapha is the Arab cemetery, where once a week the women go to pray and wail, with true Eastern hyperbole, over the graves of their dead relations. By the custom of Islam they are excluded from the mosques and from all overt participation in the public exercises of religion; but these open-air temples not made with hands even the Prophet himself has never dared to close to them. Ancestor-worship and the veneration of the kindred dead have always borne a large part in the domestic creed of the less civilised Semites, and, like many other traces of heathenism, this antique cult still peeps sturdily through the thin veil of Mohammedan monotheism. Every hillock in the Atlas outliers is crowned by the tiny domed tomb, or *koubba*, of some local saint; every sacred grove overshadows the relics of some reverend Marabout. Nay, the very oldest forms of Semitic idolatry, the cult of standing stones, of holy trees, and of special high places on the mountain-tops, survive to this day even in the midst of Islam. It is the women in particular who keep alive these last relics of pre-Moslem faith; it is the women that one may see

weeping over the narrow graves of their loved ones, praying for the great desire of the Semitic heart, a man-child from Allah, before the sacred tree of their pagan ancestors, or hanging rags and dolls as offerings about the holy grove which encloses the divine spring of pure and hallowed water.

Algiers is thus in many ways one of the most picturesque winter resorts open within easy reach to the English tourist. But it has one great drawback: the climate is moist and the rainfall excessive. Those who go there must not expect the dry desert breeze that renders Luxor and Assiout so wholesome and so unpleasant. Beautiful vegetation means rain and heat. You will get both in Algiers, and a fine Mediterranean tossing on your journey each way to impress it on your memory. The goal is delicious, but the voyage is the worst on any sea I am acquainted with.

GRANT ALLEN.



The Coast near Viareggio, where Shelley's body was found.

THE TUSCAN COAST.

THE Bay of Spezzia is defined sharply enough on its western side by the long, hilly peninsula which parts it from the Mediterranean, but as this makes only a small angle with the general trend of the coast-line its termination is less strongly marked on the opposite side. Of its beauties we have spoken in an earlier article, but there is a little town at the southern extremity which, in connection with the coast below, has a melancholy interest to every lover of English literature. Here, at Lerici, Shelley spent what proved to be the last months of his life. The town itself, once strongly fortified by its Pisan owners against their foes of Genoa on the one side and Lucca on the other, is a picturesque spot. The old castle crowns a headland, guarding the little harbour and overlooking the small but busy town. At a short distance to the south-east is the Casa Magni, once a Jesuit seminary, which was occupied by Shelley. Looking across the beautiful gulf to the hills on its opposite shore and the island of Porto Venere, but a few miles from the grand group of the Carrara mountains, in the middle of the luxuriant scenery of the Eastern Riviera, the house, though in itself not very attractive, was a fit home for a lover of nature. But Shelley's residence within its walls was too soon cut short. There are strange tales (like those told with bated breath by old nurses by the fireside) that as the closing hour approached the spirits of the unseen world took bodily form and became visible to the poet's eye; tales of a dark-robed figure standing by his bedside beckoning him to follow; of a laughing child rising from the sea as he walked by moonlight on the terrace, clapping its hands in glee; and of other warnings that the veil which parted him from the spirit world was vanishing away. Shelley delighted in the sea. On the 1st of July he left Lerici for Leghorn in a small sailing vessel. On the 8th he set out to return, accompanied

only by his friend, Mr. Williams, and an English lad. The afternoon was hot and sultry, and as the sun became low a fearful squall burst upon the neighbouring sea. What happened no one exactly knows, but they never came back to the shore. Day followed day, and the great sea kept its secret; but at last, on the 22nd, the corpse of Shelley was washed up near Viareggio and that of Williams near Bocca Lerici, three miles away. It was not till three weeks afterwards that the body of the sailor lad came ashore. Probably the felucca had either capsized or had been swamped at the first break of the storm; but when it was found, some three months afterwards, men said that it looked as if it had been run down, and even more ugly rumours got abroad that this was no accident, but the work of some Italians, done in the hope of plunder, as it was expected that the party had in charge a considerable sum of money. The bodies were at first buried in the sand with quicklime; but at that time the Tuscan law required "any object then cast ashore to be burned, as a precaution against plague," so, by the help of friends, the body of Shelley was committed to the flames "with fuel and



Casa Magni.

frankincense, wine, salt, and oil, the accompaniments of a Greek cremation," in the presence of Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Trelawny. The corpse of Williams had been consumed in like fashion on the previous day. "It was a glorious day and a splendid prospect; the cruel and calm sea before, the Apennines behind. A curlew wheeled close to the pyre, screaming, and would not be driven away; the flames arose golden and towering." The inurned ashes were entombed, as everyone knows, in the Protestant burial ground at Rome by the side of Keats' grave, near the pyramid of Cestius. Much as there was to regret in Shelley's life, there was more in his death, for such genius as his is rare, and if the work of springtide was so glorious, what might have been the summer fruitage?

As the Gulf of Spezzia is left behind, the Magra broadens out into an estuary as it enters the sea, the river which formed in olden days the boundary between Liguria and Etruria. Five miles from the coast, and less than half the distance from the river, is Sarzana, the chief city of the province, once fortified, and still

containing a cathedral of some interest. It once gave birth to a Pope, Nicholas V., the founder of the Vatican Library, and in the neighbourhood the family of the Buonapartes had their origin, a branch of it having emigrated to Corsica. Sarzana bore formerly the name of Luna Nova, as it had replaced another Luna which stood nearer to the mouth of the river. This was in ruins even in the days of Lucan, and now the traveller from Saranza to Pisa sees only "a strip of low, grassy land intervening between him and the sea. Here stood the ancient city. There is little enough to see. Beyond a few crumbling tombs and a fragment or two of Roman ruins, nothing remains of Luna. The fairy scene described by Rutilius, so appropriate to the spot which bore the name of the virgin-queen of heaven, the 'fair white walls' shaming with their brightness the untrodden snow, the smooth, many-tinted rocks overrun with laughing lilies, if not the pure creation of the poet, have now vanished from the sight. Vestiges of an amphitheatre, of a semicircular building which may be a theatre, of a circus, a *piscina*, and fragments of columns, pedestals for statues, blocks of pavement and inscriptions, are all that Luna has now to show."

But all the while the grand group of the Carrara hills is in view, towering above a lowland region which rolls down towards the coast. A branch line now leads from Avenza, a small seaport town from which the marble is shipped, to the town of Carrara, through scenery of singular beauty. The shelving banks and winding slopes of the foreground hills are clothed with olives and oaks and other trees; here and there groups of houses, white and grey and pink, cluster around a campanile tower on some coign of vantage, while at the back rises the great mountain wall of the Apuan Alps, with its gleaming crags, scarred, it must be admitted, rather rudely and crudely by its marble quarries, though the long slopes of scree beneath these gashes in the more distant views almost resemble the Alpine snows. The situation of the town is delightful, for it stands at the entrance of a rapidly narrowing valley, in a sufficiently elevated position to command a view of this exquisitely rich lowland as it shelves and rolls down to the gleaming sea. Nor is the place itself devoid of interest. One of its churches at least, S. Andrea, is a really handsome specimen of the architecture of this part of Italy in the thirteenth century, but the quarries dominate, and their products are everywhere. Here are the studios of sculptors and the ateliers of workmen. The fair white marble here, like silver in the days of Solomon, is of little account; it paves the streets, builds the houses, serves even for the basest uses, and is to be seen strewn or piled up everywhere to await dispersal by the trains to more distant regions. Beyond the streets of Carrara, in the direction of the mountains, carriage roads no longer exist. Lanes wind up the hills here and there in rather bewildering intricacy, among vines and olive groves, to

hamlets and quarries; one, indeed, of rather larger size and more fixity of direction, keeps for a time near the river, if indeed the stream which flows by Carrara be worthy of that name, except when the storms are breaking or the snows are melting upon the mountains. But all these lanes alike terminate in a quarry, are riven with deep ruts, ploughed up like a field by the wheels of the heavy waggons that bring down the great blocks of marble. One meets these grinding and groaning on their way, drawn by yokes of dove-coloured oxen (longer than that with which Elisha was ploughing when the older prophet cast his mantle upon his shoulders), big, meek-looking beasts, mild-eyed and melancholy as the lotus-eaters. To meet them is not always an unmixed pleasure, for the lanes are narrow, and there is often no room to spare; how the traffic is regulated in some parts is a problem which I have not yet solved.

Carrara would come near to being an earthly paradise were it not for the mosquitos, which are said to be such that they would have made even the Garden of Eden untenable, especially to its first inhabitants. Of them, however, I cannot speak, for I have never slept in the town, or even visited it at the season when this curse of the earth is at its worst; but I have no hesitation in asserting that the mountains of Carrara are not less beautiful in outline than those of any part of the main chain of the Alps of like elevation, while they are unequalled in colour and variety of verdure.

To Avenza succeeds Massa, a considerable town, beautifully situated among olive-clad heights, which are spotted with villas and densely covered with foliage. Like Carrara, it is close to the mountains, and disputes with Carrara for the reputation of its quarries. This town was once the capital of a duchy, Massa-Carrara, and the title was borne by a sister of Napoleon I. Her large palace still remains; her memory should endure, though not precisely in honour, for, according to Mr. Hare, she pulled down the old cathedral to improve the view from her windows. But if Massa is beautiful, so is Pietra Santa, a much smaller town enclosed by old walls and singularly picturesque in outline. It has a fine old church, with a picturesque campanile, which, though slightly more modern than the church itself, has seen more than four centuries. The piazza, with the Town Hall, this church and another one, is a very characteristic feature. In the baptistry of one of the churches are some bronzes by Donatello. About half-a-dozen miles away, reached by a road which passes through beautiful scenery, are the marble quarries of Seravezza, which were first opened by Michael Angelo, and are still in full work. There is only one drawback to travelling by railway in this region; the train goes too fast. Let it be as slow as it will, and it can be very slow, we can never succeed in coming to a decision as to which is the most picturesquely situated place or the most lovely view. Comparisons notoriously are odious, but delightful

as undoubtedly is the Riviera di Ponente to me, the Riviera di Levante seems even more lovely.

After Pietra Santa, however, the scenery becomes less attractive, the Apuan Alps begin to be left behind, and a wider strip of plain parts the Apennines from the sea. This, which is traversed by the railway, is in itself flat, stale, though perhaps not unprofitable to the husbandman. Viareggio, mentioned on a previous page, nestles among its woods of oaks and pines, a place of some little note as a health resort; and then the railway after emerging from the forest strikes away from the sea, and crosses the marshy plains of the Serchio, towards the banks of the Arno.

It now approaches the grand group of ecclesiastical buildings which rise above the walls of Pisa. As this town lies well inland, being six miles from the sea, we must content ourselves with a brief mention. But a long description is needless, for who does not know of its cathedral and its Campo Santo, of its baptistry and its leaning tower? There is no more marvellous or complete group of ecclesiastical buildings in Europe, all built of the white marble of Carrara, now changed by age into a delicate cream colour, but still almost dazzling in the glory of the midday sun, yet never so beautiful as when walls, arches, and pinnacles are aglow at its rising or flushed at its setting. In the cloisters of the Campo Santo you may see monuments which range over nearly five centuries, and contrast ancient and



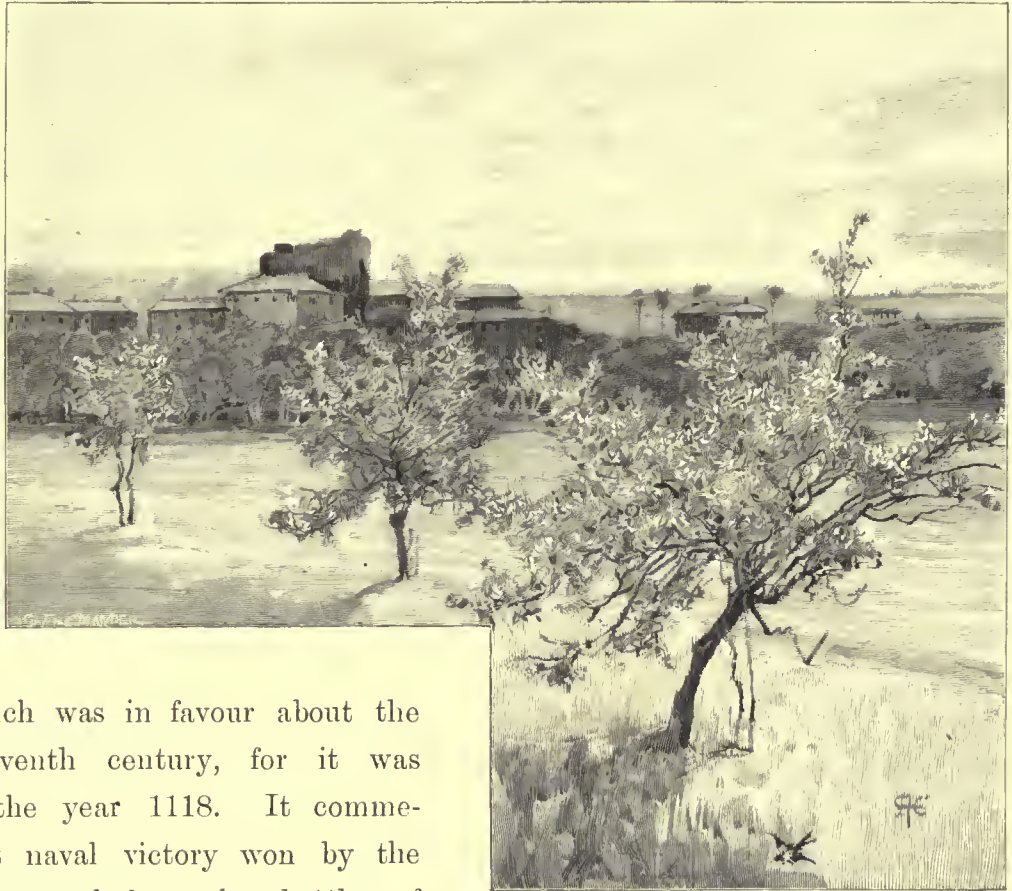
Between Leghorn and Grosseto.

modern art; the frescoes on their walls, though often ill preserved and not seldom of little merit, possess no small interest as illustrating mediæval notions of a gospel of love and peace. Beneath their roof at the present time are sheltered a few relics of Roman and Etruscan days which will repay examination. The very soil also of this God's acre is not without an interest, for when the Holy Land was lost to the Christians, fifty-and-three shiploads of earth were brought hither from Jerusalem

that the dead of Pisa might rest in ground which had been sanctified by the visible presence of their Redeemer. The cathedral is a grand example of the severe but

stately style which was in favour about the end of the eleventh century, for it was consecrated in the year 1118. It commemorates a great naval victory won by the Pisans, three years before the battle of Hastings, and the columns which support

the arches of the interior were at once the spoils of classic buildings and the memorials of Pisan victories. The famous leaning tower, though later in date, harmonises well in general style with the cathedral. Its position, no doubt, attracts most attention, for to the eye it seems remarkably insecure, but one cannot help wishing that the settlement had never occurred, for the slope is sufficient to interfere seriously with the harmony of the group. The baptistry also harmonises with the cathedral, though it was not begun till some forty years after the latter was completed, and not only was more than a century in building, but also received some ornamental additions in the fourteenth century. But though this cathedral group is the glory and the crown of Pisa, the best monument of its proudest days, there are other buildings of interest in the town itself; and the broad quays which



Avenza.

flank the Arno on each side, the Lungarno by name, which form a continuous passage from one end of the town to the other, together with the four bridges which link its older and newer part, are well worthy of more than a passing notice.

The land bordering the Arno between Pisa and its junction with the Mediterranean has no charm for the traveller, however it may commend itself to the farmer. A few miles south of the river's mouth is Leghorn, and on the eleven miles' journey by rail from it to Pisa the traveller sees as much, and perhaps more, than he could wish of the delta of the Arno. It is a vast alluvial plain, always low-lying, in places marshy; sometimes meadow land, sometimes arable. Here and there are slight and inconspicuous lines of dunes, very probably the records of old sea margins as the river slowly encroached upon the Mediterranean, which are covered sometimes with a grove of pines. Were it not for these and for occasional large oak woods, one might almost expect to see the towers of Peterborough rising in the distance instead of the dome and campanile of Pisa, so much does the scenery remind us of the fen-land of East Anglia.

Leghorn is not an old town, and has little attraction for the antiquarian or the artist. In fact, I think it, for its size, the most uninteresting town, whether on the sea or inland, that I have entered in Italy. Brindisi is a dreary hole, but it has one or two objects of interest. Bari is not very attractive, but it has two churches, the architecture of which will repay long study; but Leghorn is almost a miracle of commonplace architecture and of dulness. Of course there is a harbour, of course there are ships, of course there is the sea, and all these possess a certain charm; but really this is about as small as it can be under the circumstances. The town was a creation of the Medici, "the masterpiece of that dynasty." In the middle of the sixteenth century it was an insignificant place, with between seven and eight hundred inhabitants. But it increased rapidly when the princes of that family took the town in hand and made it a cave of Adullam, whither the discontented or oppressed from other lands might resort: Jews and Moors from Spain and Portugal, escaping from persecution; Roman Catholics from England, oppressed by the retaliatory laws of Elizabeth; merchants from Marseilles, seeking refuge from civil war. Thus fostered, it was soon thronged by men of talent and energy; it rapidly grew into an important centre of commerce, and now the town with its suburbs contains nearly a hundred thousand souls.

Leghorn is intersected by canals, sufficiently so to have been sometimes called a "Little Venice," and has been fortified, but as the defences belong to the system of Vauban, they add little to either the interest or the picturesqueness of the place. Parts of the walls and the citadel remain, the latter being enclosed by a broad water-ditch. The principal street has some good shops, and there are two fairly large piazzas; in one, bearing the name of Carlo Alberto, are statues of heroic size to

the last Grand Duke and to his predecessor. The inscription on the latter is highly flattering; but that on the former states that the citizens had come to the conclusion that the continuance of the Austro-Lorenese dynasty was incompatible with the good order and happiness of Tuscany, and had accordingly voted union with Italy. The other piazza now bears Victor Emmanuel's name; in it are a building which formerly was a royal palace, the town hall, and the cathedral; the last a fair-sized church, but a rather plain specimen of the Renaissance style, with some handsome columns of real marble and a large amount of imitation, painted to match. There are also some remains of the old fortifications, though they are not so very old, by the side of the inner or original harbour. As this in course of time proved too shallow for vessels of modern bulk, the Porto Nuovo, or outer harbour, was begun nearly forty years since, and is protected from the waves by a semicircular mole. Among the other lions of the place, and they are all very small, is a statue of Duke Ferdinand I., one of the founders of Leghorn, with four Turkish slaves about the pedestal. The commerce of Leghorn chiefly consists of grain, cotton, wool, and silk, and is carried on mainly with the eastern ports of the Mediterranean. There is also an important shipbuilding establishment. It has, however, one link of interest with English literature, for in the Protestant cemetery was buried Tobias Smollett. There is a pleasant public walk by the sea margin outside the town, from where distant views of Elba and other islands are obtained.

The hilly ground south of the broad valley of the Arno is of little interest, and for a considerable distance a broad strip of land, a level plain of cornfields and meadow, intervenes between the sea and the foot of the hills. Here and there long lines of pine woods seem almost to border the former; the rounded spurs of the latter are thickly wooded, but are capped here and there by grey villages, seemingly surrounded by old walls, and are backed by the bolder outlines of the more distant Apennines. For many a long mile this kind of scenery will continue, this flat, marshy, dyke-intersected plain, so like a Cambridgeshire fen except for the grey tint of the soil, almost without a dwelling upon it, though village after village is seen perched like epaulettes on the low shoulders of the hills. It is easy to understand why they are placed in this apparently inconvenient position, for we are at the beginning of the Tuscan Maremma, a district scourged by malaria during the summer months, and none too healthy, if one may judge by the looks of the peasants, during any time of the year. But one cannot fail to observe that towards the northern extremity houses have become fairly common on this plain, and many of them are new, so that the efforts which have been made to improve the district by draining seem to have met with success. For some time the seaward views are very fine; comparatively near to the coast a hilly island rises steeply from the water and is crowned with a low round tower. Behind this lies Elba, a long, bold,

hilly ridge, and far away, on a clear day, the great mountain mass of Corsica looms blue in the distance.

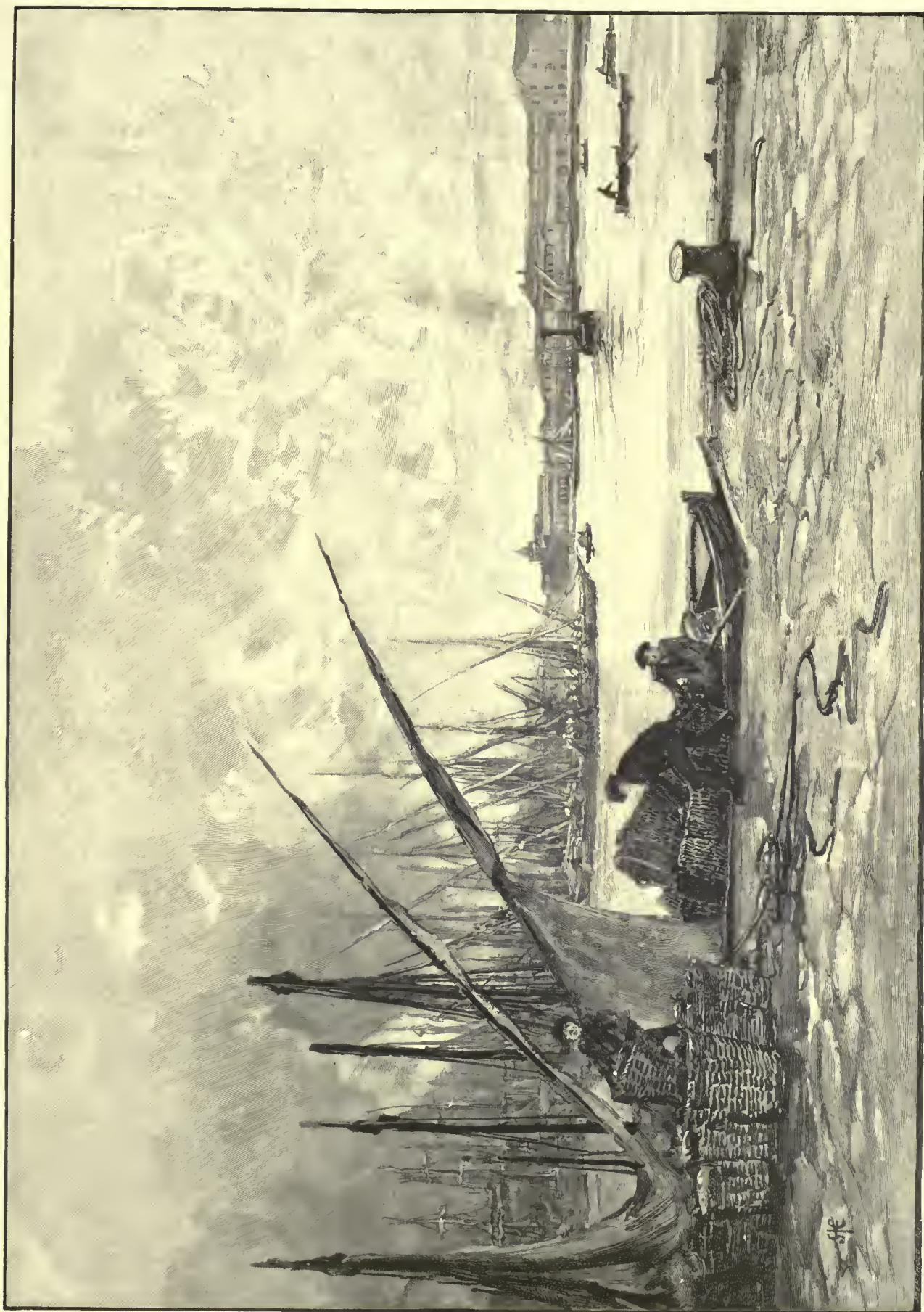
Elba has its interests for the geologist, its beauties for the lover of scenery. It has quarries of granite and serpentine, but its fame rests on its iron mines, which have been noted from very early times and from which fine groups of crystals of hematite are still obtained. So famed was it in the days of the Roman Empire as to call forth from Virgil the well-known line, "*Insula inexhaustis chalybum generosa metallis.*" When these, its masters, had long passed away, it belonged



Elba, from the Mainland.

in turn to Pisa, to Genoa, to Lucca, and, after others, to the Grand Duke Cosimo of Florence. Then it became Neapolitan, and at last French. As everyone knows, it was assigned to Napoleon after his abdication, and from May, 1814, to February, 1815, he enjoyed the title of King of Elba. Then, while discontent was deepening in France, and ambassadors were disputing round the Congress-table at Vienna, he suddenly gave the slip to the vessels which were watching the coast and landed in France to march in triumph to Paris, to be defeated at Waterloo, and to die at St. Helena.

The island is for the most part hilly, indeed almost mountainous, for it rises at one place nearly three thousand feet above the sea. The valleys and lower slopes are rich and fertile, producing good fruit and fair wine, and the views are



LECHORN HARBOUR.

often of great beauty. The fisheries are of some importance, especially that of the tunny. Porto Ferrajo, the chief town, is a picturesquely situated place, on the northern side, which still retains the forts built by Cosimo I. to defend his newly obtained territory, and the mansion, a very modest palace, inhabited by Napoleon.

"It must be confessed my isle is very little," was Napoleon's remark when for the first time he looked around over his kingdom from a mountain summit above Porto Ferrajo. Little it is in reality, for the island is not much more than fifteen miles long, and at the widest part ten miles across; and truly little it must have seemed to the man who had dreamed of Europe for his empire, and had half realised his vision. Nevertheless, as one of his historians remarks, "if an empire could be supposed to exist within such a brief space, Elba possesses so much both of beauty and variety as might constitute the scene of a summer night's dream of sovereignty."

At first he professed to be "perfectly resigned to his fate, often spoke of himself as a man politically dead, and claimed credit for what he said on public affairs, as having no remaining interest in them." A comment on himself in connection with Elba is amusing. He had been exploring his new domain in the company of Sir Niel Campbell, and had visited, as a matter of course, the iron mines. On being informed that they were valuable, and brought in a revenue of about twenty thousand pounds per annum, "These then," he said, "are mine." But being reminded that he had conferred that revenue on the Legion of Honour, he exclaimed, "Where was my head when I made such a grant? But I have made many foolish decrees of that sort!"

He set to work at once to explore every corner of the island, and then to design a number of improvements and alterations on a scale which, had they been carried into execution with the means which he possessed, would have perhaps taken his lifetime to execute. The instinct of the conqueror was by no means dead within him; for "one of his first, and perhaps most characteristic, proposals was to aggrandise and extend his Lilliputian dominions by the occupation of an uninhabited island called Pianosa, which had been left desolate on account of the frequent descents of the corsairs. He sent thirty of his guards, with ten of the independent company belonging to the island, upon this expedition (what a contrast to those which he had formerly directed!), sketched out a plan of fortification, and remarked with complacency, 'Europe will say that I have already made a conquest.'"

He was after a short time joined on the island by his mother and his sister Pauline, and not a few of those who had once fought under his flag drifted gradually to Elba and took service in his guards. A plot was organised in France, and when all was ready Napoleon availed himself of the temporary absence of Sir Niel Campbell and of an English cruiser and set sail from Elba.

At four in the afternoon of Sunday, the 26th February, "a signal gun was fired, the drums beat to arms, the officers tumbled what they could of their effects into

flour-sacks, the men arranged their knapsacks, the embarkation began, and at eight in the evening they were under weigh." He had more than one narrow escape on his voyage; for he was hailed by a French frigate. His soldiers, however, had concealed themselves, and his captain was acquainted with the commander of the frigate, so no suspicions were excited. Sir Niel Campbell also, as soon as he found out what had happened, gave chase in a sloop of war, but only arrived in time to obtain a distant view of Napoleon's flotilla as its passengers landed.

Pianosa, the island mentioned above, lies to the north of Elba, and gets its name from its almost level surface; for the highest point is said to be only eighty feet above the sea. Considering its apparent insignificance, it figures more than could be expected in history. The ill-fated son of Marcus Agrippa was banished here by Augustus, at the instigation of Livia, and after a time was more effectually put out of the way, in order to secure the succession for her son Tiberius. We read also that it was afterwards the property of Marcus Piso, who used it as a preserve for peacocks, which were here as wild as pheasants with us. Some remnants of Roman baths still keep up the memory of its former masters. Long afterwards it became a bone of contention between Pisa and Genoa, and the latter State, on permitting the former to resume possession of these islands of the Tuscan Archipelago, stipulated that Pianosa should be left for ever uncultivated and deserted. To secure the execution of this engagement the Genoese stopped up all the wells with huge blocks of rock.

Capraja, a lovely island to the north-west of Elba, is rather nearer to Corsica than to Italy. Though less than four miles long, and not half this breadth, it rivals either in hilliness, for its ridges rise in two places more than fourteen hundred feet above the sea. Saracen, Genoese, Pisan, and Corsican have caused it in bygone times to lead a rather troubled existence, and even so late as 1796 Nelson knocked to pieces the fort which defended its harbour, and occupied the island.

"The 'stagno,' or lagoon, the sea-marsh of Strabo, is a vast expanse of stagnant salt water, so shallow that it may be forded in parts, yet never dried up by the hottest summer; the curse of the country around for the foul and pestilent vapour and the swarms of mosquitoes and other insects it generates at that season, yet compensating the inhabitants with an abundance of fish. The fishery is generally carried on at night, and in the way often practised in Italy and Sicily, by harpooning the fish, which are attracted by a light in the prow of the boat. It is a curious sight on calm nights to see hundreds of these little skiffs or canoes wandering about with their lights, and making an ever-moving illumination on the surface of the lake."*

Elba seems to maintain some relation with the mainland by means of the hilly promontory which supports the houses of Piombino, a small town, chiefly interesting as being at no great distance from Populonia, an old Etruscan city of

* Dennis: "Cities of Etruria."

which some considerable ruins still remain. Here, when the clans gathered to bring back the Tarquins to Rome, stood

"Sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels desery
Sardinia's snowy mountain tops
Fringing the southern sky."

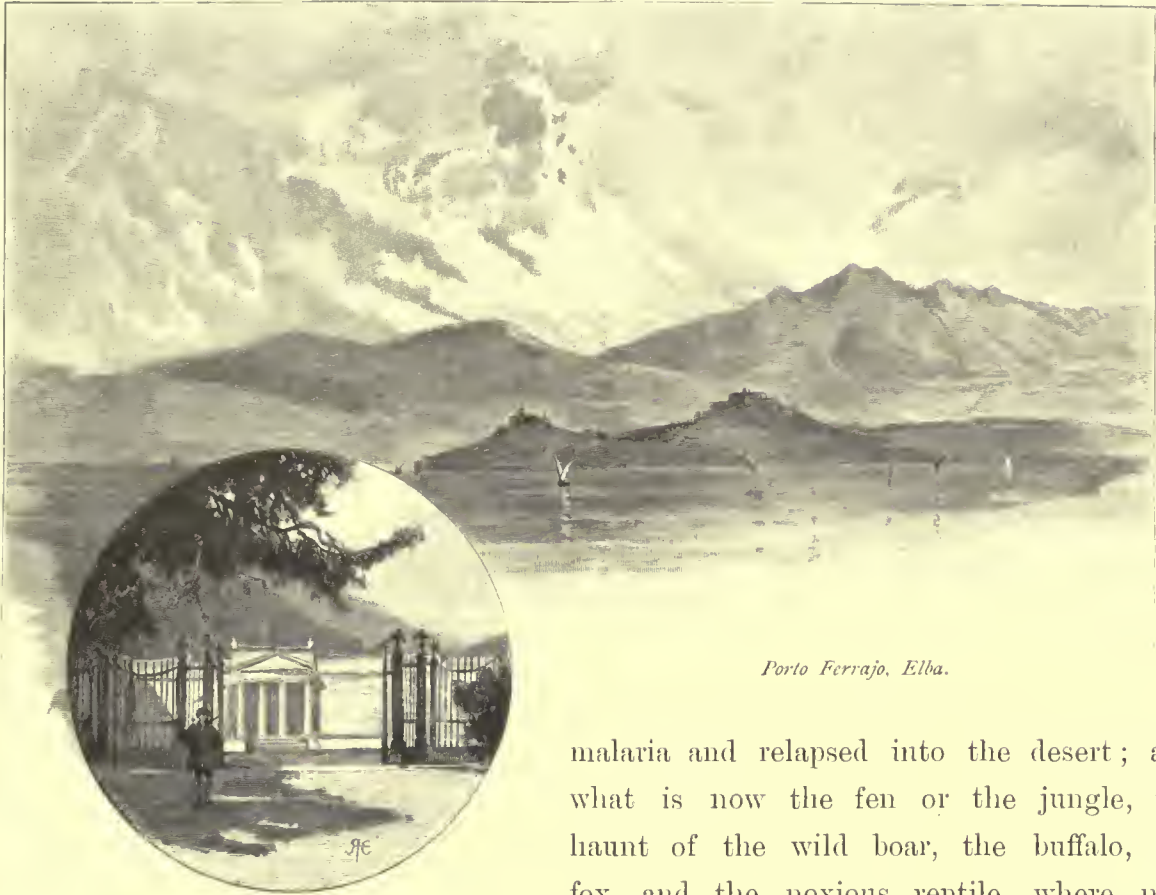
But long after Lars Porsenna of Clusium had retreated baffled from the broken bridge Populonia continued to be a place of some importance, for it has a castle erected in the Middle Ages. But now it is only a poor village; it retains, however,



Porto Ferrajo, from Napoleon's House.

fragments of building recalling its Roman masters, and its walls of polygonal masonry carry us back to the era of the Etruscans.

It must not be forgotten that almost the whole of the coast line described in this article, from the river Magra to Civita Vecchia, belonged to that mysterious and, not so long since, almost unknown people, the Etruscans. Indeed, at one time their sway extended for a considerable distance north and south of these limits. Even now there is much dispute as to their origin, but they were a powerful and civilised race before Rome was so much as founded. They strove with it for supremacy in Italy, and were not finally subdued by that nation until the third century before our era. "Etruria was of old densely populated, not only in those parts which are still inhabited, but also, as is proved by remains of cities and cemeteries, in tracts now desolated by

*Porto Ferrajo, Elba.**Napoleon's House.*

malaria and relapsed into the desert; and what is now the fen or the jungle, the haunt of the wild boar, the buffalo, the fox, and the noxious reptile, where man often dreads to stay his steps, and hurries

away from a plague-stricken land, of old yielded rich harvests of corn, wine, and oil, and contained numerous cities mighty and opulent, into whose laps commerce poured the treasures of the East and the more precious produce of Hellenic genius. Most of these ancient sites are now without a habitant, furrowed yearly by the plough, or forsaken as unprofitable wildernesses; and such as are still occupied are, with few exceptions, mere phantoms of their pristine greatness, mere villages in the place of populous cities. On every hand are traces of bygone civilisation, inferior in quality, no doubt, to that which at present exists, but much wider in extent and exerting far greater influence on the neighbouring nations and on the destinies of the world.”*

South of this headland the Maremma proper begins. Follonica, the only place for some distance which can be called a town, is blackened with smoke to an extent unusual in Italy, for here much of the iron ore from Elba is smelted. But the views in the neighbourhood, notwithstanding the flatness of the marshy or scrub-covered plain, are not without a charm. The inland hills are often attractive; to the north lie the headland of Piombino and sea-girt Elba, to the south the promontory of Castiglione, which ends in a lower line of bluff capped by a tower, and the irregular little island of Formica. At Castiglione della Pescaia is a little harbour,

* Dennis: “Cities of Etruria,” I., p. xxxii.

once fortified, which exports wood and charcoal, the products of the neighbouring hills. The promontory of Castiglione must once have been an island, for it is parted from the inland range by the level plain of the Maremma. Presently Grosseto, the picturesque capital of the Maremma, appears, perched on steeply rising ground above the enclosing plain, its sky-line relieved by a couple of low towers and a dome; it has been protected with defences, which date probably from late in the seventeenth century. Then, after the Ombrone has been crossed, one of the rivers which issue from the Apennines, the promontory of Talamone comes down to the sea, protecting the village of the same name. It is a picturesque little place, overlooked by an old castle, and the anchorage is sheltered by the island of S. Giglio, quiet enough now, but the guide-book tells us that here, two hundred and twenty-five years before the Christian era, the Roman troops disembarked and scattered an invading Gaulish army. But to the south lies another promontory on a larger scale than Talamone; this is the Monte Argentario, the steep slopes of which are a mass of forests. The views on this part of the coast are exceptionally attractive. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anything more striking than the situation of Orbitello. The town lies at the foot of the mountain, for Argentario, since it rises full two thousand feet above the sea, and is bold in outline, deserves the name. It is almost separated from the mainland by a great salt-water lagoon, which is bounded on each side by two low and narrow strips of land. The best view is from the south, where we look across a curve of the sea to the town and to Monte Argentario with its double summit, which, as the border of the lagoon is so low, seems to be 'completely insulated.

Orbitello is clearly proved to have been an Etruscan town; perhaps, according to Mr. Dennis, founded by the Pelasgi, "for the foundations of the sea-wall which surrounds it on three sides are of vast polygonal blocks, just such as are seen in many ancient sites of central Italy (Norba, Segni, Palæstrina, to wit), and such as compose the walls of the neighbouring Cosa." Tombs of Etruscan construction have also been found in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, on the isthmus of sand which connects it with the mainland. Others also have been found within the circuit of the walls. The tombs have been unusually productive; in part, no doubt, because they appear to have escaped earlier plunderers. Vases, numerous articles in bronze, and gold ornaments of great beauty have been found. Of the town itself, which from the distance has a very picturesque aspect, Mr. Dennis says: "It is a place of some size, having nearly three thousand inhabitants, and among Maremma towns is second only to Grosseto. It is a proof how much population tends to salubrity in the Maremma that Orbitello, though in the midst of a stagnant lagoon ten square miles in extent, is comparatively healthy, and has almost doubled its population in twenty-four years, while Telamona and other small places along the coast are almost deserted in summer, and the few people that remain become bloated like wine-skins or yellow as lizards."

But the inland district is full of ruins and remnants of towns which in many cases were strongholds long before Romulus traced out the lines of the walls of Rome with his plough, if indeed that ever happened. Ausedonia, the ancient Cosa, is a very few miles away, Rusellæ, Saturnia, Sovana at a considerably greater distance; farther to the south rises another of these forest-clad ridges which, whether insulated by sea or by fen, are so characteristic of this portion of the Italian coast. Here the old walls of Corno, another Etruscan town, may be seen to rise above the olive-trees and the holm-oaks.

Beyond this the lowland becomes more undulating, and the foreground scenery a little less monotonous. Corneto now appears, crowning a gently shelving plateau at the end of a spur from the inland hills, which is guarded at last by a line of cliffs. Enclosed by a ring of old walls, like Cortona, it "lifts to heaven a diadem of towers." In site and in aspect it is a typical example of one of the old cities of Etruria. Three hundred feet and more above the plain which parts it from the sea, with the gleaming waters full in view on one side and the forest-clad ranges on the other, the outlook is a charming one, and the attractions within its walls are by no means slight. There are several old churches, and numerous Etruscan and Roman antiquities are preserved in the municipal museum. The town itself, however, is not of Etruscan origin, its foundation dates only from the Middle Ages; but on an opposite and yet more insulated hill the ruins of Tarquinii, one of the great cities of the Etrurian League, can still be traced; hardly less important than Veii, one of the most active cities in the endeavour to restore the dynasty of the Tarquins, it continued to flourish after it had submitted to Rome, but it declined in the dark days which followed the fall of the Empire, and never held up its head after it had been sacked by the Saracens, till at last it was deserted for Corneto, and met the usual fate of becoming a quarry for the new town. Only the remnants of buildings and of its defences are now visible; but the great necropolis which lies to the south-east of the Corneto, and on the same spur with it, has yielded numerous antiquities. A romantic tale of its discovery, so late as 1823, is related in the guide-books. A native of Corneto in digging accidentally broke into a tomb. Through the hole he beheld the figure of a warrior extended at length, accoutred in full armour. For a few minutes he gazed astonished, then the form of the dead man vanished almost like a ghost, for it crumbled into dust under the influence of the fresh air. Numerous subterranean chambers have since been opened; the contents, vases, bronzes, gems and ornaments, have been removed to museums or scattered among the cabinets of collectors, but the mural paintings still remain. They are the works of various periods from the sixth to the second or third century before the Christian era, and are indicative of the influence exercised by Greek art on the earlier inhabitants of Italy.

As the headland, crowned by the walls of Corneto, recedes into the distance a little river is crossed, which, unimportant as it seems, has a place in ecclesiastical legend, for we are informed that at the Torre Bertaldo, near its mouth, an angel dispelled St. Augustine's doubts on the subject of the Trinity. Then the road approaches the largest port on the coast since Leghorn was left. Civita Vecchia, as the name implies, is an old town, which, after the decline of Ostia, served for centuries as the port of Rome. It was founded by Trajan, and sometimes bore his name in olden time, but there is little or nothing within the walls to



Civita Vecchia.

indicate so great an antiquity. It was harried, like so many other places near the coast, by the Saracens, and for some years was entirely deserted, but about the middle of the ninth century the inhabitants returned to it, and the town, which then acquired its present name, by degrees grew into importance as the temporal power of the Papacy increased. If there is little to induce the traveller to halt, there is not much more to tempt the artist. Civita Vecchia occupies a very low and faintly defined headland. Its houses are whitish in colour, square in outline, and rather flat-topped. There are no conspicuous towers or domes. It was once enclosed by fortifications, built at various dates about the seventeenth century. These, however, have been removed on the land side, but still remain fairly perfect in the neighbourhood of the harbour, the entrance to



NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE ARNO.

which is protected by a small island, from which rises a low massive tower and a high circular pharos. There is neither animation nor commerce left in the place; what little there was disappeared when the railway was opened. It is living up to its name, and its old age cannot be called vigorous.

South of Civita Vecchia the coast region, though often monotonous enough, becomes for a time slightly more diversified. There is still some marshy ground, still some level plain, but the low and gently rolling hills which border the main mass of the Apennines extend at times down to the sea, and even diversify its coast-line, broken by a low headland. This now and again, as at Santa Marinella, is crowned by an old castle. All around much evergreen scrub is seen, here growing in tufts among tracts of coarse herbage, there expanding into actual thickets of considerable extent, and the views sometimes become more varied, and even pretty. Santa Severa, a large castle built of grey stone, with its keep-like group of higher towers on its low crag overlooking the sea, reminds us of some old fortress on the Fifeshire coast. Near this headland, so antiquarians say, was Pyrgos, once the port of the Etruscan town of Cære, which lies away among the hills at a distance of some half-dozen miles. Here and there also a lonely old tower may be noticed along this part of the coast. These recall to mind in their situation, though they are more picturesque in their aspect, the Martello Towers on the southern coast of England. Like them, they are a memorial of troublous times, when the invader was dreaded. They were erected to protect the Tuscan coast from the descents of the Moors, who for centuries were the dread of the Mediterranean. Again and again these corsairs swooped down; now a small flotilla would attack some weakly defended town; now a single ship would land its boat-load of pirates on some unguarded beach to plunder a neighbouring village or a few scattered farms, and would retreat from the raid with a little spoil and a small band of captives, doomed to slavery, leaving behind smoking ruins and bleeding corpses. It is strange to think how long it was before perfect immunity was secured from these curses of the Mediterranean. England, whatever her enemies may say, has done a few good deeds in her time, and one of the best was when her fleet, under the command of Admiral Pellew, shattered the forts of Algiers and burnt every vessel of the pirate fleet.

The scenery for a time continues to improve. The oak woods become higher, the inland hills are more varied in outline and are forest-clad. Here peeps out a crag, there a village or a castle. At Palo a large, unattractive villa and a picturesque old castle overlook a fine line of sea-beach, where the less wealthy classes in Rome come down for a breath of fresh air in the hot days of summer. It also marks the site of Alsiun, where, in Roman times, one or two personages of note, of whom Pompey was the most important, had country residences. For a time there is no more level plain; the land everywhere shelves gently to the sea, covered with wood



Orbitello and San Stefano.

or with coarse herbage. But before long there is another change, and the great plain of the Tiber opens out before our eyes, extending on one hand to the not distant sea, on the other to the hills of Rome. It is flat, dreary, and unattractive, at any rate in the winter season, as is the valley of the Nen below Peterborough, or of the Witham beyond the Lincolnshire wolds. It is cut up by dykes, which are bordered by low banks. Here and there herds of mouse-coloured oxen with long horns are feeding, and hay-ricks, round with low conical tops, are features more conspicuous than cottages. The Tiber winds on its serpentine course through this fenland plain, a muddy stream, which it was complimentary for the Romans to designate *flavus*, unless that word meant a colour anything but attractive. One low tower in the distance marks the site of Porto, another that of Ostia, and near the latter a long grove of pines is a welcome variation to the monotony of the landscape.

These two towns have had their day of greatness. The former, as its name implies, was once the port of Rome, and in the early days of Christianity was a place of note. It was founded by Trajan, in the neighbourhood of a harbour constructed by Claudius; for this, like that of Ostia, which it was designed to replace, was already becoming choked up. But though emperors may propose, a river disposes, especially when its mud is in question. The port of Trajan has long since met with the same fate; it is now only a shallow basin two miles from the sea. Of late years considerable excavations have been made at Porto on the estate

of Prince Tortonina, to whom the whole site belongs. The port constructed by Trajan was hexagonal in form; it was surrounded by warehouses and communicated with the sea by a canal. Between it and the outer or Claudian port a palace was built for the emperor, and the remains of the wall erected by Constantine to protect the harbour on the side of the land can still be seen. The only mediæval antiquities which Porto contains are the old castle, which serves as the episcopal palace, and the tower of the church of Santa Rufina, which is at least as old as the tenth century.

Ostia, which is a place of much greater antiquity than Porto, is not so deserted, though its star declined as that of the other rose. Founded, as some say, by Ancus Martius, it was the port of Rome until the first century of the present era. Then the silting up of its communication with the sea caused the transference of the commerce to Porto, but "the fame of the temple of Castor and Pollux, the numerous villas of the Roman patricians abundantly scattered along the coast, and the crowds of people who frequented its shores for the benefit of sea bathing, sustained the prosperity of the city for some time after the destruction of its harbour." But at last it went down hill, and then invaders came. Once it had contained eighty thousand inhabitants; in the days of the Medici it was a poor village, and the people eked out their miserable existences by making lime of the marbles of the ruined temples! So here the vandalism of peasants, even more than of patrieians, has swept away many a choice relic of classic days. Villas and temples alike have been destroyed; the sea is now at a distance; Ostia is but a small village, "one of the most picturesque though melancholy sites near Rome," but during the



The First Bridge on the Arno.

greater part of the present century careful excavations have been made, many valuable art treasures have been unearthed, and a considerable portion of the ancient city has been laid bare. Shops and dwellings, temples and baths, the theatre and the forum, with many a remnant of the ancient town, can now be examined, and numerous antiquities of smaller size are preserved in the museum at the old castle. This, with its strong bastions, its lofty circular tower and huge machicolations, is a very striking object as it rises above the plain "massive and grey against the sky-line." It has been drawn by artists not a few, from Raffaele, who saw it when it had not very long been completed, down to the present time; and "the tiny town, huddled into the narrow fortified space which forms as it were an outer bastion of the castle, contains the small semi-Gothic cathedral . . . scarcely larger than a chapel, and seeming out of keeping with the historical recollections of so many mighty cardinal bishops." But, notwithstanding its present desolation, one mark of the ancient greatness of Ostia still survives. "It is somewhat startling to find that the second potentate of the West is not one of the great hierarchy of France, or Germany, or Spain, or England, but the Bishop of the deserted Ostia, because Ostia is the second see in the Roman States. It is he, with the Bishops of Portus and Sabina, who crowns and anoints the Pope. It is he who is the Dean of the Sacred College." *

T. G. BONNEY.

* Stanley: "Christian Institutions," ch. xi.



Main Street of Piombino.



Mountains of Calabria, from Sicily.

SICILY.

TO the traveller who proposes to enter Sicily by the favourite sea-route from Naples to Messina the approach to the island presents a scene of singular interest and beauty. A night's voyage from the sunny bay which sleeps at the foot of Vesuvius suffices to bring him almost within the shadow of Etna. By daybreak he has just passed the Punta del Faro, the lighthoused promontory at the extreme north-eastern angle of this three-cornered isle, the Trinacria of the ancients, and is steaming into the Straits. Far to his left he can see, with the eye of faith at any rate, the rock of Scylla jutting out from the Calabrian coast, while the whirlpool of Charybdis, he will do well to believe, is eddying and foaming at the foot of the Pharos a few hundred yards to his right. Here let him resolutely locate the fabled monster of the gaping jaws into which were swept those luckless mariners of old whose dread of Scylla drove them too near to the Sicilian shore. Modern geographers may maintain (as what will they not maintain?) that Charybdis should be identified with the Garofalo, the current which sweeps round the breakwater of Messina seven miles to the south; but Circe distinctly told Ulysses that the two monsters were not a "bowshot apart"; and the perfectly clear and straightforward account given of the matter by Æneas to Dido renders it impossible to doubt that Scylla and Charybdis faced each other at the mouth of the Straits. The traveller will be amply justified in believing

that he has successfully negotiated the passage between these two terrors as soon as he has left the Pharos behind him and is speeding along the eastern coast of the island towards the city of Messina.

Very bold and impressive grows the island scenery under the gradually broadening daylight. Tier on tier above him rise the bare, brown hill-slopes, spurs of the great mountain pyramid which he is approaching. These tumbled masses of the mountains, deepening here where the night shadow still lingers into downright black, and reddening there where they "take the morning" to the colour of rusty iron, proclaim their volcanic character, to all who are familiar with the signs thereof, unmistakably enough. Just such a ferruginous face does Nature turn towards you as you drop down at twilight past the Isleta of Las Palmas, in Gran Canaria, or work your way from the eastern to the western coast of Teneriffe, round the spreading skirts of the Peak. Rock scenery of another character is visible on the left, among the Calabrian mountains, dwarfed somewhat by the nearer as well as loftier heights of the island opposite, but bearing no mean part in the composition of the land- and sea-scape, nevertheless. Mile after mile the view maintains its rugged beauty, and when at last the town and harbour of Messina rise in sight, and the fort of Castellaccio begins to fill the eye, to the exclusion of the natural ramparts of the hills, the traveller will be fain to admit that few islands in the world are approached through scenery so romantic and so well attuned to its historic associations.

There are those who find Messina disappointing, and there is no doubt that to quit the waters of a rock-embosomed strait for the harbour of a large commercial seaport possessing no special claim to beauty of situation, is to experience a certain effect of disenchantment. It would not be fair, however, to hold the town, as a town, responsible for this. It is only some such jewel as Naples or as Algiers that could vie with such a setting. Messina is not an Algiers or a Naples; it is only an honest, ancient, prosperous, active, fairly clean, and architecturally unimpressive town. The chief commercial centre of Sicily, with upwards of seventy thousand inhabitants, a Cathedral, an Archbishop, and a University, it can afford, its inhabitants perhaps believe, to dispense with æsthetic attractions. But its spacious quays, its fine and curiously shaped port, the Harbour of the Sickles as it was called by the ancients when after it they named the city "Zancle," have an interest of their own if they are without much claim to the picturesque; and the view from the Faro Grande on the curve of the Sickles, with the Sicilian mountains behind, the Calabrian rocks in front, and the Straits to the right and left of the spectator, is not to be despised.

Still, Messina is not likely to detain any pleasure-tourist long, especially with Taormina, the gem of the island, and one might almost say, indeed, of all Italy,

awaiting him at only the distance of a railway journey of some sixty to a hundred miles. The line from Messina to Giardini, the station for Taormina, and the spot whence Garibaldi crossed to Calabria in the autumn of 1860, skirts the sea-coast, burrowing under headlands and spanning dry river-beds for a distance of thirty miles, amid the scenery which has been already viewed from the Straits, but which loses now from its too close neighbourhood to the eye. The rock-built town of ancient Taormina is perched upon a steep and craggy bluff some four hundred feet above the railway line, and is approached by an extremely circuitous road of about three miles in length. Short cuts there are for the youthful, the impetuous, and the sound in wind; but even these fortunate persons might do worse than save their breath and restrain their impatience to reach their destination, if only for the sake of the varying panorama which unfolds itself as they ascend from level to level on their winding way. There can be no denying that Taormina stands nobly and confronts the Straits with a simple dignity that many greater and even higher cities might well envy. To see it from a favouring angle of the battlemented road, with the southern sunlight bathing its bright white walls and broken lines of housetops, with the tower of Sant' Agostino traced against the cone of Etna, and the wall that skirts it almost trembling on the utmost verge of the cliff, while at the foot of the declivity the Straits trend southward in "tender, curving lines of creamy spray," to see this is at least to admit that some short

*Taormina.*



MASSA, NEAR CARRARA.



Church of Sant' Agostino, Taormina.

cuts are not worth taking, and that the bridle-path up the hillside might well be left to those animals for whose use it was constructed, and who are generally believed to prefer an abridgment of their journey to any conceivable enhancement of its picturesque attractions.

At Taormina one may linger long. The pure, inspiring air of its lofty plateau, and the unequalled beauty of the prospect which it commands, would alone be sufficient to stay the hurried footsteps of even the most time-pressed of "globe-trotters"; but those who combine a love of scenery with a taste for archæology and the classical antique will find it indeed a difficult place to leave. For, a little way above the town, and in the centre of an exquisite landscape, stand the magnificent ruins of the Greek Theatre, its auditorium, it is true, almost levelled with the plain, but more perfect as to the remains of its stage and proscenium than any other in Sicily, and, with one exception, in the world. But there is no need to be a scholar or an antiquarian to feel the extraordinary fascination of the spot. Nowhere among all the relics of bygone civilisations have Time and Nature dealt more piously with the work of man. Every spring and summer that have passed over those mouldering columns and shattered arches have left behind them their tribute of clasping creeper and clamoring wild flower and softly draping moss. Boulder and plinth in common, the masonry alike of Nature and of man, have mellowed into the same exquisite

harmony of greys and greens; and the eye seeks in vain to distinguish between the handiwork of the Great Mother and those monuments of her long-dead children which she has clothed with an immortality of her own.

Apart, however, from the indescribable charm of its immediate surroundings, the plateau of the theatre must fix itself in the memory of all who have entered Sicily by way of Messina as having afforded them their first "clear" view of Etna, their first opportunity, that is to say, of looking at the majestic mountain unintercepted at any point of its outline or mass by objects on a lower level. The whole panorama indeed from this point is magnificent. To the left, in the foreground, rise the heights of Castiglione from the valley of the Aleantara; while, as the eye moves round the prospect from left to right, it lights in succession on the hermitage of S. Maria della Rocca, the Castle of Taormina, the overhanging hill of Mola, and Monte Venere towering above it. But, dominating the whole landscape, and irresistibly recalling to itself the gaze which wanders for a moment to the nearer chain of mountains or the blue Calabrian hills across the Strait, arises the never-to-be-forgotten pyramid of Etna, a mountain unrivalled in its combination of majesty and grace, in the soft symmetry of its "line," and the stern contrast between its lava-scarred sides, with their associations of throe and torture, and the eternal peace of its snow-crowned head. It will be seen at a closer view from Catania, and, best of all, on the journey from that place to Syracuse; but the first good sight of it from Taormina, at any rate when weather and season have been favourable, is pretty sure to become an abiding memory.

Twenty miles farther southwards along the coast lie the town and baths of Aci Reale, a pleasant resort in the "cure" season, but to others than invalids more interesting in its associations with Theocritus and Ovid, with "Homer the Handel of Epos, and Handel the Homer of song;" in a word, with Acis and Galatea, and Polyphemus, and the much-enduring Ulysses. Aci Castello, a couple of miles or so down the coast, is, to be precise, the exact spot which is associated with these very old-world histories, though Polyphemus's sheep-run probably extended far along the coast in both directions, and the legend of the giant's defeat and discomfiture by the hero of the Odyssey is preserved in the nomenclature of the rocky chain which juts out at this point from the Sicilian shore. The Scogli dei Cielopi are a fine group of basaltic rocks, the biggest of them some two hundred feet in height and two thousand feet in circumference, no doubt "the stone far greater than the first" with which Polyphemus took his shot at the retreating Wanderer, and which "all but struck the end of the rudder." It is a capital "half-brick" for a giant to "heave" at a stranger, whether the Cyclops did, in fact, heave it or not; and, together with its six companions, it stands out bravely and with fine sculpturesque effect against the horizon. A few miles farther on is Catania, the second city in

population and importance of Sicily, but, except for one advantage which would give distinction to the least interesting of places, by no means the second in respect of beauty. As a town, indeed, it is commonplace. Its bay, though of ample proportions, has no particular grace of contour; and even the clustering masts in its busy harbour scarcely avail to break the monotony of that strip of houses on the flat seaboard, which, apart from its surroundings, is all that constitutes Catania. But with Etna brooding over it day and night, and the town lying outstretched and nestling between the two vast arms which the giant thrusts out towards the sea on each side, Catania could not look wholly prosaic and uninteresting even if she tried.

We must again return to the mountain, and in a work on the "Picturesque Mediterranean" need plead no excuse for so doing. For Etna, it must be remembered, is a persistent feature, is *the* persistent feature of the landscape along nearly the whole eastern coast of Sicily from Punta di Faro to the Cape of Santa Croce, if not to the promontory of Syracuse. Its omnipresence becomes overawing as one hour of travel succeeds another and the great mountain is as near as ever. For miles upon miles by this southward course it haunts the traveller like a reproving conscience. Each successive stage on his journey gives him only a different and not apparently more distant view. Its height, ten thousand feet, although, of course, considerable, seems hardly sufficient to account for this perpetual and unabating prominence, which, however, is partly to be explained by the outward trend taken by the sea-coast after we pass Catania, and becoming more and more marked during the journey from that city to Syracuse. There could be no better plan of operations for one who wishes to view the great mountain thoroughly, continuously, protractedly, and at its best, than to await a favourable afternoon, and then to take the journey in question by railway, so timing it as to reach the tongue of Santa Croce about sunset. From Catania to Lentini the traveller has Etna, wherever visible, on his right; at Lentini the line of railway takes a sharp turn to the left, and, striking the coast at Agnone, hugs it all along the northern shore of the promontory, terminating with Cape Santa Croce, upon approaching which point it doubles back upon itself, to follow the "re-entering angle" of the cape, and then, once more turning to the left, runs nearly due southward along the coast to Syracuse. Throughout the twenty miles or so from Lentini to Augusta, beneath the promontory of Santa Croce, Etna lies on the traveller's left, with the broad blue bay fringed for part of the way by a mile-wide margin of gleaming sand between him and it. Then the great volcanic cone, all its twenty miles from summit to sea-coast foreshortened into nothingness by distance, seems to be rising from the very sea; its long-cooled lava streams might almost be mingling with the very waters of the bay. As the rays of the westering sun strike from across the island upon silver-grey sand and blue-purple sea and russet-iron

mountain slopes, one's first impulse is to exclaim with Wordsworth, in vastly differing circumstances, that "earth hath not anything to show more fair." But it has. For he who can prolong his view of the mountain until after the sun has actually sunk will find that even the sight he has just witnessed can be surpassed. He must wait for the moment when the silver has gone out of the sand, and the purple of the sea has changed to grey, and the russet of Etna's lava slopes is

deepening into black; for that is also the moment when the pink flush of the departed sunset catches its peak and closes the symphony of colour with a chord more exquisitely sweet than all.

From Cape Santa Croce to Syracuse the route declines a little perhaps in interest. The great volcano which has filled the eye throughout the journey is now less favourably placed for the view, and sometimes, as when the railway skirts the Bay of Megara in a due southward direction, is altogether out of sight.

Nor does the approach

to Syracuse quite prepare one for the pathetic charm of this most interesting of the great, dead, half-deserted cities of the ancient world, or even for the singular beauty of its surroundings. You have to enter the inhabited quarter itself, and to take up your abode on that mere sherd and fragment of old Greek Syracuse, the Island of Ortygia, to which the present town is confined (or rather, you have to begin by doing this, and then to sally forth on a long walk of exploration round the *contorni*, to trace the line of the ancient fortifications, and to map out as best you may the four other quarters, each far larger than Ortygia, which, long since given over to orange-gardens and scattered villas and farmhouses, were once no doubt well-peopled districts of the ancient city), ere you begin either to discover its



Entrance to Mola.



Rocks of the Cyclops.

elements of material beauty or to feel anything of its spiritual magic. It is hard to believe that this decayed and apparently still decaying little island town was once the largest of the Hellenic cities, twenty miles, according to Strabo, in circumference, and even in the time of Cicero containing in one of its now deserted quarters "a very large Forum, most beautiful porticoes, a highly decorated Town Hall, a most spacious Senate House, and a superb Temple of Jupiter Olympius." A spoiler more insatiable than Verres has, alas! carried off all these wonders of art and architecture, and of most of them not even a trace of the foundations remains. Of the magnificent Forum a single unfluted column appears to be the solitary relic. The porticoes, the Town Hall, the Senate House, the Temple of the Olympian Jove are irrecoverable even by the most active architectural imagination. But the west wall of the district which contained these treasures is still partially traceable, and in the adjoining quarter of the ancient city we find ourselves in its richest region both of the archæological and the picturesque.

For here is the famous Latomia del Paradiso, quarry, prison, guard-house, and burial-place of the Syracusan Greek, and the yet more famous Theatre, inferior to that of Taormina in the completeness of the stage and proscenium, but containing the most perfectly preserved auditorium in the world. The entrance to the Latomia, that gigantic, ear-shaped orifice hewn out of the limestone cliff, and leading into a vast whispering-chamber, the acoustic properties of which have caused it to be

identified with the (historic or legendary) Fear of Dionysius, has a strange, wild impressiveness of its own. But in beauty though not in grandeur it is excelled by another abandoned limestone quarry in the neighbourhood, which has been converted by its owner into an orangery. This lies midway between the Latomia del Paradiso and the Quarry of the Cappuccini, and is in truth a lovely retreat. Over it broods the perfect stillness that never seems so deep as in those deserted places which have once been haunts of busy life. It is rich in the spiritual charm of natural beauty and the sensuous luxury of sub-tropical culture: close at hand the green and gold of orange trees, in the middle distance the solemn plumes of the cypresses, and farther still the dazzling white walls of the limestone which the blue sky bends down to meet.

To pass from the quarries to the remains of the Greek Theatre hard by is in some measure to exchange the delight of the eye for the subtler pleasures of mental association. Not that the concentric curves of these mouldering and moss-lined stone benches are without their appeal to the senses. On the contrary, they are beautiful in themselves, and, like all architectural ruins, than which no animate things in nature more perfectly illustrate the scientific doctrine of "adaptation to environment," they harmonise deliciously in line and tone with their natural surroundings. Yet to most people, and especially so to those of the contemplative habit, the Greek Theatre at Syracuse, like the Amphitheatres of Rome and Verona, will be most impressive at moments when the senses are least active and the imagination busiest. It is when we abstract the mind from the existing conditions of the ruin; it is when we "restore" it by those processes of mental architecture which can never blunder into Vandalism; it is when we re-people its silent, time-worn benches with the eager, thronging life of twenty centuries ago, that there is most of magic in its spell. And here surely imagination has not too arduous a task, so powerfully is it assisted by the wonderful completeness of these remains. More than forty tiers of seats shaped out of the natural limestone of the rock can still be quite distinctly traced; and though their marble facings have of course long mouldered into dust, whole *cunei* of them are still practically as uninjured by time, still as fit for the use for which they were intended, as when the Syracusans of the great age of Attic Drama flocked hither to hear the tragedies of that poet whom they so deeply revered that to be able to recite his verse was an accomplishment rewarded in the prisoners who possessed it by liberation from bondage. To the lover of classical antiquity Syracuse will furnish "moments" in abundance; but at no other spot either in Ortygia itself or in these suburbs of the modern city, not at the Fountain of Arethusa on the brink of the great port; not in the Temple of Minerva, now the Cathedral, with its Doric columns embedded in the ignominy of plaster; not in that wildest and grandest of those ancient Syracusan quarries, the Latomia dei

Cappuccini, where the ill-fated remnant of the routed army of Nicias is supposed to have expiated in forced labour the failure of the Sicilian Expedition, will he find it so easy to rebuild the ruined past as here on this desolate plateau, with these perfect monuments of the immortal Attic stage around him, and at his feet the town, the harbour, the promontory of Plemmyrium, the blue waters of the Ionian Sea.

It is time, however, to resume our journey, and to make for that hardly less interesting or less beautifully situated town of Sicily which is usually the next halting-place of the traveller. The route to Girgenti from Syracuse is the most circuitous piece of railway communication in the island. To reach our destination it is necessary to retrace our steps almost the whole way back to Catania. At Bicocca, a few miles distant from that city, the line branches off into the interior of the country for a distance of some fifty or sixty miles, when it is once more deflected, and then descends in a south-westerly direction towards the coast. At a few miles from the sea, within easy reach of its harbour, Porto Empedocle, lies Girgenti. The day's journey will have been an interesting one. Throughout its westward course the line, after traversing the fertile Plain of Catania, the rich grain-bearing district which made Sicily the granary of the Roman world, ascends gradually into a mountainous region and plunges between Calascibetta and Castrogiovanni into a tortuous ravine, above which rise towering the two last-named heights. The latter of the two is planted on the site of the plain of Enna, the scene of the earliest abduction recorded in history. Flowers no longer flourish in the same abundance on the meads from which Persephone was carried off by the Dark King of Hades; but the spot is still fair and fertile, truly a "green navel of the isle," the central Omphalos from which the eye ranges northward, eastward, and south-westward over each expanse of Trinacria's triple sea. But those who do not care to arrest their journey for the sake of sacrificing to Demeter, or of enjoying the finest, in the sense of the most extensive, view in Sicily, may yet admire the noble situation of the rock-built town of Castrogiovanni looking down upon the railway from its beetling crag.

Girgenti, the City of Temples, the richest of all places in the world save one in monuments of Pagan worship, conceals its character effectually enough from him who enters it from the north. Within the precincts of the existing city there is little sign to be seen of its archæological treasures, and, to tell the truth, it has but few attractions of its own. Agrigentum, according to Pindar "the most beautiful city of mortals," will not so strike a modern beholder; but that, no doubt, is because, like Syracuse and other famous seats of ancient art and religious reverence, it has shrunk to dimensions so contracted as to leave all the riches of those stately edifices to which it owed the fame of its beauty far outside its present boundaries. Nothing, therefore, need detain the traveller in the town itself (unless, indeed, he

*Catania.*

would snatch a brief visit to the later-built cathedral, remarkable for nothing but the famous marble sarcophagus with its relief of the Myth of Hippolytus), and he will do well to mount the Rupe Atenea without delay. The view, however, in every direction is magnificent, the town to the right of the spectator and behind him, the sea in front, and the rolling, ruin-dotted plain between. From this point Girgenti itself looks imposing enough with the irregular masses of its roofs and towers silhouetted against the sky. But it is the seaward view which arrests and detains the eye. Hill summit or hotel window, it matters little what or where your point of observation is, you have but to look from the environs of Girgenti towards Porto Empedocle, a few miles to the south, and you bring within your field of vision a space of a few dozen acres in extent which one may reasonably suppose to have no counterpart in any area of like dimensions on the face of the globe. It is a garden of mouldering shrines, a positive orchard of shattered porticoes and broken column-shafts, and huge pillars prostrate at the foot of their enormous plinths. You can count and identify and name them all even from where you stand. Ceres and Proserpine, Juno Lacinia, Concord, Hercules, Æsculapius, Jupiter Olympius, Castor and Pollux, all are visible at once, all recognisable and numerable from east to west in their order as above. It is a land of ruined temples, and, to all appearance, of nothing else. One can just succeed, indeed, in tracing the coils of the railway as it winds like a black snake towards Porto Empedocle, but save that there are no signs of life. One descries no waggon upon the roads, no horse in the furrows, no labourer among the vines. Girgenti itself, with its hum and clatter, lies behind you; no glimpse of life or motion is visible on the quays of the port. All seems as desolate as those grey and mouldering fanes of the discrowned gods, a solitude

which only changes in character without deepening in intensity as the eye travels across the foam-fringed coast-line out on the sailless sea. There is a strange beauty in this silent Pantheon of dead deities, this landscape which might almost seem to be still echoing the last wail of the dying Pan; and it is a beauty of death and desolation to which the life of nature, here especially abounding, contributes not a little by contrast. For nowhere in Sicily is the country-side more lavishly enriched by the olive. Its contorted stem and quivering, silvery foliage are everywhere. Olives climb the hill-slopes in straggling files; olives cluster in twos and threes and larger groups upon the level plain; olives trace themselves against the broken walls of the temples, and one catches the flicker of their branches in the sunlight that streams through the roofless peristyles. From Rupe Atenea out across the plain to where the eye lights upon the white loops of the road to Porto Empedocle one might almost say that every object which is not a temple or a fragment of a temple is an olive tree.

By far the most interesting of the ruins from the archæologist's point of view is that of the Temple of Concord, which, indeed, is one of the best-preserved in existence, thanks, curiously enough, to the religious Philistinism which in the Middle Ages converted it into a Christian church. It was certainly not in the spirit of its tutelary goddess that it was so transformed: nothing, no doubt, was farther from the thoughts of those who thus appropriated the shrine of Concord than to illustrate the doctrine of the unity of religion. But art and archæology, if not



The Greek Theatre, Syracuse.

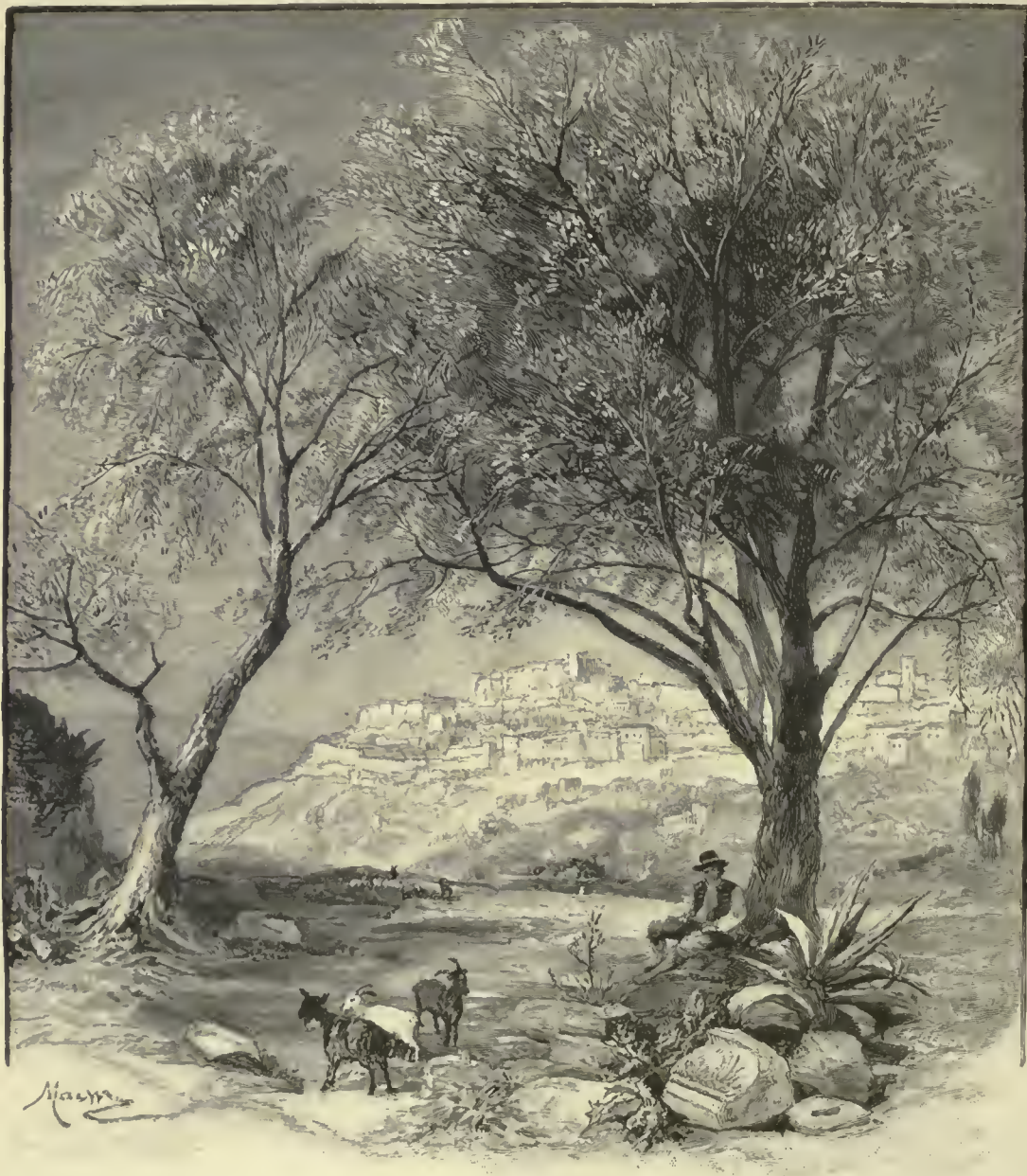
romance, have good reason to thank them that they "took over" the building on any grounds, for it is, of course, to this circumstance that we owe its perfect condition of preservation, and the fact that all the details of the Doric style as applied to religious architecture can be studied in this temple while so much of so many of its companion fanes has crumbled into indistinguishable ruin. Concordia has remained virtually intact through long centuries under the homely title of "the Church of St. Gregory of the Turnips," and it rears its stately façade before the spectator in consequence with architrave complete, a magnificent hexastyle of thirty-four columns, its lateral files of thirteen shafts apiece receding in noble lines of perspective. Juno Lacinia, or Juno Lucinda (for it may have been either as the "Lacinian Goddess" or as the Goddess of Childbed that Juno was worshipped here), an older fane than Concordia, though the style had not yet entered on its decline when the latter temple was built, is to be seen hard by, a majestic and touching ruin. It dates from the fifth century B.C., and is therefore Doric of the best period. Earthquakes, it seems, have co-operated with time in the work of destruction, and though twenty-five whole pillars are left standing, the façade, alas! is represented only by a fragment of architrave. More extensive still have been the ravages inflicted on the Temple of Hercules by his one unconquerable foe. This great and famous shrine, much venerated of old by the Agrigentines, and containing that statue of the god which the indefatigable "collector" Verres vainly endeavoured to loot, is now little more than a heap of tumbled masonry, with one broken column-shaft alone still standing at one extremity of its site. But it is among the remains of the ancient sanctuary of Zeus, all unfinished though that edifice was left by its too ambitious designers, that we get the best idea of the stupendous scale on which those old-world religious architects and masons worked. The ruin itself has suffered cruelly from the hand of man; so much so, indeed, that little more than the ground plan of the temple is to be traced by the lines of column bases, vast masses of its stone having been removed from its site to be used in the construction of the Mole. But enough remains to show the gigantic scale on which the work was planned and partially carried out. The pillars which once stood upon those bases were twenty feet in circumference, or more than two yards in diameter, and each of their flutings forms a niche big enough to contain a man! Yon Caryatid, who has been carefully and skilfully pieced together from the fragments doubtless of many Caryatids, and who now lies, hands under head, supine and staring at the blue sky above him, is more than four times the average height of an English lifeguardman. From the crown of his bowed head to his stony soles he measures all twenty-five feet, and to watch a tourist sitting by or on him and gazing on Girgenti in the distance is to be visited by a touch of that feeling of the irony of human things to which Shelley gives expression in his "Ozymandias."

The railway route from Girgenti to Palermo is less interesting than that from

Catania to Girgenti. It runs pretty nearly due south and north across the island from shore to shore, through a country mountainous indeed, as is Sicily everywhere, but not marked by anything particularly striking in the way of highland scenery. At Termini we strike the northern coast, and the line branches off to the west. Another dozen miles or so brings us to Santa Flavia, whence it is but half an hour's walk to the ruins of Soluntum, situated on the easternmost hill of the promontory of Catalfano. The coast-view from this point is striking, and on a clear day the headland of Cefalu, some twenty miles away to the eastward, is plainly visible. Ten more miles of "westing" and we approach Palermo, the Sicilian capital, a city better entered from the sea, to which it owes its beauty as it does its name.

To the traveller fresh from Girgenti and its venerable ruins, or from Syraeuse with its classic charm, the first impressions of Palermo may very likely prove disappointing. Especially will they be so if he has come with a mind full of historic enthusiasm and a memory laden with the records of Greek colonisation, Saracen dominion, and Norman conquest, and expecting to find himself face to face with the relics and remainder of at any rate the modern period of the three. For Palermo is emphatically what the guide-books are accustomed to describe as "a handsome modern city"; which means, as most people familiar with the Latin countries are but too well aware, a city as like any number of other Continental cities, built and inhabited by Latin admirers and devotees of Parisian "civilisation," as "two peas in a pod." In the Sicilian capital the passion for the monotonous magnificence of the boulevard has been carried to an almost amusing pitch. Palermo may be regarded from this point of view as consisting of two most imposing boulevards of approximately equal length, each bisecting the city with scrupulous equality from east to west and from north to south, and intersecting each other in its exact centre at the mathematically precise angle of ninety degrees. You stand at the Porta Felice, the water-gate of the city, with your back to the sea, and before you, straight as a die, stretches the handsome Via Vittorio Emanuele for a mile or more ahead. You traverse the handsome Via Vittorio Emanuele for half its length and you come to the Quattro Canti, a small octagonal piazza, which boasts itself to be the very head of Palermo, and from this "Carfax," this intersection of four cross-roads, you see stretching to right and left of you the equally handsome Via Maqueda. Walk down either of these two great thoroughfares, the Maqueda or the Vittorio Emanuele, and you will be equally satisfied with each; the only thing which may possibly mar your satisfaction will be your consciousness that you would be equally satisfied with the other, and, indeed, that it requires an effort of memory to recollect in which of the two you are. There is nothing to complain of in the architecture or decoration of the houses. All is correct, regular, and symmetrical in line, bright and cheerful in colour, and, as a whole, absolutely wanting in individuality and charm.

It is, however, of course impossible to kill an ancient and interesting city altogether with boulevards. Palermo, like every other city, has its "bits," to be found without much difficulty by anyone who will quit the beaten track of the two great thoroughfares and go a-questing for them himself. He may thus find enough here and there to remind him that he is living on the "silt" of three, nay, four civilisations, on a fourfold formation to which Greek and Roman, Saracen and Norman, have each contributed its successive layer. It need hardly be said that the latter has left the deepest traces of any. The Palazzo Reale, the first of the Palermitan sights to which the traveller is likely to bend his way, will afford the best illustration of this. Saracenic in origin, it has received successive additions from half-a-dozen

*Girgenti.*

Norman princes, from Robert Guiscard downwards, and its chapel, the Cappella Palatina, built by Roger II. in the early part of the twelfth century, is a gem of decorative art which would alone justify a journey to Sicily to behold. The purely architectural beauties of the interior are impressive enough, but the eye loses all sense of them among the wealth of their decoration. The stately files of Norman arches up the nave would in any other building arrest the gaze of the spectator, but in the Cappella Palatina one can think of nothing but mosaics. Mosaics are everywhere, from western door to eastern window, and from northern



View in Girgenti.

to southern transept wall. A full-length, life-sized saint in mosaic grandeur looks down upon you from every interval between the arches of the nave, and medallions of saints in mosaic, encircled with endless tracery and arabesque, form the inner face of every arch. Mosaic angels float with outstretched arms above the apse. A colossal Madonna and Bambino, overshadowed by a hovering Père Eternel, peer dimly forth in mosaic across the altar through the darkness of the chancel. The ground is golden throughout, and the sombre richness of the effect is indescribable. In Palermo and its environs, in the Church of Martorana, and in the Cathedral of Monreale, no less than here, there is an abundance of that same decoration, and the mosaics of the latter of the two edifices above mentioned are held to be the finest of all; but it is by those of the Cappella Palatina, the first that he is likely to make the acquaintance of, that the visitor, not being an expert or

connoisseur in this particular species of art-work, will perhaps be the most deeply impressed.

The Palazzo Reale may doubtless too be remembered by him, as affording him the point of view from which he has obtained his first idea of the unrivalled situation of Palermo. From the flat roof of the Observatory, fitted up in the tower of S. Ninfa, a noble panorama lies stretched around us. The spectator is standing midway between Amphitrite and the Golden Shell that she once cast in sport upon the shore. Behind him lies the Conca d'Oro, with the range of mountains against which it rests, Grifone and Cuccio, and the Billieni Hills, and the road to Monreale winding up the valley past La Rocca; in front lies the noble curve of the gulf, from Cape Mongerbino to the port, the bold outlines of Monte Pellegrino, the Bay of Mondello still farther to the left, and Capo di Gallo completing the coast-line with its promontory dimly peering through the haze. Palermo, however, does not perhaps unveil the full beauty of its situation elsewhere than down at the sea's edge, with the city nestling in the curve behind one and Pellegrino rising across the waters in front.

But the environs of the city, which are of peculiar interest and attraction, invite us, and first among these is Monreale, at a few miles' distance, a suburb to which the traveller ascends by a road commanding at every turn some new and striking prospect of the bay. On one hand, as he leaves the town, lies the Capuchin Monastery, attractive with its catacombs of mummified ex-citizens of Palermo to the lover of the gruesome rather than of the picturesque. Farther on is the pretty Villa Tasca, then La Rocca, whence by a winding road of very ancient construction we climb the royal mount crowned by the famous Cathedral and Benedictine Abbey of Monreale. Here more mosaics, as has been said, as fine in quality and in even greater abundance than those which decorate the interior of the Cappella Palatina; they cover, it is said, an area of seventy thousand four hundred square feet. From the Cathedral we pass into the beautiful cloisters, and thence into the fragrant orange-garden, from which another delightful view of the valley towards Palermo is obtained. San Martino, the site of a suppressed Benedictine monastery, is the next spot of interest. A steep path branching off to the right from Monreale leads to a deserted fort, named Il Castellaccio, from which the road descends as far as S. Martino, whence a pleasant journey back to Palermo is made through the picturesque valley of Bocca di Falco.

The desire to climb a beautiful mountain is as strong as if climbing it were not as effectual a way of hiding its beauties as it would be to sit upon its picture; and Monte Pellegrino, sleeping in the sunshine, and displaying the noble lines of what must surely be one of the most picturesque mountains in the

world, is likely enough to lure the traveller to its summit. That mass of grey limestone, which takes such an exquisite flush under the red rays of the evening, is not difficult to climb. The zigzag path which mounts its sides is plainly visible from the town, and though steep at first, it grows gradually easier of ascent on the upper slopes of the mountain. Pellegrino was originally an island, and is still separated by the plain of the Conca d'Oro from the other mountains near the coast. Down to a few centuries ago it was clothed with underwood, and in much earlier times it grew corn for the soldiers of Hamilcar Barca, who occupied it in the first Punic War. Under an overhanging rock on its summit is the Grotto of Sta. Rosalia, the patron saint of the city, the maiden whom tradition records to have made this her pious retreat several centuries ago, and the discovery of whose remains in 1664 had the effect of instantaneously staying the ravages of the plague by which Palermo was just then being desolated. The grotto has since been converted, as under the circumstances was only fitting, into a church, to which many pilgrimages are undertaken by the devout. A steep path beyond the chapel leads to the survey station on the mountain top, from which a far-stretching view is commanded. The cone of Etna, over eighty miles off as the crow flies, can be seen from here, and still farther to the north, among the Liparæan group, the everlasting furnaces of Stromboli and Vulcano. There is a steeper descent of the mountain towards the south-west, and either by this or by retracing our original route we regain the road, which skirts the base of the mountain on the west, and, at four miles' distance from the gate of the town, conducts to one of the most charmingly situated retreats that monarch ever constructed for himself, the royal villa-chateau of La Favorita, erected by Ferdinand IV. (Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies), otherwise not the least uncomfortable of the series of uncomfortable princes whom the Bourbons gave to the South Italian peoples.

Great as are the attractions of Palermo, they will hardly avail to detain the visitor during the rest of his stay in Sicily. For him who wishes to see Trinacria thoroughly, and who has already made the acquaintance of Messina and Syracuse, of Catania and Girgenti, the capital forms the most convenient of head-quarters from which to visit whatever places of interest remain to be seen in the western and south-western corner of the island. For it is hence that, in the natural order of things, he would start for Marsala (famous as the landing-place of "the Thousand," under Garibaldi, in 1860, and the commencement of that memorable march which ended in a few weeks in the overthrow of the Bourbon rule) and Trapani (from *drepanon*), another sickle-shaped town, dear to the Virgilian student as the site of the games instituted by Æneas to the memory of the aged Anchises, who died at Eryx, a poetically appropriate spot for a lover of Aphrodite to end his days in. The town of the goddess on the top of Monte San Giuliano,

the ancient Eryx, is fast sinking to decay. Degenerate descendants, or successors would perhaps be more correct, of her ancient worshippers prefer the plain at its foot, and year by year migrations take place thither which threaten to number this immemorial settlement of pagan antiquity among the dead cities of the past, and to leave its grass-grown streets and mouldering cathedral alone with the sea and sky. There are no remains of the world-famed shrine of Venus Erycina now save a few traces of its foundation and an ancient reservoir, once a fountain dedicated to the goddess. One need not linger on San Giuliano longer than is



Mount Etna, and Greek Theatre, Taormina.

needful to survey the mighty maritime panorama which surrounds the spectator, and to note Cape Bon in Africa rising faintly out of the southward haze.

For Selinunto has to be seen, and Segesta, famous both for the grandeur and interest of their Greek remains. From Castelvetro station, on the return route, it is but a short eight miles to the ruins of Selinus, the westernmost of the Hellenic settlements of Sicily, a city with a history of little more than two centuries of active life, and of upwards of two thousand years of desolation. Pammilus of Megara founded it, so says legend, in the seventh century B.C. In the fifth century of that era the Carthaginians destroyed it. Ever since that day it has remained deserted except as a hiding-place for the early Christians in the days of their persecution, and as a stronghold of the Mohammedans in their resistance to King Roger. Yet in its short life of some two hundred and twenty years it became, for



TEMPLES OF CONCORD AND JUNO LUCINDA, GIRGENTI.

some unknown reason of popular sanctity, the site of no fewer than seven temples, four of them among the largest ever known to have existed. Most of them survive, it is true, only in the condition of prostrate fragments, for it is supposed that earthquake and not time has been their worst foe, and the largest of them, dedicated to Hercules, or, as some hold, to Apollo, was undoubtedly never finished at all. Its length, including steps, reaches the extraordinary figure of three hundred and seventy-one feet, or more than a hundred and twenty-one yards; its width, including steps, is a hundred and seventy-seven feet; while its columns would have soared when completed to the stupendous height of fifty-three feet. It dates from the fifth century B.C., and it was probably the appearance of the swarthy Carthaginian invaders which interrupted the masons at their work. It now lies a colossal heap of mighty, prostrate, broken columns, their flutings worn nearly smooth by time and weather, and of plinths shaped and rounded by the same agencies into the similitude of gigantic mountain boulders.

It is, however, the temples of Selinunto rather than their surroundings which command admiration, and in this respect they stand in marked contrast to that site of a single unmaned ruin, which is, perhaps, taking site and ruin together, the most "pathetic" piece of the picturesque in all Sicily, the hill and temple of Segesta. From Calatafini, scene of one of the Garibaldian battles, to Segesta the way lies along the Castellamare road, and through a beautiful and well-watered valley. The site of the town itself is the first to be reached. Monte Barbaro, with the ruins of the theatre, lies to the north, to the west the hill whereon stands the famous Temple. No one needs a knowledge of Greek archaeology or Greek history, or even a special love for Greek art, in order to be deeply moved by the spectacle which the spot presents. He needs no more than the capacity of Virgil's hero to be touched by "the sense of tears in mortal things." The Temple itself is perfect, except that its columns are still unfluted; but it is not the simple and majestic outline of the building, its lines of lessening columns, or its massive architraves upborne upon those mighty shafts, which most impress us, but the harmony between this great work of man and its natural surroundings. In this mountain solitude, and before this deserted shrine of an extinct worship, we are in presence of the union of two desolations, and one had well-nigh said of two eternities, the everlasting hills and the imperishable yearnings of the human heart. No words can do justice to the lonely grandeur of the Temple of Segesta. It is unlike any other in Sicily in this matter of unique position. It has no rival temple near it, nor are there even the remains of any other building, temple or what not, to challenge comparison, within sight of the spectator. This ruin stands alone in every sense, alone in point of physical isolation, alone in the austere pathos which that position imparts to it.

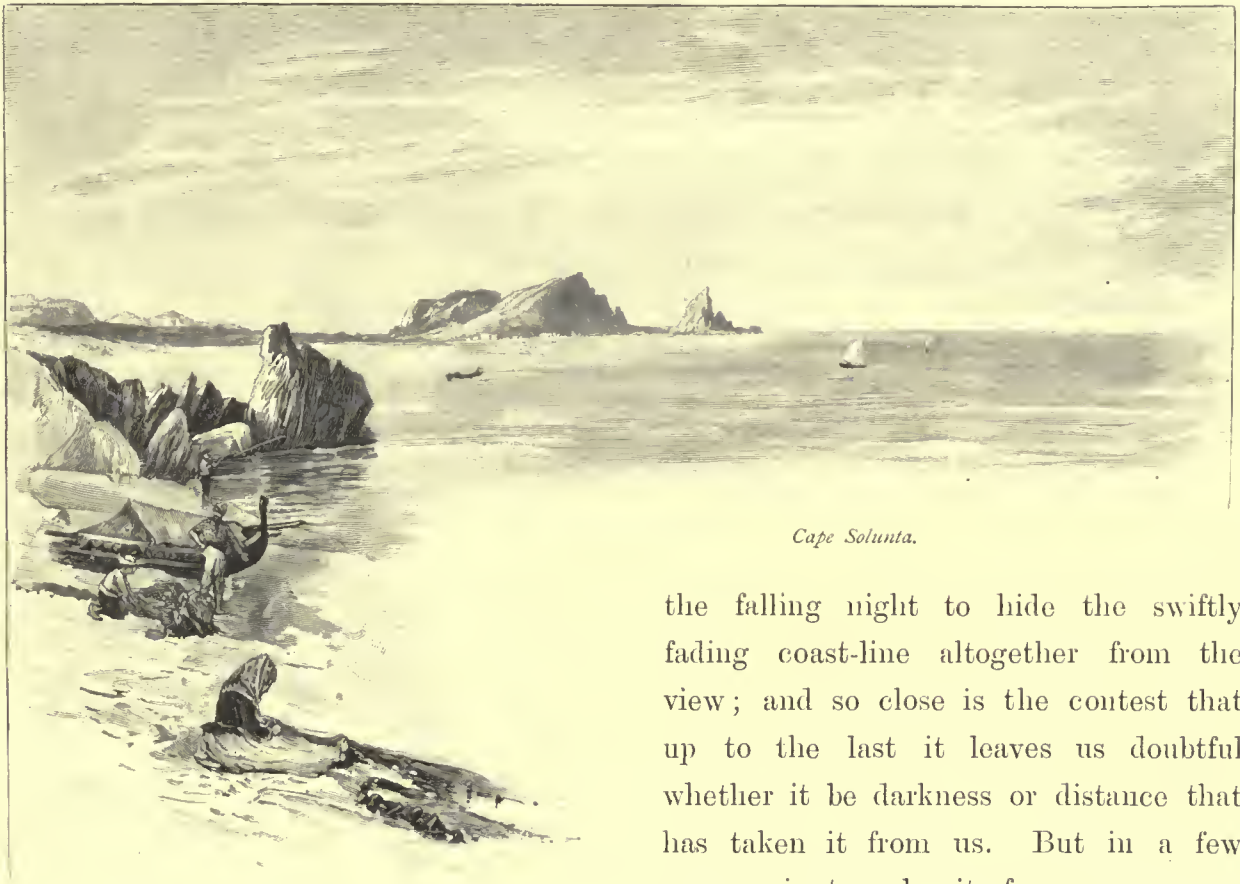
In the Museum of Palermo, to which city the explorer of these ruined sanctuaries of art and religion may now be supposed to have returned, the interesting metopes of Selinus will recall the recollection of that greater museum of ruins which he just visited at Selinunto; but the suppressed monastery, which has been now turned into a Museo Nazionale, has not much else besides its Hellenic architectural fragments to detain him. And it may be presumed, perhaps, that the pursuit of antiquities, which may be hunted with so much greater success in other parts of the island, is not precisely the object which leads most visitors to Sicily to prolong their stay in this beautifully seated city. Its attraction lies, in effect and almost wholly, in the characteristic noted in the phrase just used. Architecturally speaking, Palermo is naught: it is branded, as has been already said, with the banality and want of distinction of all modern Italian cities of the second class. And, moreover, all that man has ever done for her external adornment she can show you in a few hours; but days and weeks would not more than suffice for the full appreciation of all she owes to nature. Antiquities she has none, or next to none, unless, indeed, we are prepared to include relics of the comparatively modern Norman domination, which of course abound in her beautiful mosaics, in that category. The silt of successive ages, and the detritus of a life which from the earliest times has been a busy one, have irrecoverably buried almost all vestiges of her classic past. Her true, her only, but her all-sufficient attraction is conveyed in her ancient name. She is indeed "Panormus"; it is as the "all harbour city" that she fills the eye and mind and lingers in the memory and lives anew in the imagination. When the city itself and its environs as far as Monreale and San Martino and La Zisa have been thoroughly explored; when the imposing Porta Felice has been duly admired; when the beautiful gardens of La Flora, with its wealth of sub-tropical vegetation, has been sufficiently promenaded on; when La Cala, a quaint little narrow, shallow harbour, and the busy life on its quays have been adequately studied; then he who loves nature better than the works of man, and prefers the true eternal to the merely figurative "immortal," will confess to himself that Palermo has nothing fairer, nothing more captivating, to show than that *chef-d'œuvre* which the Supreme Artificer executed in shaping those noble lines of rock in which Pellegrino descends to the city at its foot, and in tracing that curve of coast-line upon which the city has sprung up under the mountain's shadow. The view of this guardian and patron height, this tutelary rock, as one might almost fancy it, of the Sicilian capital is from all points and at all hours beautiful. It dominates the city and the sea alike from whatever point one contemplates it, and the bold yet soft beauty of its contours has in every aspect a never-failing charm. The merest loungee, the most frivolous of promenaders in Palermo, should congratulate himself

*Palermo Harbour.*

on having always before his eyes a mountain the mere sight of which may be almost described as a "liberal education" in poetry and art. He should haunt the Piazza Marina, however, not merely at the promenading time of day, but then also, nay, then most of all, when the throng has begun to thin, and, as Homer puts it, "all the ways are shadowed," at the hour of sunset. For then the clear Mediterranean air is at its clearest, the fringing foam at its whitest, the rich, warm background of the Conca d'Oro at its mellowest, while the bare, volcanic-looking sides of Monte Pellegrino seem fusing into ruddy molten metal beneath the slanting rays. Gradually, as you watch the colour die out of it, almost as it dies out of a snow-peak at the fading of the *Alpen-gluth*, the shadows begin to creep up the mountain-sides, forerunners of the night which has already fallen upon the streets of the city, and through which its lights are beginning to peer. A little longer, and the body of the mountain will be a dark, vague mass, with only its cone and graceful upper ridges traced faintly against pale depths of sky.

Thus and at such an hour may one see the city, bay, and mountain at what may be called their æsthetic or artistic best. But they charm, and with a magic of almost equal potency, at all hours. The fascination remains unabated to the end, and never, perhaps, is it more keenly felt by the traveller than when Palermo is smiling her God-speed upon the parting guest, and from the deck of the steamer which is to bear him homeward he waves his last farewell to the receding city lying couched, the loveliest of Ocean's Nereids, in her shell of gold.

If his hour of departure be in the evening, when the rays of the westering sun strike athwart the base of Pellegrino, and tip with fire the summits of the low-lying houses of the seaport, and stream over and past them upon the glowing waters of the harbour, the sight is one which will not be soon forgotten. Dimmer and dimmer grows the beautiful city with the increasing distance and the gathering twilight. The warm rose-tints of the noble mountain cool down into purple, and darken at last into a heavy mass of sombre shadows; the sea changes to that spectral silver which overspreads it in the gloaming. It is a race between the flying steamer and



Cape Solunta.

the falling night to hide the swiftly fading coast-line altogether from the view; and so close is the contest that up to the last it leaves us doubtful whether it be darkness or distance that has taken it from us. But in a few more minutes, be it from one cause or from the other, the effacement is complete. Behind us, where Palermo lay a while ago, there looms only a bank of ever-darkening haze, and before the bows of our vessel the grey expanse of Mediterranean waters which lie between us and the Bay of Naples.

H. D. TRAILL.



Torre dell' Annunziata.

NAPLES.

NAPLES in itself, apart from its surroundings, is not of surpassing beauty. Its claim to be "the most beautiful city in Europe" rests solely on the adventitious aid of situation. When the fictitious charm which distance gives is lost by a near approach, it will be seen that the city which has inspired the poets of all ages is little more than a huge, bustling, commonplace commercial port, not to be compared for a moment, æsthetically speaking, with Genoa, Florence, Venice, or many other Italian towns equally well known to the traveller. This inherent lack is, however, more than compensated for by the unrivalled natural beauties of its position, and of its charming environs. No town in Europe, not Palermo with its "Golden Shell," Constantinople with its "Golden Horn," nor Genoa, the "Gem of the Riviera," can boast of so magnificent a situation. The traveller who approaches Naples by sea may well be excused for any exuberance of language. As the ship enters the Gulf, passing between the beautiful isles of Ischia and Capri, which seem placed like twin outposts to guard the entrance of this watery paradise, the scene is one which will not soon fade from the memory. All around stretches the bay in its azure immensity, its sweeping curves bounded on the right by the rocky Sorrentine promontory, with Sorrento, Meta, and a cluster of little fishing villages nestling in the olive-clad precipices, half hidden by orange groves and vineyards,

and the majestic form of Monte Angelo towering above. Farther along the coast, Vesuvius, the tutelary genius of the scene, arrests the eye, its vine-clad lower slopes presenting a startling contrast to the dark cone of the volcano belching out fire and smoke, a terrible earnest of the hidden powers within. On the left the graceful undulations of the Camaldoli hills descend to the beautifully indented bay of Pozzuoli, which looks like a miniature replica of the parent gulf with the volcano of Monte Nuovo for its Vesuvius. Then straight before the spectator lies a white mass like a marble quarry; this, with a white projecting line losing itself in the graceful curve of Vesuvius, resolves itself, as the steamer draws nearer, into Naples and its suburbs of Portici and Torre del Greco. Beyond, in the far background, the view is shut in by a phantom range of snowy peaks, an offshoot of the Abruzzi Mountains, faintly discerned in the purple haze of the horizon. All these varied prospects unite to form a panorama which, for beauty and extent, is hardly to be matched in Europe.

This bald and inadequate description may perhaps serve to explain one reason for the pre-eminence among the many beautiful views in the South of Europe popularly allowed to the Bay of Naples. One must attribute the æsthetic attraction of the Bay a good deal to the variety of beautiful and striking objects comprised in the view. Here we have not merely a magnificent bay with noble, sweeping curves (the deeply indented coasts of the Mediterranean boast many more extensive), but in addition we have in this comparatively circumscribed area an unequalled combination of sea, mountain, and island scenery. In short, the Gulf of Naples, with its islands, capes, bays, straits, and peninsulas, is an epitome of the principal physical features of the globe, and might well serve as an object lesson for a child making its first essay at geography. Then, too, human interest is not lacking. The mighty city of Naples, like a huge octopus, stretches out its feelers right and left, forming the straggling towns and villages which lie along the eastern and western shores of the bay. A more plausible, if prosaic, reason for the popularity of the Bay of Naples may, however, be found in its familiarity. Naples and Vesuvius are as well known to us in prints, photographs, or engravings as St. Paul's Cathedral or the Houses of Parliament. If other famous bays, Palermo or Corinth, for instance, were equally well known, that of Naples would have many rivals in popular estimation.

The traveller feels landing a terrible anticlimax. The noble prospect of the city and the bay has raised his expectations to the highest pitch, and the disenchantment is all the greater. The sordid surroundings of the port, the worst quarter of the city, the squalor and filth of the streets, preceded by the inevitable warfare with the rapacious rabble of yelling boatmen, porters, and cab-drivers, make the disillusionised visitor inclined to place a sinister interpretation on the equivocal maxim, *Vedi Napoli e poi mori*; and Goethe's aphorism, that a man can never

be utterly miserable who retains the recollection of Naples, seems to him the hollownest mockery and the cruellest irony.

The streets of Naples are singularly lacking in architectural interest. Not only are there few historic buildings or monuments, which is curious when we consider the important part Naples played in the mediæval history of the South of Europe, but there are not many handsome modern houses or palaces of any



Street in Amalfi.

pretension. Not that Naples is wanting in interest. The conventional sight-seer, who calls a place interesting in proportion to the number of pages devoted to its principal attractions in the guide-books, may, perhaps, contemptuously dismiss this great city as a place which can be sufficiently well "done" in a couple of days; but to the student of human nature Naples offers a splendid field in its varied and characteristic scenes of street life. To those who look below the surface, this vast 'hive of humanity, in which Italian life can be studied in all its varied phases and aspects, cannot be wholly commonplace.

It is a truism that the life of Naples must be seen in the streets. The street is the Nea-

politan's bedroom, dining-room, dressing-room, club, and recreation ground. The custom of making the streets the home is not confined to the men. The fair sex are fond of performing *al fresco* toilettes, and may frequently be seen mutually assisting each other in the dressing of their magnificent hair in full view of the passers-by.

As in Oriental cities, certain trades are usually confined to certain streets or alleys in the poorer quarters of the town. The names at street corners show that this custom is a long-established one. There are streets solely for cutlers, working jewellers, second-hand bookstalls, and old clothes shops (a counterpart of our Petticoat Lane), to name a few of the staple trades. The most curious of these trading-streets is one not far from the Cathedral, confined to the sale of religious wares; shrines,



NAPLES, FROM POSILIPO

tawdry images, cheap crucifixes, crosses, and rosaries make up the contents of these ecclesiastical marine stores. This distinctive local character of the various arts and crafts is now best exemplified in the Piazza degli Orefici. This square and the adjoining streets are confined to silversmiths and jewellers, and here the characteristic ornaments of the South Italian peasant women can still be bought, though they are beginning to be replaced by the cheap, machine-made abominations of Birmingham. Apart from the thronging crowds surging up and down, these narrow streets and alleys are full of dramatic interest. The curious characteristic habits and customs of the people may best be studied in the poor quarters round the Cathedral. He who would watch this shifting and ever-changing human kaleidoscope must not, however, expect to do it while strolling leisurely along. This would be as futile as attempting to stem the ebb and flow of the street currents, for the streets are narrow and the traffic abundant. A doorway will be found a convenient harbour of refuge from the long strings of heavily laden mules and donkeys which largely replace vehicular traffic. A common and highly picturesque object is the huge charcoal-burner's waggon, drawn usually by three horses abreast. The richly decorated pad of the harness is very noticeable, with its brilliant array of gaudy brass flags and the shining *repoussé* plates, with figures of the Madonna and the saints, which, together with the Pagan symbols of horns and crescents, are supposed to protect the horses from harm. Unfortunately these talismans do not seem able to protect them from the brutality of their masters. The Neapolitan's cruelty to animals is proverbial. This characteristic is especially noticeable on Festas and Sundays. A Neapolitan driver apparently considers the seating capacity of a vehicle and the carrying power of a horse to be limited only by the number of passengers who can contrive to hang on, and with anything less than a dozen perched on the body of the cart, two or three in the net, and a couple on the shafts, he will think himself weakly indulgent to his steed. It is on the Castellamare Road on a Festa that the visitor will best realise the astonishing elasticity of a Neapolitan's notions as to the powers of a beast of burden. A small pony will often be seen doing its best to drag uphill a load of twelve or fifteen hulking adults, incited to its utmost efforts by physical suasion in the form of sticks and whips, and moral suasion in the shape of shrill yells and oaths. Their diabolical din seems to give some colour to the saying that "Naples is a paradise inhabited by devils."

The *al fresco* restaurants of the streets are curious and instructive. That huge jar of oil simmering on a charcoal fire denotes a fried-fish stall, where fish and "oil-cakes" are retailed at one sou a portion. These stalls are much patronised by the very poor, with whom macaroni is an almost unattainable luxury. At street corners a snail-soup stall may often be seen, conspicuous by its polished copper pot.

The poor consider snails a great delicacy; and in this they are only following ancient customs, for even in Roman times snails were in demand, if we may judge from the number of snail-shells found among the Pompeii excavations. A picturesque feature are the herds of goats. These ambulating dairies stream through the town in the early morning. The intelligent beasts know their customers, and each flock has its regular beat, which it takes of its own accord. Sometimes the goats are milked in the streets, the pail being let down from the upper flats of the houses by a string, a pristine type of *ascenseur*. Generally, though, the animal mounts the stairs to be milked, and descends again in the most matter-of-fact manner.

The gaudily painted stalls of the iced-water and lemonade dealers give warmth of colour to the streets. There are several grades in the calling of *acquaiole* (water-seller). The lowest member of the craft is the peripatetic *acquaiole*, who goes about furnished simply with a barrel of iced water strapped on his back, and a basket of lemons slung to his waist, and dispenses drinks at two centesimi a tumbler. It was thought that the completion of the Serino aqueduct, which provides the whole of Naples with excellent water at the numerous public fountains, would do away with the time-honoured water-seller; but it seems that the poorer classes cannot do without a flavouring of some sort, and so this humble fraternity continue as a picturesque adjunct of the streets. These are only a few of the more striking objects of interest which the observer will not fail to notice in his walks through the city. But we must leave this fascinating occupation and turn to some of the regulation sights of Naples. Those interested in Neapolitan street life will find particularly graphic and accurate studies of Naples life in Mr. Neville Rolfe's "Naples in 1888."

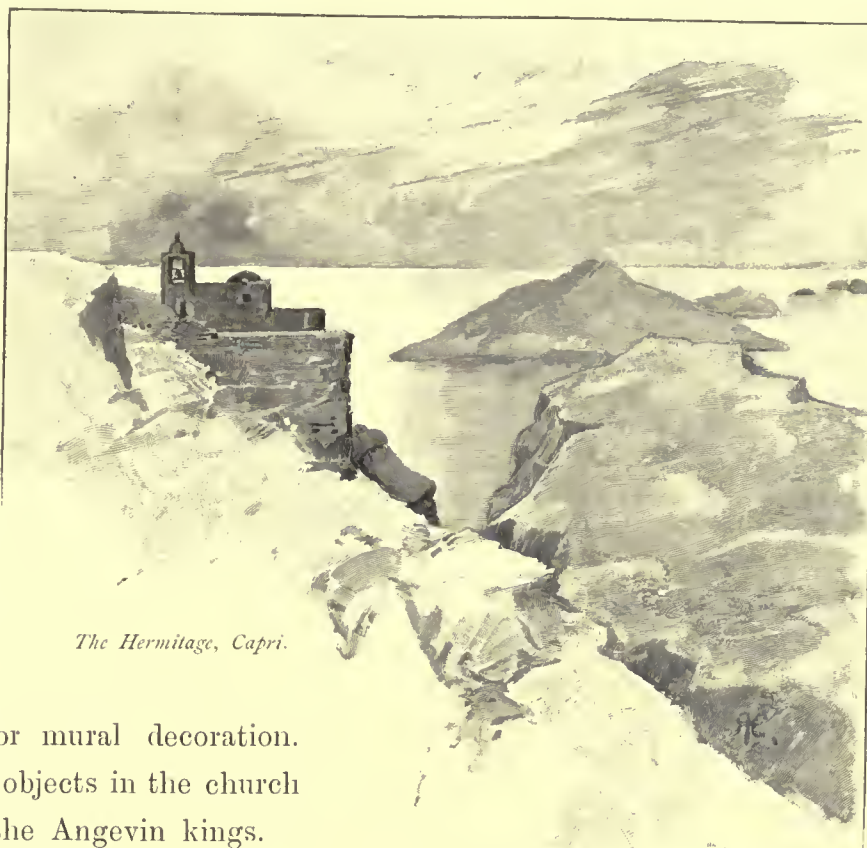
Though, in proportion to its size, Naples contains fewer sights and specific objects of interest than any other city in Italy, there are still a few public buildings and churches which the tourist should not neglect. There are quite half-a-dozen churches out of the twenty-five or thirty noticed by the guide-books which fully repay the trouble of visiting them. The Cathedral is not at present seen to advantage, as it is under repair. Its chief interest lies in the gorgeous Chapel of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples. In a silver shrine under the richly decorated altar is the famous phial containing the coagulated blood of the saint. This chapel was built at the beginning of the seventeenth century, in fulfilment of a vow by the grateful populace in honour of the saint who had saved their city "from the fire of Vesuvius by the intercession of his precious blood." St. Januarius is held in the highest veneration by the lower classes of Naples, with whom the liquefaction ceremony, which takes place twice a year, is an article of faith in which they place the most implicit reliance. The history of the holy man is too well known to need repetition here. The numerous miracles attributed to him and the legends which have



NAPLES: THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

grown round his name, would make no inconsiderable addition to the hagiological literature of Italy.

Of the other churches, Sta. Chiara, S. Domenico Maggiore, and S. Lorenzo are best worth visiting. In building Sta. Chiara the architect would seem to have aimed at embodying, as far as possible, the idea of the church militant, the exterior resembling a fortress rather than a place of worship. In accordance with the notions of church restoration which prevailed in the last century, Giotto's famous frescoes have been covered with a thick coating of whitewash, the sapient official who was responsible for the restoration considering these paintings too dark and gloomy for mural decoration. Now the most noteworthy objects in the church are the Gothic tombs of the Angevin kings.



The Hermitage, Capri.

The two churches of S. Domenico and S. Lorenzo are not far off, and the sightseer in this city of "magnificent distances" is grateful to the providence which has placed the three most interesting churches in Naples within a comparatively circumscribed area. S. Domenico should be visited next, as it contains some of the best examples of Renaissance sculpture in Naples, as Sta. Chiara does of Gothic art. It was much altered and repaired in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but still remains one of the handsomest of the Neapolitan churches. Its most important monument is the marble group in relief of the Virgin, with SS. Matthew and John, by Giovanni da Nola, which is considered to be the sculptor's best work. The Gothic church of S. Lorenzo has fortunately escaped in part the disfiguring hands of the seventeenth century restorer. This church is of some literary and historical interest, Petrarch having spent several months in the adjoining monastery; and it was here that Boccaccio saw the beautiful princess immortalised in his tales by the name of Fiammetta.

In order to appreciate the true historical and geographical significance of Naples, we must remember that the whole of this volcanic district is one great palimpsest, and that it is only with the uppermost and least important inscription that we have hitherto concerned ourselves. To form an adequate idea of this unique country we must set ourselves to decipher the earlier-written inscriptions. For this purpose we must visit the National Museum, which contains rich and unique collections of antiquities elsewhere absolutely unrepresented. Here will be found the best treasures from the buried towns of Cumæ, Herculaneum, and Pompeii. The history of nearly a thousand years may be read in this vast necropolis of ancient art.

To many, however, the living present has a deeper interest than the buried past, and to these the innumerable beautiful excursions round Naples will prove more attractive than all the wealth of antiquities in the Museum. Certainly, from a purely æsthetic standpoint, all the best things in Naples are out of it, if the bull may be allowed. To reach Pozzuoli and the classic district of Baïæ and Cumæ, we pass along the fine promenade of the Villa Nazionale (Naples' Hyde Park), which stretches from the Castello dell' Ovo (the Bastille of Naples) to the Posilipo promontory, commanding, from end to end, superb unobstructed views of the Bay. Capri, the central point of the prospect, appears to change its form from day to day, like a fairy island. Sometimes, on a cloudless day, the fantastic outlines of the cliffs stand out clearly defined against the blue sea and the still bluer background of the sky; the houses are plainly distinguished, and you can almost fancy that you can descry the groups of idlers leaning over the parapet of the little piazza, so clear is the atmosphere. Sometimes the island is bathed in a bluish haze, and by a curious atmospheric effect a novel form of *Fata Morgana* is seen, the island appearing to be lifted out of the water and suspended between sea and sky.

The grounds of the Villa Nazionale are extensive, and laid out with taste, but are disfigured by inferior plaster copies, colossal in size, of famous antique statues. It is strange that Naples, while possessing some of the greatest masterpieces of ancient sculptors, should be satisfied with these plastic monstrosities for the adornment of its most fashionable promenade. The most interesting feature of the Villa Nazionale is the Aquarium. It is not merely a show place, but an international biological station, and, in fact, the portion open to the public consists only of the spare tanks of the laboratory. This institution is the most important of its kind in Europe, and is supported by the principal European Universities, who each pay for so many "tables." England is at present represented by two marine biologists.

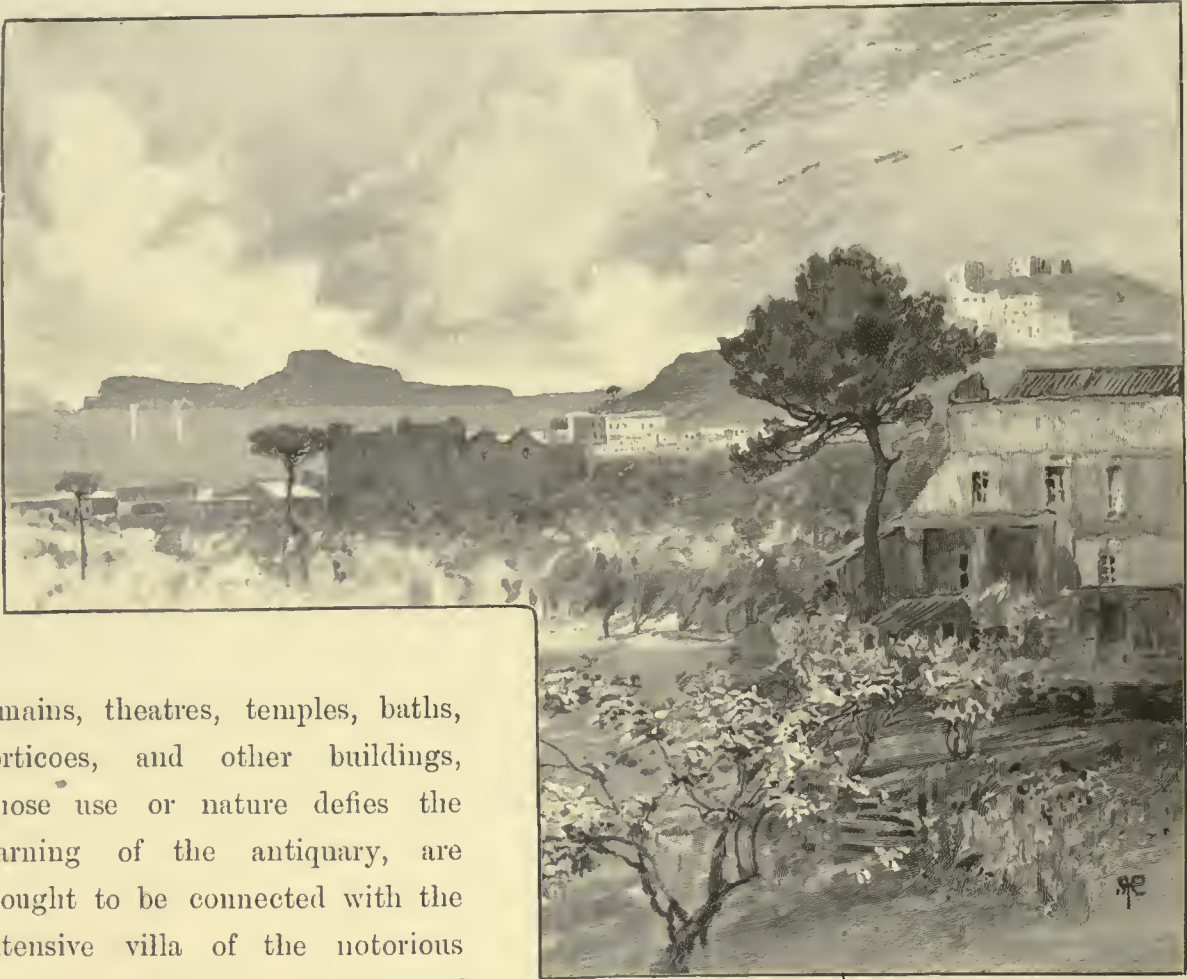
At the entrance to the tunnelled highway known as the Grotto di Posilipo, which burrows through the promontory that forms the western bulwark of Naples, and serves as a barrier to shut out the noise of that overgrown city, is a columbarium known as Virgil's Tomb. The guide-books, with their superior erudition, speak

rather contemptuously of this historic spot as the "so-called tomb of Virgil." Yet historical evidence seems to point to the truth of the tradition which has assigned this spot as the place where Virgil's ashes were once placed. A visit to this tomb is a suitable introduction to the neighbourhood of which Virgil seems to be the tutelary genius. Along the sunny slopes of Posilipo the poet doubtless occasionally wended his way to the villa of Lucullus, at the extreme end of the peninsula. Leaving the gloomy grotto, the short cut to Pozzuoli, on our right, we begin to mount the far-famed "Corniche" of Posilipo, which skirts the cliffs of the promontory. The road at first passes the fashionable Mergellina suburb, fringed by an almost uninterrupted series of villa gardens. This is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful drives in the South of Europe. Every winding discloses views which are at once the despair and the delight of the painter. At every turn we are tempted to stop and feast the eyes on the glorious prospect. Perhaps of all the fine views in and around Naples, that from the Capo di Posilipo is the most striking, and dwells longest in the memory. At one's feet lies Naples, its whitewashed houses glittering bright in the flood of sunshine. Beyond, across the deep blue waters of the gulf, Vesuvius, the evil genius of this smiling country, arrests the eye, from whose summit, like a halo,

"A wreath of light blue vapour, pure and rare,
Mounts, scarcely seen against the deep blue sky."
* * * * *
. . . . It forms, dissolving there,
The dome, as of a palace, hung on high
Over the mountains."

Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata can hardly be distinguished in this densely populated fringe of coast-line, which extends from Naples to Castellamare. Sometimes at sunset we have a magnificent effect. This sea-wall of continuous towns and villages lights up under the dying rays of the sun like glowing charcoal. The conflagration appears to spread to Naples, and the huge city is "lit up like Sodom, as if fired by some superhuman agency." This atmospheric phenomenon may remind the imaginative spectator of the dread possibilities afforded by the proximity of the ever-threatening volcano towering *in terrorem* over the thickly populated plain. There is a certain weird charm, born of impending danger, which gives the whole district a pre-eminence in the world of imagination. It has passed through its baptism of fire; and who knows how soon "the dim things below" may be preparing a similar fate for a city so rashly situated? These dismal reflections are, however, out of place on the peaceful slopes of Posilipo, whose very name denotes freedom from care (*παύσις τῆς λύπης*).

The shores of this promontory are thickly strewn with Roman ruins, which are seldom explored owing to their comparative inaccessibility. Most of the

*Capri, from Naples.*

remains, theatres, temples, baths, porticoes, and other buildings, whose use or nature defies the learning of the antiquary, are thought to be connected with the extensive villa of the notorious epicure Vedius Polio. Traces of the fish-tanks for the eels, which

Seneca tells us were fed with the flesh of disobedient slaves, are still visible. Descending the winding gradients of Posilipo, we get the first glimpse of the lovely little Bay of Pozzuoli. The view is curious and striking. So deeply and sharply indented is the coast, and so narrow and tortuous are the channels that separate the islands Ischia, Procida, and Nisida, that it is difficult to distinguish the mainland. We enjoy a unique panorama of land and sea, islands, bays, straits, capes, and peninsulas all inextricably intermingled.

Continuing our journey past the picturesque town of Pozzuoli, its semi-oriental looking houses clustered together on a rocky headland, like Monaco, we reach the hallowed ground of the classical student. No one who has read his Virgil or his Horace at school can help being struck by the constant succession of once familiar names scattered so thickly among the dry bones of the guide-books. The district between Cumæ and Pozzuoli is the *sanctum sanctorum* of classical Italy, and "there is scarcely a spot which is not identified with the poetical mythology of Greece, or associated with some name familiar in the history of Rome." Leaving Pozzuoli, we skirt the Phlegrean Fields, which, owing to



ON THE COAST OF PALERMO, LOOKING TOWARDS TERMINI.

their malaria-haunted situation, still retain something of their ancient sinister character. This tract is, however, now being drained and cultivated a good deal. That huge mound on our right, looking like a Celtic sepulchral barrow, is Monte Nuovo, a volcano, as its name denotes, of recent origin. Geologically speaking, it is a thing of yesterday, being thrown up in the great earthquake of September 30th, 1538, when, as Alexandre Dumas graphically puts it, "One morning Pozzuoli woke up, looked around, and could not recognise its position; where had been the night before a lake was now a mountain." The lake referred to is Avernus, a name familiar to all through the venerable and invariably misquoted classical tag, *facilis descensus Averni*, etc. This insignificant-looking volcanic mole-hill is the key to the physical geography of the whole district. Though the upheaval of Monte Nuovo has altered the configuration of the country round, the depopulation of this deserted but fertile country is due, not to the crater, but to the malaria, the scourge of the coast. The scarcity of houses on the western horn of the Bay of Naples is very marked, especially when contrasted with the densely populated sea-board on the Castellamare side. Leaving Monte Nuovo we come to a still more fertile tract of country, and the luxuriant vegetation of these Avernine hills "radiant with vines" contrasts pleasingly with the gloomy land "where the dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells" of the poet. The mythological



Capri.

traditions of the beautiful plain a few miles farther on, covered with vineyards and olive-groves and bright with waving corn-fields, where Virgil has placed the Elysian Fields, seem far more appropriate to the landscape as we see it. Perhaps a sense of the dramatic contrast was present in the poet's mind when he placed the *Paradiso* and the *Inferno* of the ancients so near together.

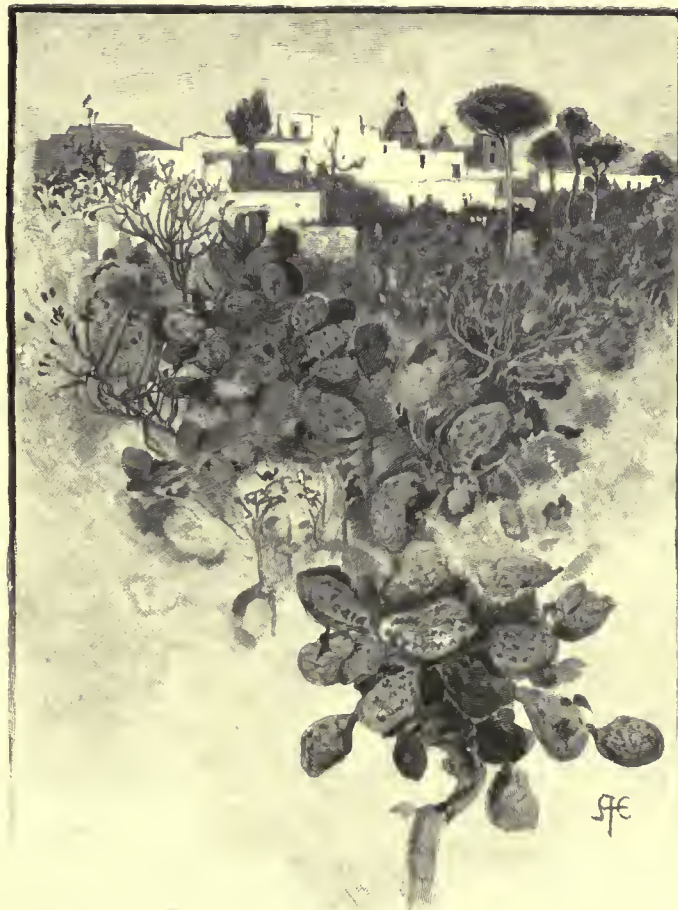
Quite apart from the charm with which ancient fable and poetry have invested this district, the astonishing profusion of ruins makes it especially interesting to the antiquary. A single morning's walk in the environs of *Baia* or *Cumæ* will reveal countless fragmentary monuments of antiquities quite outside of the stock ruins of the guide-books, which the utilitarian instincts of the country people only partially conceal, Roman tombs serving as granaries or receptacles for garden produce, temples affording stable-room for goats and donkeys, amphitheatres half-concealed by olive-orchards or orange-groves, walls of ancient villas utilised in building up the terraced vineyards; and, in short, the trained eye of an antiquary would, in a day's walk, detect a sufficient quantity of antique material almost to reconstruct another *Pompeii*. But though every acre of this antiquary's paradise teems with relics of the past, and though every bay and headland is crowded with memories of the greatest names in Roman history, we must not linger in this supremely interesting district, but must get on to the other beautiful features of the Gulf of Naples.

Capri, as viewed from Naples, is the most attractive and striking feature in the Bay. There is a kind of fascination about this rocky island-garden which is felt equally by the callow tourist making his first visit to Italy, and by the seasoned traveller who knew Capri when it was the centre of an art colony as well known as is that of Newlyn at the present day. No doubt Capri is now considered by super-sensitive people to be as hopelessly vulgarised and hackneyed as the Isle of Man or the Channel Isles, now that it has become the favourite picnicking ground of shoals of Neapolitan excursionists; but that is the fate of most of the beautiful scenery in the South of Europe, if at all easy of access. These fastidious minds may, however, find consolation in the thought that to the noisy excursionists, daily carried to and from Naples by puffing little cockle-shell steamers, the greater part of the island will always remain an undiscovered country. They may swarm up the famous steps of *Anacapri*, and even penetrate into the *Blue Grotto*, but they do not, as a rule, carry the spirit of geographical research farther.

The slight annoyance caused by the great crowds is amply compensated for by the beauties of the extraordinarily grand scenery which is to be found within the island desecrated by memories of that "deified beast *Tiberius*," as Dickens calls him. What constitutes the chief charm of the natural features of Capri are the sharp contrasts and the astonishing variety in the scenery. Rugged precipices, in height exceeding the cliffs of *Tintagel*, and in beauty and boldness of outline surpassing the

craggs of the grandest Norwegian fiords, wall in a green and fertile garden-land covered with orange-orchards, olive-groves, and corn-fields, a region as rich and productive as the Channel Islands. Cruising round this rock-bound and apparently inaccessible island, it seems a natural impregnable fortress, a sea-girt Gibraltar guarding the entrance of the gulf, girdled round with precipitous crags rising a thousand feet sheer out of the sea, the cliff outline broken by steep ravines and rocky headlands, with outworks of crags, reefs, and Titanic masses of tumbled rocks.

These physical contrasts are strikingly paralleled in the history of the island. This little speck on the earth's surface, now given up solely to fishing, pastoral pursuits, and the exploitation of tourists, and as little affected by public affairs as if it were in the midst of the Mediterranean, instead of being almost within cannon-shot of the metropolis of South Italy, has passed through many vicissitudes, conquered in turn by Phœnicians, Greeks, and Romans; under Rome little known and used merely as a lighthouse station for the benefit of the corn-galleys plying from Sicily to Naples, till the old Emperor Augustus took a fancy to it, and used it as a sanatorium for his declining years. Some years later we find this isolated rock in the occupation of the infamous Tiberius, as the seat of government from which he ruled the destinies of the whole empire. Then, to run rapidly through



Anacapri.

succeeding centuries, we find Capri, after the fall of Rome, sharing in the fortunes and misfortunes of Naples, and losing all historic individuality till the beginning of the present century, when the Neapolitan Gibraltar became a political shuttlecock, tossed about in turn between Naples, England, and France; and now it complacently accepts the destiny Nature evidently marked out for it, and has become the

sanatorium of Naples, and the Mecca of artists and lovers of the picturesque.

One cannot be many hours in Capri without being reminded of its tutelary genius Tiberius. In fact, as Mr. A. J. Symonds has forcibly expressed it, "the hoof-print of illustrious crime is stamped upon the island." All the *religio loci*, if such a phrase is permissible in connection with Tiberius, seems centred in this unsavoury personality. We cannot get away from him. His palaces and villas seem to occupy every prominent point in the island. Even the treasure-trove of the antiquary bears undying witness to his vices, and shows that Suetonius, in spite of recent attempts to whitewash the Emperor's memory, did not trust to



Vietri.

mere legends and fables for his biography. Even the most ardent students of Roman history would surely be glad to be rid of this forbidding spectre that forces itself so persistently on their attention. To judge by the way in which the simple Capriotes seek to perpetuate the name of their illustrious patron, one might almost suppose that the Emperor, whose name is proverbial as a personification of crime and vice, had gone through some process akin to canonisation.

Capri, though still famous for beautiful women, whose classic features, statuesque

forms, and graceful carriage, recall the Helens and the Aphrodites of the Capitol and Vatican, and seem to invite transfer to the painter's canvas, can no longer be called the "artist's paradise." The pristine simplicity of these Grecian-featured daughters of the island, which made them invaluable as models, is now to a great extent lost. The march of civilisation has imbued them with the commercial instinct, and they now fully appreciate their artistic value. No casual haphazard sketches of a picturesque group of peasant girls, pleased to be



Salerno.

of service to a stranger, no impromptu portraiture of a little Capriote fisher-boy, is now possible. It has become a "sitting" for a consideration, just as if it took place in an ordinary Paris atelier or a Rome studio. The idea, for which we as a nation of globe-trotters are most responsible, that the tourist is a gift of Providence, sent for their especial benefit, to be looked at in the same light as are the "kindly fruits of the earth," recalls to our mind the quaint old Indian myth of Mondamin, the beautiful stranger, with his garments green and yellow, from whose dead body sprang up the small green feathers, afterwards to be known as maize. However, the Capriotes turn their visitors to better account than that; in fact, their eminently practical notions on the point appear to gain ground in this once unsophisticated country, while the recognised methods of agriculture remain almost stationary.

The appearance of a visitor armed with sketch-book or camera is now the signal for every male and female Capriote within range to pose in forced and would-be graceful attitudes, or to arrange themselves in unnatural conventional groups: aged crones sprout up, as if by magic, on every doorstep; male loungers "lean airily on posts"; while at all points of the compass bashful maidens hover around, each balancing on her head the indispensable water-jar. These vulgarising tendencies explain why it is that painters are now beginning to desert Capri.

But we are forgetting the great boast of Capri, the Blue Grotto. Everyone has heard of this famous cave, the beauties of which have been described by Mr. A. J. Symonds in the following graphic and glowing picture in prose: Entering the crevice-like portal, "you find yourself transported to a world of wavering, subaqueous sheen. The grotto is domed in many chambers; and the water is so clear that you can see the bottom, silvery, with black-finned fishes diapered upon the blue-white sand. The flesh of a diver in this water showed like the face of children playing at snap-dragon; all around him the spray leaped up with living fire; and when the oars struck the surface, it was as though a phosphorescent sea had been smitten, and the drops ran from the blades in blue pearls." It must, however, be remembered that these marvels can only be perfectly seen on a clear and sunny day, and when, too, the sun is high in the sky. Given these favourable conditions, the least impressionable must feel the magic of the scene, and enjoy the shifting brilliancy of light and colour. The spectators seem bathed in liquid sapphire, and the sensation of being enclosed in a gem is strange indeed. But we certainly shall not experience any such sensation if we explore this lovely grotto in the company of the noisy and excited tourists who daily arrive in shoals by the Naples steamer. To appreciate its beauties the cave must be visited alone and at leisure.

Those who complain of the village of Capri being so sadly modernised and tourist-ridden will find at Anacapri some of that Arcadian simplicity they are seeking, for the destroying (æsthetically speaking) fingers of progress and civilisation have hardly touched this secluded mountain village, though scarcely an hour's walk from the "capital" of the island.

We will, of course, take the famous steps, and ignore the excellently engineered high-road that winds round the cliffs, green with arbutus and myrtle, in serpentine gradients, looking from the heights above mere loops of white ribbon. Anacapri is delightfully situated in a richly cultivated table-land, at the foot of Monte Solaro. Climbing the slopes of the mountain, we soon reach the Hermitage, where we have a fine bird's-eye view of the island, with Anacapri spread out at our feet, and the town of Capri clinging to the hillsides on our right. But a far grander view rewards our final climb to the summit. We can see clearly outlined every beautiful feature of the Bay of Naples, with its magnificent coast-line from Misenum to Sorrento

in prominent relief almost at our feet, and raising our eyes landwards we can see the Campanian Plain till it is merged in the purple haze of the Apennines. To the south the broad expanse of water stretches away to the far horizon, and to the right this incomparable prospect is bounded by that "enchanted land" where

"Sweeps the blue Salernian bay,
With its sickle of white sand,"

and on a very clear day we can faintly discern a purple, jagged outline, which shows where "Pæstum and its ruins lie."

In spite of the undeniable beauties of Capri, it seems so given up to artists and amateur photographers that it is a relief to get away to a district not quite so well known. We have left to the last, as a fitting climax, the most beautiful bit of country, not only in the neighbourhood of Naples, but in the whole of South Italy. The coast-road from Castellamare to Sorrento, Positano, and Amalfi offers a delightful alternation and combination of the softest idyllic scenery with the wildest and most magnificent mountain and crag landscape. In fact, it is necessary to exercise some self-restraint in language and to curb a temptation to rhapsodise when describing this beautiful region. The drive from Naples to Castellamare is almost one continuous suburb, and change from this monotonous succession of streets of commonplace houses to the beautiful country we reach soon after leaving the volcanic district at Castellamare is very marked. In the course of our journey we cannot help noticing the bright yellow patches of colour on the beach and the flat house-tops. This is the wheat used for the manufacture of macaroni, of which Torre dell' Annunziata is the great centre. All along the road the houses, too, have their loggias and balconies festooned with the strips of finished macaroni spread out to dry. All this lights up the dismal prospect of apparently never-ending buildings, and gives a literally local colour to the district. There is not much to delay the traveller in Castellamare, and soon after leaving the overcrowded and rather evil-smelling town we enter upon the beautiful coast-road to Sorrento. For the first few miles the road runs near the shore, sometimes almost overhanging the sea. We soon get a view of Vico, picturesquely situated on a rocky eminence, and familiar to us from Stanfield's painting. The scenery gets bolder as we climb the Punta di Scutola. From this promontory we get the first glimpse of the beautiful Piano di Sorrento. It looks like one vast garden, so thickly is it covered with vineyards, olive groves, and orange and lemon orchards, with an occasional aloe and palm tree to give an Oriental touch to the landscape. The bird's-eye view from the promontory gives the spectator a general impression of a carpet, in which the prevailing tones of colour are the richest greens and gold. Descending to this fertile plateau, we find a delightful blending of

the sterner elements of the picturesque with the pastoral and idyllic. The plain is intersected with romantic, craggy ravines and precipitous, tortuous gorges, resembling the ancient stone quarries of Syracuse, their rugged sides covered with olives, wild vines, aloes, and Indian figs. The road to Amalfi here leaves the sea and is carried through the heart of this rich and fertile region, and about three miles from Sorrento it begins to climb the little mountain range which separates the Sorrento plain from the Bay of Salerno.



Castellamare.

We can hardly, however, leave the level little town, consecrated to memories of Tasso, unvisited. Its flowers and its gardens, next to its picturesque situation, constitute the great charm of Sorrento. It seems a kind of garden-picture, its peaceful and smiling aspect contrasting strangely with its bold and stern situation. Cut off, a natural fortress, from the rest of the peninsula by precipitous gorges, like Constantine in Algeria, while its sea-front consists of a precipice descending sheer to the water's edge, no wonder that it invites comparison with such dissimilar towns as Grasse, Monaco, Amalfi, Constantine, and even with our own Ilfracombe and Torquay, according to the aspect which first strikes the visitor. After seeing Sorrento, with its astonishing wealth of flowers, the garden walls overflowing with cataracts of roses, and the scent of acacias, orange and lemon flowers pervading everything, we begin to think that, in comparing the outlying plain of Sorrento to a flower-garden, we have been too precipitate. Compared with Sorrento itself, the plain is but a



PROCIDA AND ISCHIA.

great orchard or market-garden. Sorrento is the real flower-garden, a miniature Florence, "the village of flowers and the flower of villages."

We leave Sorrento and its gardens and continue our excursion to Amalfi



Sorrento.

and Salerno. After reaching the point at the summit of the Colline del Piano, whence we get our first view of the famous Isles of the Syrens, looking far more picturesque than inviting, with their sharp, jagged outline, we come in sight of a magnificent stretch of cliff and mountain scenery. The limestone preeipices extend uninterruptedly for miles, their outline broken by a series of stupendous pinnacles, turrets, obelisks, and pyramids cutting sharply into the blue sky-line. The scenery, though so wild and bold, is not bleak and dismal. The bases

of these towering preeipices are covered with a wild tangle of myrtle, arbutus, and tamarisk, and wild vines and prickly pears have taken root in the ledges and ereviees. The ravines and gorges which relieve the uniformity of this great sea-wall of cliff have their lower slopes covered with terraced and trellised

orchards of lemons and oranges, an irregular mass of green and gold. Positano, after Amalfi, is certainly the most picturesque place on these shores, and, being less known, and consequently not so much reproduced in idealised sketches and "touched up" photographs as Amalfi, its first view must come upon the traveller rather as a delightful surprise. Its situation is curious. The town is built along each side of a huge ravine, cut off from access landwards by an immense wall of precipices. The houses climb the craggy slopes in an irregular amphitheatre, at every variety of elevation and level, and the views from the heights above give a general effect of a cataract of houses having been poured down each side of the gorge. After a few miles of the grandest cliff and mountain scenery we reach the Capo di Conca, which juts out into the bay, dividing it into two crescents. Looking west, we see a broad stretch of mountainous country, where

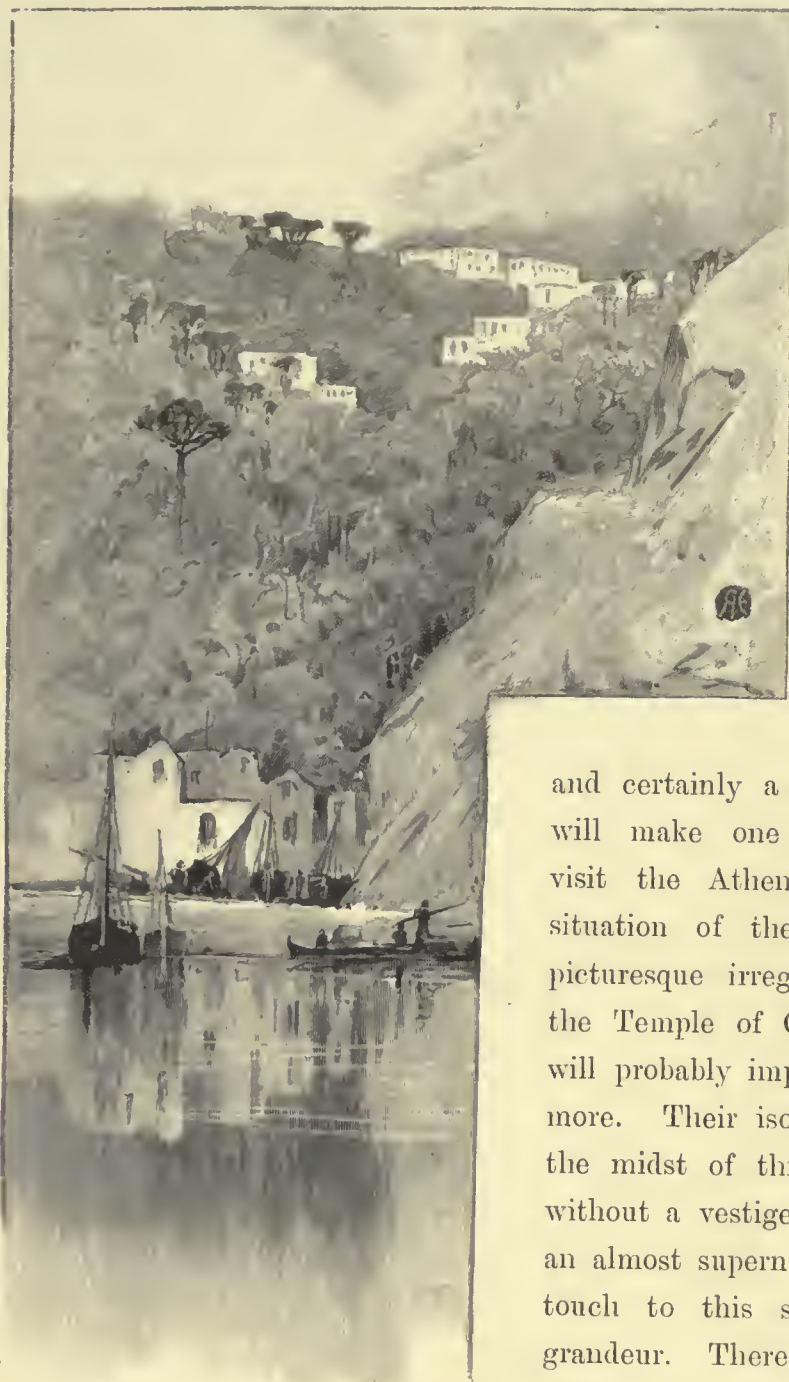
". A few white villages
Scattered above, below, some in the clouds,
Some on the margins of the dark blue sea,
And glittering through their lemon groves, announce
The region of Amalfi."

To attempt to describe Amalfi seems a hopeless task. The churches, towers, and arcaded houses, scattered about in picturesque confusion on each side of the gigantic gorge which cleaves the precipitous mountain, gay with the rich colouring of Italian domestic architecture, make up an indescribably picturesque medley of loggias, arcades, balconies, domes, and cupolas, relieved by flat, whitewashed roofs. The play of colour produced by the dazzling glare of the sun and the azure amplitude of sea and sky gives that general effect of light, colour, sunshine, and warmth of atmosphere which is so hard to portray, either with the brush or the pen. Every nook of this charming little rock-bound Eden affords tempting material for the artist, and the whole region is rich in scenes suggestive of poetical ideas.

When we look at the isolated position of this once famous city, shut off from the rest of Italy by a bulwark of precipices, in places so overhanging the town that they seem to dispute its possession with the tideless sea which washes the walls of the houses, it is not easy to realise that it was recognised in mediæval times as the first naval Power in Europe, owning factories and trading establishments in all the chief cities of the Levant, and producing a code of maritime laws whose leading principles have been incorporated in modern international law. No traces remain of the city's ancient grandeur, and the visitor is tempted to look upon the history of its former greatness as purely legendary.

The road to Salerno is picturesque, but not so striking as that between Positano and Amalfi. It is not so daringly engineered, and the scenery is tamer. Vietri is the most interesting stopping-place. It is beautifully situated at the entrance to

the gorge-like valley which leads to what has been called the "Italian Switzerland," and is surrounded on all sides by lemon and orange orchards. Salerno will not



Vico.

probably detain the visitor long, and, in fact, the town is chiefly known to English travellers as the starting-place for the famous ruins of Pæstum.

These temples, after those of Athens, are the best preserved, and certainly the most accessible, of any Greek ruins in Europe, and are a lasting witness to the splendour of the ancient Greek colony of Poseidonia (Pæstum). "*Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*," says the poet,

and certainly a visit to these beautiful ruins will make one less regret the inability to visit the Athenian Parthenon. Though the situation of the Pæstum Temple lacks the picturesque irregularity of the Acropolis, and the Temple of Girgenti in Sicily, these ruins will probably impress the imaginative spectator more. Their isolated and desolate position in the midst of this wild and abandoned plain, without a vestige of any building near, suggest an almost supernatural origin, and give a weird touch to this scene of lonely and majestic grandeur. There seems a dramatic contrast in bringing to an end at the solemn Temples of Pæstum our excursion in and around Naples.

We began with the noise, bustle, and teeming life of a great nineteenth-century city, and we have gone back some twenty-five centuries to the long-buried glory of Greek civilisation.

EUSTACE A. R. BALL.

THE NORTHERN ADRIATIC.

SO long as Venice is unvisited a new sensation is among the possibilities of life. There is no town like it in Europe. Amsterdam has its canals, but Venice is all canals; Genoa has its palaces, but in Venice they are more numerous and

more beautiful. Its situation is unique, on a group of islands in the calm lagoon. But the Venice of to-day is not the Venice of thirty years ago. Even then a little of the old romance had gone, for a long railway viaduct had linked it to the mainland. In earlier days it could be reached only by a boat, for a couple of miles of salt water lay between the city and the marshy border of the Paduan delta. Now Venice is still more changed, and for the worse. The people seem more poverty-stricken and pauperised. Its buildings generally, especially the ordinary houses, look more dingy and dilapidated. The paint seems more chipped, the plaster more peeled, the brickwork more rotten; everything seems to tell of decadence, commercial and moral, rather than of regeneration. In the case of the more important structures, indeed, the effects of time have often been more than repaired.



The Piazzetta, Venice.

Here a restoration, not seldom needless and ill-judged, has marred some venerable relic of olden days with crude patches of colour, due to modern reproductions of the ancient and original work: the building has suffered, as it must be admitted not a few of our own most precious heirlooms have suffered, from the results of zeal untempered by discretion, and the destroyer has worked his will under the guise of the restorer. We, however, in England cannot even now cast a stone at the architects of Italy, and our revilings at the "translation" of the Fondaco dei Turchi must be checked when we remember what has been done during the last few years at the Abbey of St. Alban's.

The mosquito flourishes still in Venice as it did of yore. It would be too much to expect that the winged representative of the genus should thrive less in Italian freedom than under Austrian bondage, but something might have been done to extirpate the two-legged species. He is present in force in most towns south of the Alps, but he is nowhere so abundant or so exasperating as in Venice. If there is one place in one town in Europe where the visitor might fairly desire to possess his soul in peace and to gaze in thoughtful wonder, it is in the great piazza, in front of the façade, strange and beautiful as a dream, of the duomo of St. Mark. Halt there and try to feast on its marvels, to worship in silence and in peace. Vain illusion. There is no crowd of hurrying vehicles or throng of hurrying men to interfere of necessity with your visions (there are often more pigeons than people in the piazza), but up crawls a beggar, in garments vermin-haunted, whining for "charity"; down swoop would-be guides, volunteering useless suggestions in broken and barely intelligible English; from this side and from that throng vendors of rubbish, shell-ornaments, lace, paltry trinkets, and long ribands of photographic "souvenirs," appalling in their ugliness. He who can stand five minutes before San Marco and retain a catholic love of mankind must indeed be blessed with a temper of much more than average amiability.

The death of Rome was indirectly the birth of Venice. Here in the great days of the Empire there was not, so far as we know, even a village. Invaders came, the Adriatic littoral was wrecked; its salvage is to be found among the islands of the lagoons. Aquileia went up in flames, the cities of the Paduan delta trembled before the hordes of savage Huns, but the islands of its coast held out a hope of safety. What in those days these camps of refuge must have been can be inferred from the islands which now border the mainland, low, marshy, overgrown by thickets, and fringed by reeds; they were unhealthy, but only accessible by intricate and difficult channels, and with little to tempt the spoiler. It was better to risk fever in the lagoons than to be murdered or driven off into slavery on the mainland. It was some time before Venice took the lead among these scattered settlements. It became the centre of government in the year 810, but it was well-nigh two centuries before the Venetian State attained to any real eminence. Towards this, the first and perhaps the most important step was crushing the Istrian and Dalmatian pirates. This enabled the Republic to become a great "Adriatic and Oriental Company," and to get into their hands the carrying trade to the East. The men of Venice were both brave and shrewd, something like our Elizabethan forefathers, mighty on sea and land, but men of understanding also in the arts of peace. She did battle with Genoa for commercial supremacy, with the Turk for existence. She was too strong for the former, but the latter at last wore her out, and Lepanto was one of her latest and least fruitful triumphs. Still, it was not

till the end of the sixteenth century that a watchful eye could detect the symptoms of senile decay. Then Venice tottered gradually to its grave. Its slow disintegration occupied more than a century and a half; but the French Revolution indirectly caused the collapse of Venice, for its last doge abdicated, and the city was occupied by Napoleon in 1797. After his downfall Venetia was handed over to Austria, and found in the Hapsburg a harsh and unsympathetic master. It made a vain struggle for freedom in 1848, but was at last ceded to Italy after the Austro-Prussian war in 1866.

The city is built upon a group of islands; its houses are founded on piles, for there is no really solid ground. How far the present canals correspond with the original channels between small islands, how far they are artificial, it is difficult to say; but whether the original islets were few or many, there can be no doubt that they were formerly divided by the largest, or the Grand Canal, the *Rio Alto* or Deep Stream. This takes an **S**-like course, and parts the city roughly into two halves. The side canals, which are very numerous, for the town is said to occupy one hundred and fourteen islands, are seldom wider, often rather narrower than a by-street in the City of London. In Venice, as has often been remarked, not a cart or a carriage, not even a coster's donkey-cart, can be used. Streets enough there are, but they are narrow and twisting, very like the courts in the heart of London. The carriage, the cab, and the omnibus are replaced by the gondolas. These it is needless to describe, for who does not know them? One consequence of this substitution of canals for streets is that the youthful Venetian takes to the water like a young duck to a pond, and does not stand much on ceremony in the matter of taking off his clothes. Turn into a side canal on a summer's day, and one may see the younger members of a family all bathing from their own doorstep, the smallest one, perhaps, to prevent accidents, being tied by a cord to a convenient ring; nay, sometimes as we are wandering through one of the narrow *calle* (alleys) we hear a soft patter of feet, something damp brushes past, and a little Venetian lad, lithe and black-eyed, bare-legged, bare-backed, and all but bare-breeched, shoots past as he makes a short cut to his clothes across a block of buildings, round which he cannot yet manage to swim.

In such a city as Venice it is hard to praise one view above another. There is the noble sweep of the Grand Canal, with its palaces; there are many groups of buildings on a less imposing scale, but yet more picturesque, on the smaller canals, often almost every turn brings some fresh surprise; but there are two views which always rise up in my mind before all others whenever my thoughts turn to Venice, more especially as it used to be. One is the view of the façade of San Marco from the Piazza. I shall make no apology for quoting words which describe more perfectly than my powers permit the impressions awakened by this dream-like



Venice, looking towards Lido, from the Campanile.

architectural conception. "Beyond those troops of ordered arches there rises a vision out of the earth, and all the great square seems to have opened from it in a kind of awe, that we may see it far away: a multitude of pillars and white domes clustered into a long, low pyramid of coloured light, a treasure-heap, as it seems, partly of gold and partly of opal and mother-of-pearl, hollowed beneath into five great vaulted porches, ceiled with fair mosaic and beset with sculptures of alabaster, clear as amber and delicate as ivory; sculpture fantastic and involved, of palm-leaves and lilies, and grapes and pomegranates, and birds clinging and fluttering among the branches, all twined together into an endless network of buds and plumes, and, in the midst of it, the solemn forms of angels, sceptred and robed to the feet, and leaning to each other across the gates, their features indistinct among the gleaming of the golden ground through the leaves beside them, interrupted and dim, like the morning light as it faded back among the branches of Eden when first its gates were angel-guarded long ago. And round the walls of the porches there are set pillars of variegated stones, jasper and porphyry, and deep-green serpentine, spotted with flakes of snow, and marbles that half refuse and



MOLA SAN CARLO, TRIESTE

half yield to the sunshine, Cleopatra-like, 'their bluest veins to kiss,' the shadow as it steals back from them revealing line after line of azure undulation, as a receding tide leaves the waved sand: their capitals rich with interwoven tracery, rooted knots of herbage, and drifting leaves of acanthus and vine, and mystical signs all beginning and ending in the Cross: and above them in the broad archivolts a continuous chain of language and of life, angels and the signs of heaven and the labours of men, each in its appointed season upon the earth; and above them another range of glittering pinnacles, mixed with white arches edged with scarlet flowers, a confusion of delight, among which the breasts of the Greek horses are seen blazing in their breadth of golden strength, and the St. Mark's lion, lifted on a blue field covered with stars, until at last, as if in ecstasy, the crests of the arches break into a marble foam, and toss themselves far into the blue sky in flashes and wreaths of sculptured spray, as if the breakers on the Lido shore had been frost-bound before they fell, and the sea-nymphs had inlaid them with coral and amethyst."*

This is San Marco as it was. Eight centuries had harmed it little; they had but touched the building with a gentle hand and had mellowed its tints into tender harmony; now its new masters, cruel in their kindness, have restored the mosaics and scraped the marbles; now raw blotches and patches of crude colour glare out in violent contrast with those parts which, owing to the intricacy of the carved work, or some other reason, it has been found impossible to touch. To look at St. Mark's now is like listening to some symphony by a master of harmony which is played on instruments all out of tune.

Photographs, pictures, illustrations of all kinds, have made St. Mark's so familiar to all the world that it is needless to attempt to give any description of its details. It may suffice to say that the cathedral stands on the site of a smaller and older building, in which the relics of St. Mark, the tutelary saint of Venice, had been already enshrined. The present structure was begun about the year 976, and occupied very nearly a century in building. But it is adorned with the spoils of many a classic structure: with columns and slabs of marble and of porphyry and of serpentine, which were hewn from quarries in Greece and Syria, in Egypt and Libya, by the hands of Roman slaves, and decked the palaces and the baths, the temples and the theatres of Roman cities.

The inside of St. Mark's is not less strange and impressive, but hardly so attractive as the exterior. It is plain in outline and almost heavy in design, a Greek cross in plan, with a vaulted dome above the centre and each arm. Much as the exterior of St. Mark's owes to marble, porphyry, and mosaic, it would be beautiful if constructed only of grey limestone. This could hardly be said of the interior: take away the choice stones from columns and dado and pavement, strip

* Ruskin, "Stones of Venice."

away the crust of mosaic, those richly robed figures on ground of gold, from wall and from vault (for the whole interior is veneered with marbles or mosaics), and only a rather dark, massive building would remain, which would seem rather lower and rather smaller than one had been led to expect.

The other view in Venice which seems to combine best its peculiar character with its picturesque beauty may be obtained at a very short distance from St. Mark's. Leave the façade of which we have just spoken, the three great masts, with their richly ornamented sockets of bronze, from which, in the proud days of Venice, floated the banners of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea; turn from the Piazza into the Piazzetta; leave on the one hand the huge Campanile, more huge than beautiful (if one may venture to whisper a criticism), on the other the sumptuous portico of the Ducal Palace; pass on beneath the imposing façade of the palace itself, with its grand colonnade; on between the famous columns, brought more than seven centuries since from some Syrian ruins, which bear the lion of St. Mark and the statue of St. Theodore, the other patron of the Republic; and then, standing on the Molo at the head of the Riva degli Schiavoni, look around; or better still, step down into one of the gondolas which are in waiting at the steps, and push off a few dozen yards from the land: then look back on the façade of the Palace and the Bridge of Sighs, along the busy quays of the Riva, towards the green trees of the Giardini Pubblici, look up the Piazzetta, between the twin columns, to the glimpses of St. Mark's and the towering height of the Campanile, along the façade of the Royal Palace, with the fringe of shrubbery below contrasting pleasantly with all these masses of masonry, up the broad entrance to the Grand Canal, between its rows of palaces, across it to the great dome of Santa Maria della Salute and the Dogana della Mare, with its statue of Fortune (appropriate to the past rather than to the present) gazing out from its seaward angle. Beyond this, yet farther away, lies the Isola San Giorgio, a group of plain buildings only, a church, with a dome simple in outline and a brick campanile almost without adornment, yet the one thing in Venice, after the great group of St. Mark's and the Palace of the Dukes, which impresses itself on the mind. From this point of view Venice rises before our eyes in its grandeur and in its simplicity, in its patrician and its plebeian aspects, as "a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, throned on her hundred isles . . . a ruler of the waters and their powers."

But to leave Venice without a visit to the Grand Canal would be to leave the city with half the tale untold. Its great historic memories are gathered around the Piazza of St. Mark; this is a silent witness to its triumphs in peace and in war, to the deeds, noble and brave, of its rulers. But the Grand Canal is the centre of its life, commercial and domestic; it leads from its quays to its Exchange, from the Riva degli Schiavoni and the Dogana della Mare to the Rialto. It is

*Duomo, Murano.*

bordered by the palaces of the great historic families who were the rulers and princes of Venice, who made the State by their bravery and prudence, who destroyed it by their jealousies and self-seeking. The Grand Canal is a genealogy of Venice, illustrated and engraved on stone. As one glides along in a gondola, century after century in the history of domestic architecture, from the twelfth to the eighteenth, slowly unrolls itself before us. There are palaces which still remain much as they were of old, but here and there some modern structure, tasteless and ugly, has elbowed for itself a place among them; not a few, also, have been converted into places of business, and are emblazoned with prominent placards proclaiming the trade of their new masters, worthy representatives of an age that is not ashamed to daub the cliffs of the St. Gothard with the advertisements of hotels and to paint its boulders for the benefit of vendors of chocolate!

But in the present era one must be thankful for anything that is spared by the greed of wealth and the vulgarity of a "democracy." Much of old Venice still remains, though little steamers splutter up and down the Grand Canal, and ugly iron bridges span its waters, both, it must be admitted, convenient, though hideous; still the gondolas survive; still one hears at every corner the boatman's strange

cry of warning, sometimes the only sound except the knock of the oar that breaks the silence of the liquid street. Every turn reveals something quaint and old-world. Now it is a market-boat, with its wicker panniers hanging outside, loaded with fish or piled with vegetables from one of the more distant islets; now some little bridge, now some choice architectural fragment, a doorway, a turret, an oriel, or a row of richly ornate windows, now a tiny piazzetta leading up to the façade and campanile of a more than half-hidden church; now the marble enclosure of a well. Still the water-carriers go about with buckets of hammered copper hung at each end of a curved pole; still, though more rarely, some quaint costume may be seen in the *calle*; still the dark shops in the narrow passages are full of goods strange to an English eye, and bright in their season with the flowers and fruits of an Italian summer; still the purple pigeons gather in scores at the wonted hour to be fed on the Piazza of St. Mark, and, fearless of danger, convert the distributor of a pennyworth of maize into a walking dovecot.

Still Venice is delightful to the eyes (unhappily not always so to the nose in many a nook and corner) notwithstanding the pressure of poverty and the wantonness of restorers. Perchance it may revive and yet see better days (its commerce is said to have increased since 1866); but if so unless a change comes over the spirit of



Duomo and Sta. Fosca, Torcello.

the age, the result will be the more complete destruction of all that made its charm and its wonder; so this notice may appropriately be closed by a brief sketch of one scene which seems in harmony with the memories of its departed greatness, a Venetian funeral. The dead no longer rest among the living beneath the pavement of the churches: the gondola takes the Venetian "about the streets" to the daily business of life; it bears him away from his home to the island cemetery. From some narrow alley, muffled by the enclosing masonry, comes the sound of a funeral march; a procession emerges on to the piazzetta by the water-side; the coffin is carried by long-veiled acolytes and mourners with lighted torches, accompanied by a brass band with clanging cymbals. A large gondola, ornamented with black and silver, is in waiting at the nearest landing place; the band and most of the attendants halt by the water-side; the coffin is placed in the boat, the torches are extinguished; a wilder wail of melancholy music, a more resonant clang of the cymbals, sounds the last farewell to home and its pleasures and its work; the oars are dipped in the water, and another child of Venice is taken from the city of the living to the city of the dead.

A long line of islands completely shelters Venice from the sea, so that the waters around its walls are very seldom ruffled into waves. The tide also rises and falls but little, not more than two or three feet, if so much. Thus no banks of pestiferous mud are laid bare at low water by the ebb and flow, and yet some slight circulation is maintained in the canals, which, were it not for this, would be as intolerable as cesspools. Small boats can find their way over most parts of the lagoon, where in many places a safe route has to be marked out with stakes, but for large vessels the channels are few. A long island, Malamocco by name, intervenes between Venice and the Adriatic, on each side of which are the chief if not the only entrances for large ships. At its northern end is the sandy beach of the Lido, a great resort of the Venetians, for there is good sea-bathing. But except this, Malamocco has little to offer; there is more interest in other parts of the lagoon. At the southern end, some fifteen miles away, the old town of Chioggia is a favourite excursion. On the sea side the long fringe of narrow islands, of which Malamocco is one, protected by massive walls, forms a barrier against the waves of the Adriatic. On the land side is the dreary fever-haunted region of the *Laguna Morta*, like a vast fen, beyond which rise the serrate peaks of the Alps and the broken summits of the Euganean Hills. The town itself, the Roman Fossa Claudia, is a smaller edition of Venice, joined like it to the mainland by a bridge. If it has fewer relics of architectural value it has suffered less from modern changes, and has retained much more of its old-world character.

Murano, an island or group of islands, is a tiny edition of Venice, and a much shorter excursion, for it lies only about a mile and a half away to the north of

the city. Here is the principal seat of the workers in glass; here are made those exquisite reproductions of old Venetian glass and of ancient mosaic which have made the name of Salviati noted in all parts of Europe. Here, too, is a cathedral which, though it has suffered from time, neglect, and restoration, is still a grand relic. At the eastern end there is a beautiful apse enriched by an arcade and decorated with inlaid marbles, but the rest of the exterior is plain. As usual in this part of Italy (for the external splendour of St. Mark's is exceptional) all richness of decoration is reserved for the interior. Here columns of choice stones support the arches; there is a fine mosaic in the eastern apse, but the glory of Murano is its floor, a superb piece of *opus Alexandrinum*, inlaid work of marbles and porphyries, bearing date early in the eleventh century, and richer in design than even that at St. Mark's, for peacocks and other birds, with tracery of strange design, are introduced into its patterns.

But there is another island* beyond Murano, some half-dozen miles away from Venice, which must not be left unvisited. It is reached by a delightful excursion over the lagoon, among lonely islands thinly inhabited, the garden grounds of Venice, where they are not left to run wild with rank herbage or are covered by trees. This is Torcello, the ancient Altinum. Here was once a town of note, the centre of the district when Venice was struggling into existence. Its houses now are few and ruinous; the ground is half overgrown with poplars and acacias and pomegranates, red in summer-time with scarlet flowers. But it possesses two churches which, though small in size, are almost unique in their interest, the duomo, dedicated to St. Mary, and the church of Sta. Fosca. They stand side by side, and are linked together by a small cloister. The former is a plain basilica which retains its ancient plan and arrangement almost intact. At the west* end is an octagonal baptistery, which, instead of being separated from the cathedral by an *atrium* or court, is only divided from it by a passage. The exterior of the cathedral is plain; the interior is not much more ornate. Ancient columns, with quaintly carved capitals supporting stilted semicircular arches, divide the aisles from the nave. Each of these has an apsidal termination. The high altar stands in the centre of the middle one, and behind it, against the wall, the marble throne of the bishop is set up on high, and is approached by a long flight of marble steps. On each side, filling up the remainder of the curve, six rows of steps rise up like the seats of an amphitheatre, the places of the attendant priests. The chancel, true to its name, is formed by enclosing a part of the nave with a low stone wall and railing. Opinions differ as to the date of this cathedral. According to

* I cannot answer for the accuracy of the compass indications. It did not occur to me to observe, and in Italy little heed is paid to "orientation." Rome, as the late Dean Stanley remarked, is in some respects more Protestant than Anglican churchmen.

Fergusson it was erected early in the eleventh century, but it stands on the site of one quite four centuries older, and reproduces the arrangement of its predecessor if it does not actually incorporate portions of it. Certainly the columns and capitals in the nave belong, as a rule, to an earlier building. Indeed, they have probably done duty more than once, and at least some of them were sculptured before the name of Attila had been heard of in the delta of the North Italian rivers.

The adjoining church of Sta. Fosca is hardly less interesting. An octagonal case, with apses at the eastern end, supports a circular drum, which is covered



• *Chioggia, looking towards the Adriatic.*

by a low conical roof, and a cloister or corridor surrounds the greater part of the church. This adds much to the beauty of the design, the idea, as Fergusson remarks, being evidently borrowed from the circular colonnades of the Roman temples. He also justly praises the beauty of the interior. In this church also, which in its present condition is not so old as the cathedral, the materials of a much older building or buildings have been employed. But over these details or the mosaics in the cathedral we must not linger, and must only pause to mention the curious stone chair in the adjacent court which bears the name of the throne of Attila; perhaps, like the chair of the Dukes of Carinthia, it was the ancient seat of the chief magistrate of the island.



RIVA DEI SCHIAVONI, VENICE.

There are two ways of journeying from Venice to Trieste, one by sea, the other by land. On the former, except at the beginning and the end, the coast is left far away; and even if the course of the steamer were to lie nearer to the land but little could be seen except the dim outlines of distant hills, for broad and low alluvial plains intervene between them and the sea. The railway also avoids the coast, and passes some distance inland near to or along the foot of the hills; for towns are few and small, and the population is sparse on the level marshy delta of the Piave and the Tagliamento. So, although there is some pretty scenery when the railway begins to hug the hills; though there are one or two towns of interest passed *en route*; though a fine old cathedral and a small village among fragments of ruin near the embouchure of the Tagliamento indicate the site of Aquileia, that great city which Attila and his hordes destroyed, we will pass on at once across the Austrian frontier to the chief port of the Northern Adriatic.



Villa Miramar, near Trieste.

Trieste in aspect is the opposite to

Venice. The latter looks more picturesque than prosperous, the former more prosperous than picturesque. The one owes more to art than to nature, the other more to nature than, in a certain sense, to art. Still, as will be seen, there are in Trieste one or two nooks where the antiquarian will be rewarded. In the forefront is a fine modern seaport, but behind this and encompassed by this is an old-fashioned town. The beauty of the situation is beyond question. The modern town, with its harbours, occupies a level tract of land, part of which has been reclaimed from the sea. At the mouth of a small rocky valley, overlooked by the spurs of the Istrian hills, the situation of Trieste, though on a much larger scale, reminds one a little of that of Hastings. The town covers the

narrow space between the water's edge and the hills, up the slopes of which it climbs. A broad quay intervenes between the sea and a line of blocks of large and lofty buildings. These at one place, where they are grandest, form a kind of square, open on the western side to the sea; among them are the palatial offices of the Austrian Lloyd Company and the fine group of the new municipal buildings. Projecting moles enclose the harbours, old and new, and from the end of one of these rises a lofty lighthouse. Nearer to the railway station, which is at the northern end of Trieste, the continuity of the buildings is again broken; this time by a large dock, which enables the vessels to discharge their cargoes almost at the doors of the warehouses. At the head of this rises the church of St. Antonio, a large building in a modern Greek style. In all this part of Trieste the streets are broad and level, paved with slabs of stone; the shops are large, the houses high and substantial, and often really handsome. On each side of the valley, which has been mentioned above, the town mounts the slopes. The houses stand thickest upon the southern side, where they climb up the hill and cluster round a fortress on the summit. This is the old town of Trieste. Its narrow, winding streets so steep as to be ill suited for vehicles; its long flights of steps affording to foot passengers a more direct line of ascent; its old and often shabby houses, form a contrast as complete as possible with the modern seaport below. For more than twenty centuries there has been a town upon this headland, and among these houses we must search for whatever relics of antiquity Trieste may have to show. The most important is almost on the summit of the hill, on a little plateau, if it deserves the name, just below and outside the walls of the castle. It may be reached more quickly by one of those long flights of steps. On this, as we rise higher, we find a beggar posted at each angle, a position discreetly chosen, for here of necessity the short-winded visitor must halt to take breath, and thus cannot avoid giving ear to the petitioner. It must be a matter for a refined calculation to ascertain which is the most lucrative position; for though the halts must perforce become longer with each flight mounted, the supply of kreutzers, like that of breath, may begin to run short.

These steps lead us to an open piazza, bounded on one side by a terrace wall, on the other by an old-looking church with a low campanile. This is the *duomo* of Trieste, dedicated to San Giusto. It seems at first sight hardly more than a very ordinary parish church: small and mean for the cathedral of such an important town; but on closer examination it makes up in interest for any deficiency in architectural splendour. On approaching the west front we notice two plain, deep arches at the base of the tower. These lay bare to view the basement and two columns of a building evidently Roman. Higher up part of the frieze of a temple is incorporated into the masonry. Another column is built into the south wall near its eastern angle. We look through an open door into the lower chamber of the same tower and see more

columns. On each side of the west doorway halves of Roman tombs, with rudely carved heads, are built into the wall. The interior of the church is not less interesting than the exterior. It consists of a central nave with side aisles; the latter also are flanked by narrow aisles at a slightly higher level. These are divided one from another by plain semicircular arches resting on columns. The material probably is marble or granite, but it is, or was, hidden by a casing of red stuff, a detestable kind of decoration which is too common in southern Europe. The capitals, like the columns, are varied in size, design and date. Some are Roman, others appear to be Byzantine, probably of a rather early date. Above these are impost blocks, which also

vary so as to bring the spring of the arches to a uniform level. It is evident that this part of the cathedral is very ancient; a fragment of an old basilica, in the building of which the materials of a temple of pre-Christian times were used. At the eastern end are apses, and in



Bay of Parenzo.

those terminating the aisles some curious ancient mosaics still remain. The rest of the church is assigned to the fourteenth century, but the original basilica is supposed to have been erected in the sixth century, or perhaps a little earlier. In the later work of this church there is nothing remarkable, but some who cherish the memory of a "conquered cause" may find an interest in gazing at the slab which covers the remains of Don Carlos, brother of Ferdinand VII. of Spain.

Nothing is known of Trieste until the first century before the present era, when it was conquered by the Romans. A colony appears to have been established at Tergeste before 51 B.C., for in that year it was attacked and plundered by some of its wild neighbours. To protect it against a recurrence of this mishap, Octavianus afterwards fortified the town. On the break-up of the Roman Empire Tergeste shared the fate of Istria, and passed under various hands; and then it maintained

an independent existence under its Counts, and after a long struggle with Venice it secured itself from that Power in 1389 by invoking the protection of Leopold of Austria, into which realm it was ultimately absorbed. But for a long time



Arco di Riccardo, Trieste.

Tergeste was a much less important place than Aquileia, which was the principal Roman harbour at the north end of the Adriatic. The rise of Trieste began early in the eighteenth century, when it was made a free port by Charles VI., and was especially fostered by Maria Theresa, his daughter. Now it is the chief mercantile port of the Austrian Empire, and engrosses almost the whole trade of the Adriatic. Its population in the middle of the last century was under seven thousand; it is now more than ten times that number. In 1880 the town itself was said to contain seventy-four thousand five hundred and forty-four inhabitants, with about sixty thousand more in the suburbs. As may be supposed, there is a great mixture of races, but the majority are Italian. It is the headquarters of the Austrian Lloyd Company, the seat of the bishopric of Capo d'Istria, and the centre of government of

Istria. Italy casts longing eyes at Trieste: all the district between it and the frontier forms part of the *Italia irredenta* for which its more noisy patriots continue to clamour. But this is too valuable to be given up by Austria, except

under the compulsion of the direst disaster. The cession of Trieste would mean the loss of her finest port on the Adriatic. If one may judge by appearances, the inhabitants are better off as they are; for even if the dual government is neither particularly wealthy nor prosperous, still less is that of United Italy. Each nation, like every other one in Europe, has formidable breakers ahead, but the future of the latter is certainly not more hopeful than that of the former. Italy is crushed down by debt and taxation, and has its hands full enough for many a year to come. It would do well to set in order the land which it has obtained, to make the lazy industrious and the liars truthful and the thieves honest, before it seeks to remove its neighbour's landmark and to acquire a territory to which it has only a sentimental claim.

But before quitting Trieste let us try to give some slight idea of the surrounding scenery. Except for its situation, as has been said, and on account of its palatial structures facing the sea, the town itself is not particularly attractive: it is a mass of white or light-coloured houses, covered with pantile roofs of low pitch, light red in colour, but here and there assuming a grey tint from long exposure to the weather, crowding up the steep hillside, and overlooked by the grey-brown walls of the citadel and the low tower of the cathedral. This mass of buildings is unbroken by spires or tall campaniles, only a few low domes interrupting the straight lines of the roofs. Beyond the buildings the surrounding slopes are covered in the smoother parts by vineyards, varied occasionally by olive, mulberry, and fig-trees; in the rougher by small Spanish chestnuts, scrub-oak, and pines. Sometimes the bare rock shows through the foliage, alternating bands of brown stone and darker shale, here and there strangely



Capo d'Istria.

twisted. This rock forms the rising ground at the back of the town, and it is prolonged to the north-west in a long, wooded hill which shelves down to the sea. From among the woods on this low promontory, half a league or so away, gleams a pale-grey mass of buildings, the Castle of Miramar; and at the back, not here only, but all along to the north, rises a higher line of hills, bedded limestone, bare and grey, the outer zone of the Julian Alps, a vast mass of hard cream-coloured limestone, which not only sweeps round the head of the Adriatic, but extends league after league along its eastern margin. Southward, beyond the Molo di Santa Teresa and the neighbouring inland slope, the Istrian hills rise, headland after headland, blue in the distance, above the glittering sea.

This Castle of Miramar, with its central tower standing among dark woods and overlooking the water, conspicuous in every view from Trieste, is a silent memorial of a melancholy history. It was the favourite home of the ill-fated Maximilian, brother of the reigning Emperor of Austria, and his yet more ill-fated wife. Here for a few happy years he devoted himself to study and to patriotic work, until he accepted, against his own desire, the position of Emperor of Mexico, and quitted Miramar to undertake the government of a semi-civilised and disunited nation. How the project failed is a matter of history. Betrayed by a traitor, he was shot at Queretaro by the order of President Juarez, the leader of his opponents; a useless murder which ended the most tragic episode of our own times.

Not many words are needed to describe the Istrian coast for several leagues south of Trieste. It shelves gently upwards, a land of rolling hills, of pale-grey barren rock, and low woods more grey than green. Here and there on the crest of a hill, here and there near the water-side, is a village or townlet, a group of light-coloured houses clustering round a campanile, which in aspect reproduces, though on a humbler scale, that of San Marco at Venice. Yet farther inland the hills rise higher, recalling the Jura in their outline, tame in colour, at any rate in the late autumn, but becoming blue in the distance. Capo d'Istria lies back in its bay, far away from the path of the larger steamers, but it can be reached by land or by a special boat from Trieste. The town stands on an island which is connected with the mainland by a causeway. This is a memorial of the French intrusion into this region: they blew up an old castle and constructed the road. The influence of Venice is very perceptible both in the plan and the architecture of the town, and some of the buildings are interesting. Capo d'Istria occupies the site of the Roman Justinopolis, and the Pallazzo Publico, a curious mediæval building, is said to take the place of a temple of Cybele. Pirano (recalling the Roman Pareatium), a rather large town on its projecting headland, is made conspicuous by its church, a basilica built by Bishop Euphræim in the sixth century. Its old fortress is a memorial of more troublous times, though it is more recent than the date of that great historic sea-fight when the

fleet of Venice destroyed that of the Emperor Frederick I. His son Otho was among the prizes of victory. A more permanent memorial of this was the ring which the Pope sent to the Doge Ziani on his return to Venice, as a symbol that the city could claim the sovereignty of the Adriatic.

Rovigno stands finely on a headland; the great church overlooks the sea from its terraced site, and its tall campanile, in outline recalling that of San Marco, but crowned by a statue, is seen for many a mile of the Adriatic. On the landward slope and on each side, the town, a clustered mass of square-built, light-coloured houses, slopes downwards from this common centre. It is pleasantly wooded and terminates in two rows of limestone cliffs. As an additional protection, one long island and two islets, on one of which is a ruined church, rise from the sea. The limestone hills in the background are shaded with forests or planted with olives; for the oil of this district is noted, and still more the wine, the latter being considered to be the best made in Istria. It is very dark in colour, and is stronger than most of the *vin ordinaire* of Italy.

But the traveller will forget this monotony when he reaches Pola, a town hardly less remarkable for its situation than for its antiquities. Nature seems to have designed it for a great naval station; such it was in Roman times, such it is at the present day. The sea runs up into the land, or the land runs out into the sea, for either statement is quite accurate or quite the reverse; in short, there is here a land-locked bay entered by a comparatively narrow channel, and its southern side is formed by a peninsula which at one place is almost cut through. The town itself lies some little distance on the land side of this narrow neck, so that its harbour is safe from wave and storm and its quays and shipping can be guarded by forts which keep hostile fleets at a distance. It stretches along by the side of the bay, being built on the slope of a low limestone hill of the usual character, still more protected by a flat island, which has now been linked to the mainland by a causeway. By its modern development into an important naval arsenal, which has studded its shores with sheds and slips and factories and storehouses, its classic relics have been thrown a little into the shade, and its picturesqueness has been seriously diminished; but the vast mass of its amphitheatre cannot be hid, and looms up grim and grand in every view, the most conspicuous but by no means the only memorial of its Roman masters.

Pola, in fact, is a place of great antiquity. No one knows when it was founded or by whom. A legend attributes it to colonists from Colchis who were in pursuit of Medea; but this will not avail with modern sceptics. It was at any rate founded before the Romans conquered Istria, two centuries before the Christian era. Even then it was a town of importance, but later on it was almost destroyed by Julius Cæsar as a penalty for having taken the side of Pompey. Prosperity, however, returned

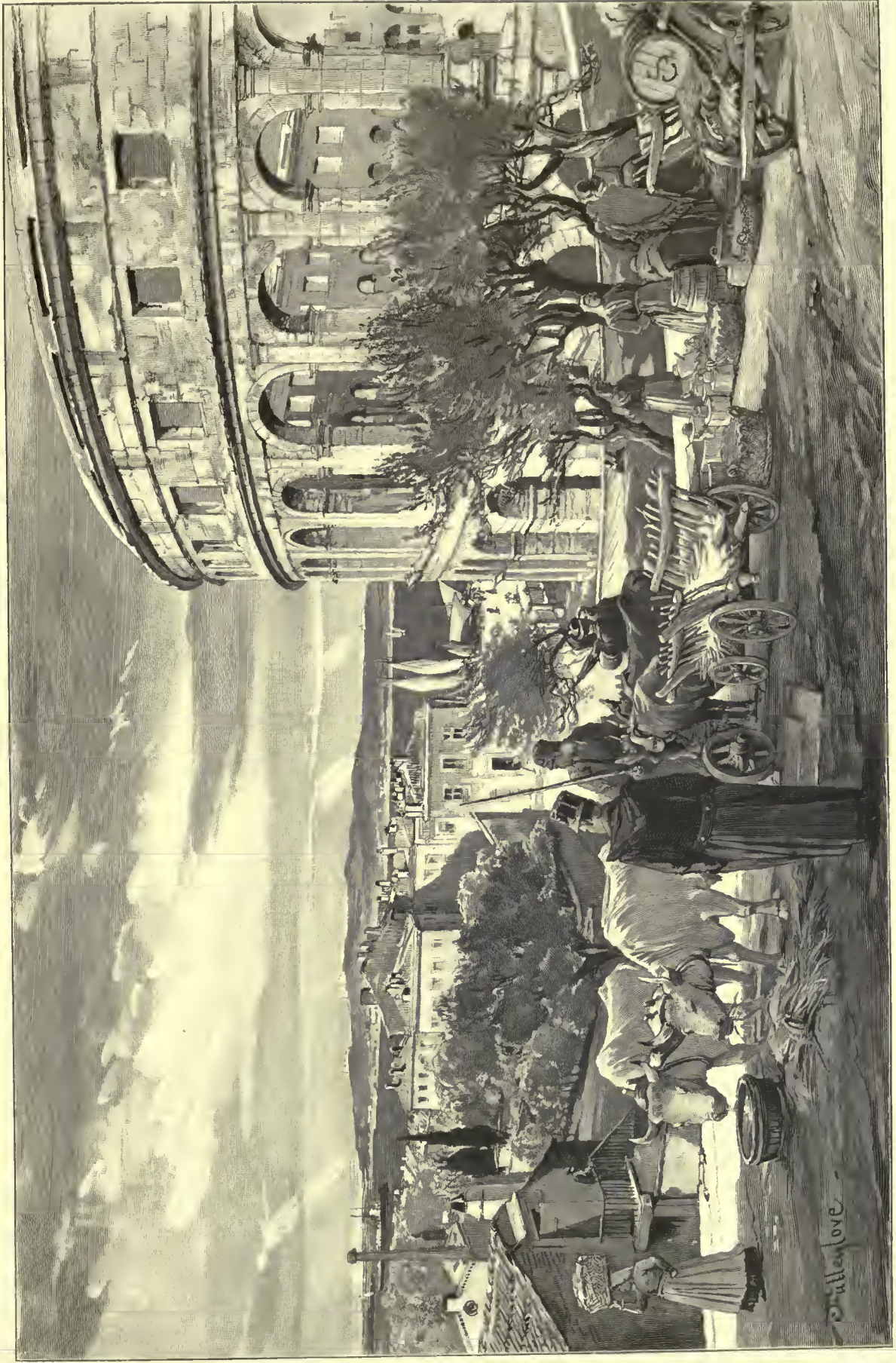
with Augustus, who made it a Roman colony, and gave it the name of Pietas Julia, in honour of his daughter. It was a place of gloomy memories to the Constantine family. To Pola, Crispus, eldest son of Constantine the Great, was brought a captive, and there he perished by an unknown mode of death, one thing only being clear, that it was not a natural one. At Pola also, some years later, Gallus, the nephew of the emperor, was executed by the order of his cousin Constantine. In later times we read of the fleet of Belisarius lying at anchor in the harbour, waiting to carry the imperial army to Italy to do battle with the Goth. But



Rovigno.

in the Middle Ages its history is, like that of the other seaports on the Eastern Adriatic, by no means one of uninterrupted peace, though without episodes of general interest, till at last, in the present century, it passed finally into the hands of Austria. It is now a comparatively large town, but as it is near some tracts of marshy land, it is said to be a rather unhealthy one.

Roman remains are not rare, and are sufficiently important to have attracted much notice from antiquaries. Parts of the old town wall, with some of the gates, still remain. Just within the entrance from the harbour is a small triumphal arch, flanked by Corinthian columns, and which bears the name of the Arco del Sergio. It was erected, as is stated by an inscription which still remains, by one Salvia Postuma, wife of a member of that family, as a memorial of her husband's safe return from a



THE AMPHITHEATRE, POLA.

successful campaign. On one side of the market-place are the remains of two small Roman temples. One of them, dedicated to Augustus and Rome, is still fairly perfect; the other, of which only a fragment is left, is incorporated into the mediæval Palazzo Pubblico, a Venetian structure, and is said to have been dedicated to Diana. Hardly anything of the ancient theatre is now left, though it was standing so late as the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the glory of Pola is its amphitheatre, which is situated on the northern side of the town. This is remarkable in more than one respect. It is a massive oval wall, pierced, as usual, with openings. This is only the shell of the ancient building. In the amphitheatres at Rome and at Verona much of the interior still remains, though part of the exterior has been quarried away. At Nismes and at Arles both the one and the other are still fairly perfect; at Pola corridors, staircases, seats, have all disappeared, with the exception of a few shapeless masses of masonry which protrude from the sward, and only this enormous ring of arches still remains in solitary grandeur. This amphitheatre is built on sloping ground. Thus on the western side the wall is formed by a sub-basement supporting two tiers of arches, over which is a line of square openings; but at the opposite side the building consists only of two storeys, the second tier of arches resting upon the ground. Externally, however, it is not quite an unbroken oval. There are four projections at equal distances, which appear to have been built to contain staircases; as, however, these are constructed of a different stone from that of the main wall, it has been doubted whether they are part of the original design. It is supposed that the seats and other internal fittings were of wood. This seems very probable, for otherwise it is nearly impossible to explain why the interior, where the masonry would be coarser and of less valuable materials, has been almost completely destroyed, while the exterior has been left generally in good preservation. Mr. Fergusson, in his "Handbook of Architecture," states that this amphitheatre belongs certainly "to the last days of the Western Empire," like that of Verona. "It presents all the features of the last stage of transition; the order is still seen, or rather is everywhere suggested, but so concealed and kept subordinate that it does not at all interfere with the general effect. But for these faint traces we should possess in this amphitheatre one specimen entirely emancipated from incongruous Grecian forms; but, as before remarked, Rome perished just on the threshold of the new style."

The streets of the older part of Pola, as is usual in these East Adriatic towns, are narrow and picturesque; but there are no mediæval buildings of special importance, though the Duomo, the old Franciscan Convent, and the Palazzo Pubblico, already mentioned, are not without interest. Perhaps the most striking feature about Pola, though certainly it does not make it more attractive to the artist, is the curious contrast between old and new, as the town opens out in

emerging from the narrow channel by which the landlocked harbour (ample enough, it is said, to contain the whole British navy, and deep enough for the largest three-decker to lie nearly close in shore) is approached. "Extensive fortifications for its defence have been erected, numerous detached forts on all the heights around, and batteries on the island of the Scoglio Grande, which command the entrance, crossing their fire with others along the shore." Then down by the waterside, and on the Olive Island, are docks and cranes, and factories and shipyards, all the appliances of another Woolwich or Chatham; but still conspicuous in every view is the great wall of the amphitheatre, a memorial of a dead and gone empire and of a pagan society. But if this proclaims that "the Galilean has conquered," Pola mutely asserts that there is not yet "peace upon earth."

The Istrian coast, south of Pola, retains its irregular outline up to the long headland which terminates at Cape Promontore. Between this and the Dalmatian coast there is a wide interval, which gradually narrows towards the north. This, however, is very far from being one unbroken expanse of sea; it is interrupted by a number of islands, two or three of them of large size, and is thus broken up into distinct gulfs and channels, which end at last in the almost landlocked Gulf of Fiume. Thus on the eastern side the scenery is far more varied and more pretty than it is along the western shore of Istria. Still, as the same kind of rock prevails everywhere, the general outlines are very similar. Inland, to the east, the long line of the Velebich Mountains closes the view. These rise to a slightly greater height, and are rather bolder in outline than the hills of Istria, and sometimes become rather craggy towards the summits. On each side of the gulf the usual rounded limestone hills occupy the foreground, dotted here and there with pines; and the islands are simply repetitions, outlying patches, of the same kind of scenery, the larger often being almost indistinguishable from the mainland. During the day the sails of the fishing boats often vary the foreground colours, orange and red, white and brown, arranged sometimes in quaint patterns; but the evening tide is the witching hour in the Gulf of Fiume. Then a golden light suffuses the sky; the Istria hills, as the sun disappears behind them, change into purple shadows, darkening in the valleys, though a glory lingers yet about their summits; but on those of Croatia the bare cold limestone begins to glow like molten gold. On the calm sea the reflected tints of sky and land slowly chase one another across its surface, as bars of amber and of purple, or are mingled where it dimples into a delicate web of colour. Fiume itself stands on the eastern side of the head of the gulf, climbing up the flank of a line of hills which, here as everywhere, rises almost at once from the margin of the sea. The situation is pretty, and Fiume, like Trieste, consists of a new town and an old one, the former with spacious streets of modern mansions, the latter with narrow lanes and crowded houses. Fiume, however, is not nearly so important a place as

Trieste, and has little to detain a traveller with the exception of a Roman arch, attributed to Claudius II., which exists in fair preservation in one of its narrow streets, and a ruined castle in the neighbourhood, unless he should like to ascend the long flight of steps to the *Wallfahrtskirche*, or Pilgrimage Church, and see a copy of the picture of the Virgin which was painted by St. Luke, and the spot where the *Santa Casa* rested on its aerial flight from Nazareth to Loreto.

The harbour of Fiume is a fine one, and the water is deep, so that the largest vessels can lie alongside the quay. This is a free port, so named, it



Pirano, from the Sea.

appeared to me, on the principle of Bottom's dream. Two years since, as soon as the traveller landed, he fell into the clutches of a Customs officer, a genuine continental Customs officer too, one of "the good old times"; the species of animal that rummages the last corner of the tiniest hand-bag, that is suspicious of a sponge-bag and is

puzzled by a tooth-brush; that smells contraband in a soap-box, and sniffs suspiciously at a half emptied medicine bottle. All this pantomime is gone through on the quay, about a quarter of a mile from the railway station, and with passengers landing from Dalmatia, also, one supposed, part of the Austrian dominions. Fiume, however, is in Hungary, so this may be one of the blessings of Home Rule. But suppose that the traveller, not intending to pass the night in the town, proceeds direct to the railway station and deposits his luggage there. Before he can depart it is subjected to another rummage by another set of officials no less intelligent! Fiume ceases to be a free port in a few months; perhaps then it will become more like other places. At present one feels inclined to define its freedom as "that which most obstructs the traveller."

T. G. BONNEY.



Antibes.

THE RIVIERA.

“OH, Land of Roses, what bulbul shall sing of thee?” In plain prose, how describe the garden of Europe? The Riviera! Who knows, save he who has been there, the vague sense of delight which the very name recalls to the poor winter exile, banished by frost and cold from the fogs and bronchitis of our inhospitable northern island? What visions of grey olives, shimmering silvery in the breeze on terraced mountain slopes! What cataracts of Marshal Niels, falling in rich profusion over grey limestone walls! What aloes and cactuses on what sun-smitten rocks! What picnics in December beneath what cloudless blue skies! Even now, as I sit here and write these lines on a mellow English June morning, with the white clematis and the tall irises looking lovingly in at my study window, I pause for a moment to give a sigh of regret for that beloved Antibes which I quitted six weeks ago. For to those who know and appreciate it best, the Riviera is something more than mere scenery and sunshine. It is life, it is health, it is strength, it is rejuvenescence. The return to it in autumn is as the renewal of youth. Its very

faults are dear to us, for they are the defects of its virtues. We can put up with its dust when we remember that dust means sun and dry air; we can forgive its staring white roads when we reflect to ourselves that they depend upon almost unfailing fine weather and bright, clear skies, when northern Europe is wrapped in fog and cold and wretchedness.



Fisher Folk, Riviera.

And what is this Riviera that we feeble folk who "winter in the south" know and adore so well? Has everybody been there, or may one venture even now to paint it in words once more for the twentieth time? Well, after all, how narrow is our conception of "everybody"! I suppose one out of every thousand inhabitants of the British Isles, at a moderate estimate, has visited that smiling coast that spreads its en-

trancing bays between Marseilles and Genoa; my description is, therefore, primarily for the nine hundred and ninety-nine who have not been there. And even the thousandth himself, if he knows his Cannes and his Mentone well, will not grudge me a reminiscence of those delicious gulfs and those charming headlands that must be indelibly photographed on his memory.

The name Riviera is now practically English. But in origin it is Genoese. To those seafaring folk, in the days of the Doges, the coasts to east and west of their own princely city were known, naturally enough, as the Riviera di Levante

and the Riviera di Ponente respectively, the shores of the rising and the setting sun. But on English lips the qualifying clause "di Ponente" has gradually in usage dropped out altogether, and we speak nowadays of this favoured winter resort, by a somewhat illogical clipping, simply as "the Riviera." In our modern and specially British sense, then, the Riviera means the long and fertile strip of coast between the arid mountains and the Ligurian Sea, beginning at St. Raphael and ending at Genoa. Hyères, it is true, is commonly reckoned of late among Riviera towns, but by courtesy only. It lies, strictly speaking, outside the charmed circle. One may say that the Riviera, properly so called, has its origin where the Estérel abuts upon the Gulf of Fréjus, and extends as far as the outliers of the Alps skirt the Italian shore of the Mediterranean.

Now, the Riviera is just the point where the greatest central mountain system of all Europe topples over most directly into the warmest sea. And its best-known resorts, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, occupy the precise place where the very axis of the ridge abuts at last on the shallow and basking Mediterranean. They are therefore as favourably situated with regard to the mountain wall as Pallanza or Riva, with the further advantage of a more southern position and of a neighbouring extent of sunny sea to warm them. The Maritime Alps cut off all northerly winds; while the hot air of the desert, tempered by passing over a wide expanse of Mediterranean waves, arrives on the coast as a delicious breeze, no longer dry and relaxing, but at once genial and refreshing. Add to these varied advantages the dryness of climate due to an essentially continental position (for the Mediterranean is after all a mere inland salt lake), and it is no wonder we all swear by the Riviera as the fairest and most pleasant of winter resorts. My own opinion, after trying the greater part of the places within six or seven days' journey of London, remains always unshaken, that Antibes, for climate, may fairly claim to rank as the best spot in Europe or round the shores of the Mediterranean.

Not that I am by any means a bigoted Antipolitan. I have tried every other nook and cranny along that delightful coast, from Carqueyranne to Cornigliano, and I will allow that every one of them has for certain purposes its own special advantages. All, all are charming. Indeed, the Riviera is to my mind one long feast of delights. From the moment the railway strikes the sea near Fréjus the traveller feels he can only do justice to the scenery on either side by looking both ways at once, and so "contracting a squint," like the sausage-seller in Aristophanes. Those glorious peaks of the Estérel alone would encourage the most prosaic to "drop into poetry," as readily as Mr. Silas Wegg himself in the mansion of the Boffins. How am I to describe them, those rearing masses of rock, huge tors of red porphyry, rising sheer into the air with their roscate crags from a deep green base of Mediterranean pinewood? When the sun strikes their sides, they glow like fire. There they lie

in their beauty, like a huge rock pushed out into the sea, the advance-guard of the Alps, unbroken save by the one high-road that runs boldly through their unpeopled midst, and by the timider railway that, fearing to tunnel their solid porphyry depths, winds cautiously round their base by the craggy sea-shore, and so gives us as we pass endless lovely glimpses into sapphire bays with red cliffs and rocky lighthouse-crowned islets. On the whole, I consider the Estérel, as scenery alone, the loveliest "bit" on the whole Riviera; though wanting in human additions, as nature it is the best, the most varied in outlet, the most vivid in colouring.

Turning the corner by Agay, you come suddenly, all unawares, on the blue bay of Cannes, or rather on the Golfe de la Napoule, whose very name betrays unintentionally the intense newness and unexpectedness of all this populous coast, this "little England beyond France" that has grown up apace round Lord Brougham's villa on the shore by the mouth of the Siagne. For when the bay beside the Estérel received its present name, La Napoule, not Cannes, was still the principal village on its bank. Nowadays, people drive over on a spare afternoon from the crowded fashionable town to the slumbrous little hamlet; but in olden days La Napoule was a busy local market when Cannes was nothing more than a petty hamlet of Provençal fishermen.

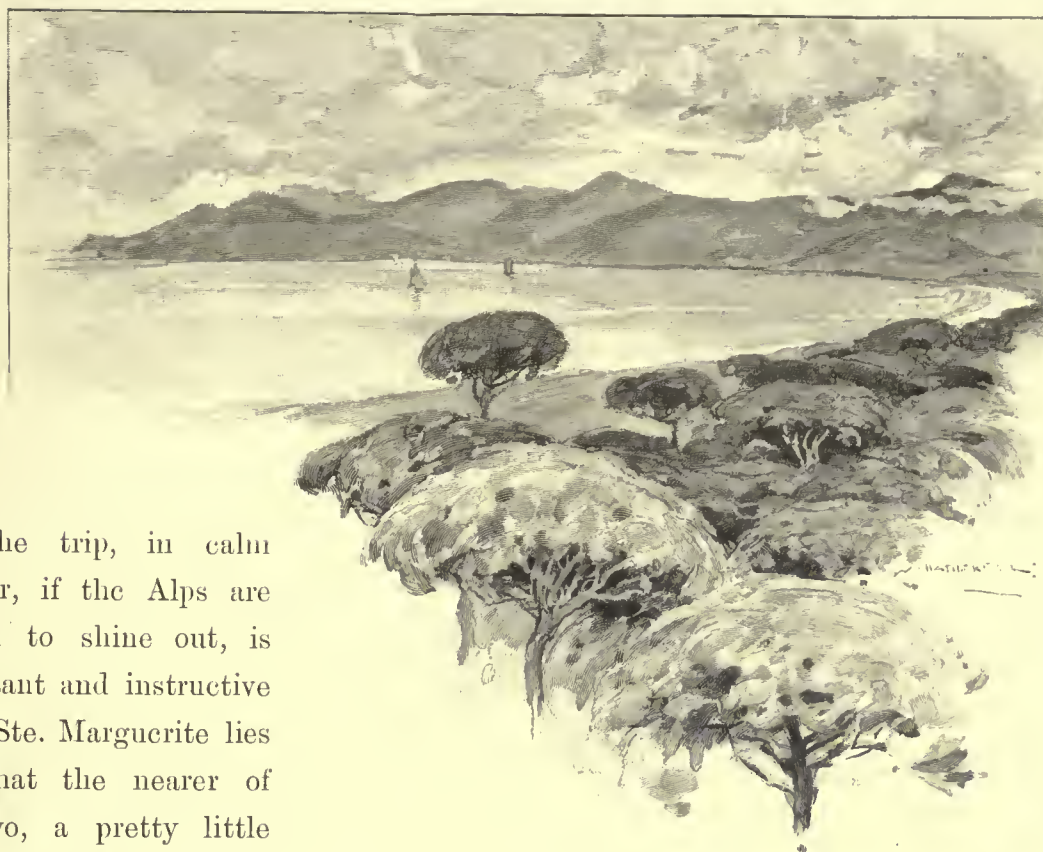
The Golfe de la Napoule ends at the Croisette of Cannes, a long, low promontory carried out into the sea by a submarine bank, whose farthest points re-emerge as the two Iles Lérins, Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat. Their names are famous in history. A little steamer plies from Cannes to "the Islands," as everybody calls them locally;



A Forest Road near Antibes.



THE OLD TOWN, CANNES.



The Estérel Mountains in Cannes.

and the trip, in calm weather, if the Alps are pleased to shine out, is a pleasant and instructive one. Ste. Marguerite lies somewhat the nearer of the two, a pretty little islet, covered with a thick growth of maritime pines,

and celebrated as the prison of that mysterious being, the Man with the Iron Mask, who has given rise to so much foolish and fruitless speculation. Near the landing-place stands the Fort, perched on a high cliff and looking across to the Croisette. Uninteresting in itself, this old fortification is much visited by wonder-loving tourists for the sake of its famous prisoner, whose memory still haunts the narrow terrace corridor, where he paced up and down for seventeen years of unrelieved captivity.

St. Honorat stands farther out to sea than its sister island, and, though lower and flatter, is in some ways more picturesque, in virtue of its massive mediæval monastery and its historical associations. In the early middle ages, when communications were still largely carried on by water, the convent of the Iles Lérins enjoyed much reputation as a favourite stopping-place, one might almost say hotel, for pilgrims to or from Rome; and most of the early British Christians in their continental wanderings found shelter at one time or another under its hospitable roof. St. Augustine stopped here on his way to Canterbury; St. Patrick took the convent on his road from Ireland; Salvian wrote within its walls his dismal jeremiad; Vincent de Lérins composed in it his "Pilgrim's Guide." The sombre vaults of the ancient cloister still bear witness by their astonishingly thick and solid masonry to their double use as monastery and as place of refuge from the "Saracens," the Barbary



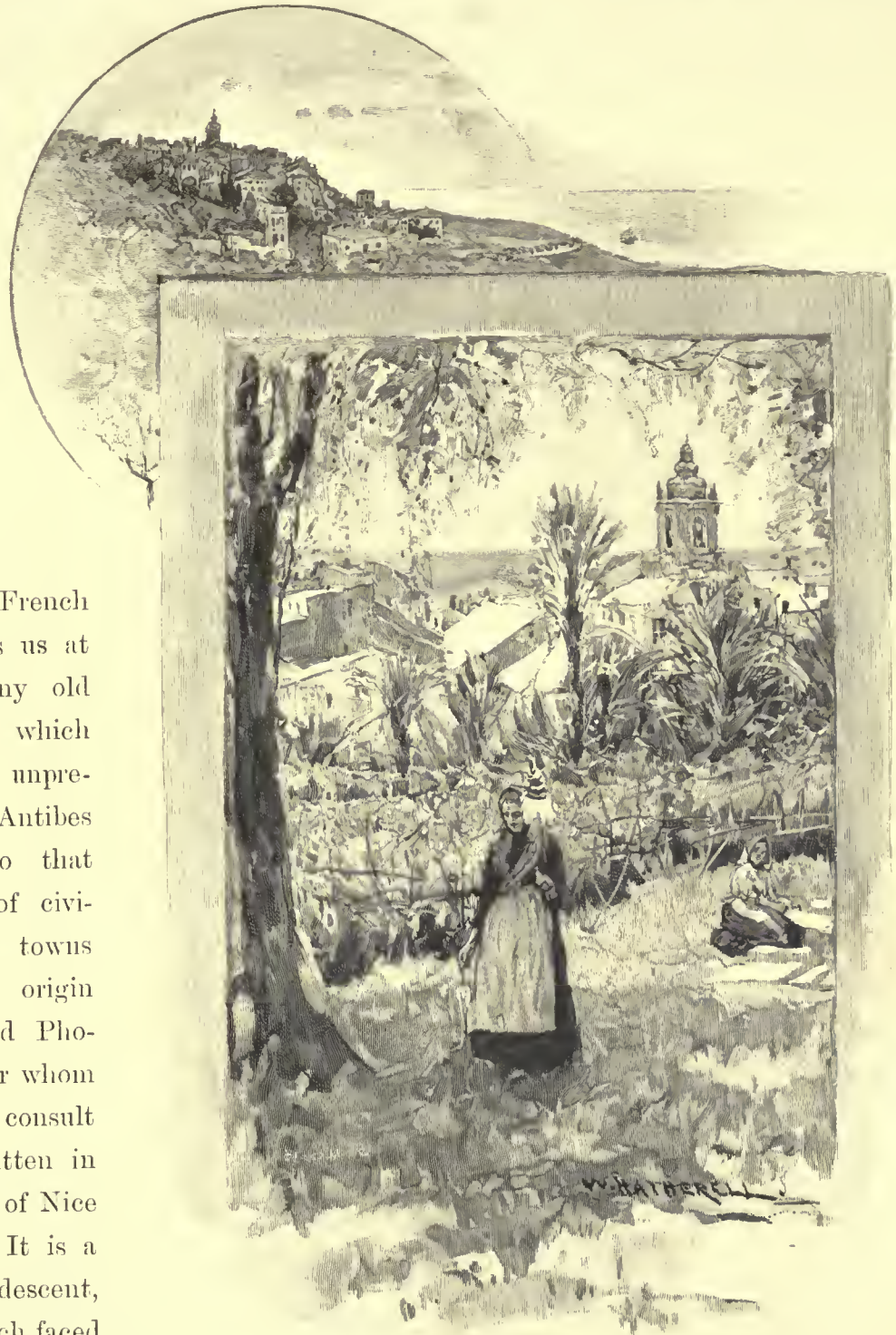
Île Ste. Marguerite, Cannes.

corsairs of the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. Indeed, Paynim fleets plundered the place more than once, and massacred the monks in cold blood.

Of Cannes itself, marvellous product of this gad-about and commercial age, how shall the truthful chronicler speak with becoming respect and becoming dignity? For Cannes has its faults. Truly a wonderful place is that cosmopolitan winter resort. Rococo châteaux, glorious gardens of palm-trees, imitation Moorish villas, wooden châteaux from the scene-painter's ideal Switzerland, Elizabethan mansions stuck in Italian grounds, lovely groves of mimosa, eucalyptus, and judas-trees, all mingle together in so strange and incongruous a picture that one knows not when to laugh, when to weep, when to admire, when to cry "Out on it!" Imagine a conglomeration of two or three white-faced Parisian streets, interspersed with little bits of England, of Brussels, of Algiers, of Constantinople, of Pekin, of Bern, of Nuremberg, of Venice, the Brighton Pavilion, and the Italian Exhibition, jumbled side by side on a green Provençal hillside before a beautiful bay, and you get modern Cannes; a Babel set in Paradise; a sort of *boulevardier* Bond Street, with a view across blue waves to the serrated peaks of the ever lovely Estérel. Nay; try as it will, Cannes cannot help being beautiful. Nature has done so much for it that art itself, the debased French art of the Empire and the Republic, can never for one moment succeed in making it ugly; though I am bound to admit it has striven as hard as it knew for that laudable object. But Cannes is Cannes still, in spite of Grand Dukes and landscape gardeners and architects. And the Old Town, at least, is yet wholly unspoilt by the speculative builder. Almost every Riviera watering-place has such an old-world nucleus or kernel of its own, the quaint fisher village of ancient days, round which the meretricious modern villas have clustered, one by one, in irregular succession. At Cannes the Old Town is even more conspicuous than elsewhere; for it clammers up the steep sides of a little seaward hillock, crowned by the tower of an eleventh century church, and is as picturesque, as grey, as dirty, as most other haunts of the hardy Provençal fisherman. Strange, too, to

see how the two streams of life flow on ever side by side, yet ever unmingled. The Cannes of the fishermen is to this day as unvaried as if the new cosmopolitan winter resort had never grown up, with its Anglo-Russian airs and graces, its German-American frivolities, round that unpromising centre.

The Rue d'Antibes is the principal shopping street of the newer and richer Cannes. If we follow it out into the country by its straight French boulevard it leads us at last to the funny old border city from which it still takes its unpretending name. Antibes itself belongs to that very first crop of civilised Provençal towns which owe their origin to the sturdy old Phœcean colonists, for whom the curious may consult what I have written in this work already of Nice and Marseilles. It is a Greek city by descent, the Antipolis which faced and defended the harbour of Nicæa ; and for picturesqueness and beauty it has not its equal on the whole picturesque and beautiful Riviera. Everybody who has travelled by the "Paris, Lyon,



Bordighera.

and beautiful Riviera. Everybody who has travelled by the "Paris, Lyon,

Méditerranée" knows well the exquisite view of the mole and harbour as seen in passing from the railway. But that charming glimpse, quaint and varied as it is, gives by no means a full idea of the ancient Phocæan city. The town stands still surrounded by its bristling fortifications, the work of Vauban, pierced by narrow gates in their thickness, and topped with noble ramparts. The Fort Carré that crowns the seaward promontory, the rocky islets, and the two stone breakwaters of the port (a small-scale Genoa), all add to the striking effect of the situation and prospect. Within, the place is as quaint and curious as without: a labyrinth of narrow streets, poor in memorials of Antipolis, but rich in Roman remains, including



Mentone.

that famous and pathetic inscription to the boy Septentrio, QUI ANTIPOLI IN THEATRO BIDVO SALTAVIT ET PLACVIT. The last three words, borrowed from this provincial tombstone, have become proverbial of the short-lived glory of the actor's art.

The general aspect of Antibes town, however, is at present mediæval, or even seventeenth century. A flavour as of Louis Quatorze pervades the whole city, with its obtrusive military air of a border fortress; for, of course, while the Var still formed the frontier between France and Italy, Antibes ranked necessarily as a strategic post of immense importance; and at the present day, in our new recrudescence of military barbarism, great barracks surround the fortifications with fresh white-washed walls, and the "Hun! Deusse!" of the noisy French drill-sergeant resounds all day long from the exercise-ground by the railway station. Antibes itself is therefore by no means a place to stop at; it is the Cap d'Antibes close by that



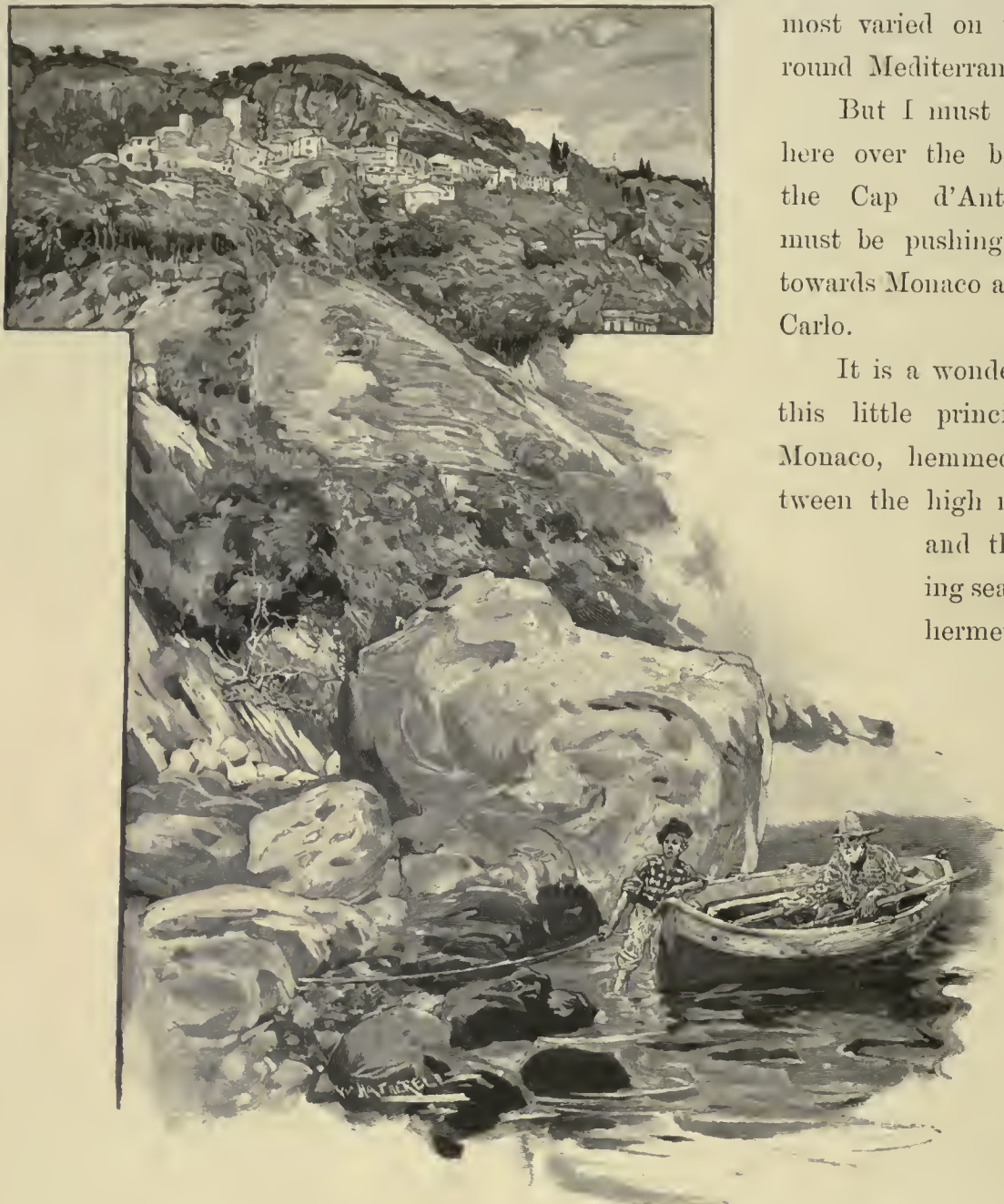
MONTE CARLO, FROM ROQUEBRUNE.

attracts now every year an increasing influx of peaceful and cultivated visitors. The walks and drives are charming; the pine-woods, carpeted with wild anemones, are a dream of delight; and the view from the Lighthouse Hill behind the town is

one of the loveliest and most varied on the whole round Mediterranean.

But I must not linger here over the beauties of the Cap d'Antibes, but must be pushing onwards towards Monaco and Monte Carlo.

It is a wonderful spot, this little principality of Monaco, hemmed in between the high mountains and the assailing sea, and long hermetically cut



Roquebrune, from the Coast.

off from all its more powerful and commercial neighbours. Between the palm-lined boulevards of Nice and the grand amphitheatre of mountains that shuts in Mentone as with a perfect semicircle of rearing peaks, one rugged buttress, the last long subsiding spur of the great Alpine axis, runs boldly out to seaward, and ends in the bluff rocky headland of the Tête de Chien that overhangs Monte Carlo. Till very

lately no road ever succeeded in turning the foot of that precipitous promontory: the famous Corniche route runs along a ledge high up its beetling side, past the massive Roman ruin of Turbia, and looks down from a height of fifteen hundred feet upon the palace of Monaco. This mountain bulwark of the Turbia long formed the real boundary-line between ancient Gaul and Liguria; and on its very summit, where the narrow Roman road wound along the steep pass now widened into the magnificent highway of the Corniche, Augustus built a solid square monument to mark the limit between the Province and the Italian soil, as well as to overawe the mountaineers of this turbulent region. A round mediæval tower, at present likewise in ruins, crowns the Roman work. Here the Alps end abruptly. The rock of Monaco at the base is their last ineffectual seaward protest.

And what a rock it is, that quaint ridge of land, crowned by the strange capital of that miniature principality! Figure to yourself a huge whale petrified, as he basks there on the shoals, his back rising some two hundred feet from the water's edge, his head to the sea, and his tail just touching the mainland, and you have a rough mental picture of the Rock of Monaco. It is, in fact, an isolated hillock, jutting into the Mediterranean at the foot of the Maritime Alps (a final reminder, as it were, of their dying dignity), and united to the Undercliff only by a narrow isthmus at the foot of the crag which bears the mediæval bastions of the Prince's palace. As you look down on it from above from the heights of the Corniche, I have no hesitation in saying it forms the most picturesque town site in all Europe. On every side, save seaward, huge mountains gird it round; while towards the smiling blue Mediterranean itself the great rock runs outward, bathed by tiny white breakers in every part, except where the low isthmus links it to the shore; and with a good field-glass you can see down in a bird's-eye view into every street and courtyard of the clean little capital. The red-tiled houses, the white palace with its orderly gardens and quadrangles, the round lunettes of the old wall, the steep cobbled mule-path which mounts the rock from the modern railway-station, all lie spread out before one like a pictorial map, painted in the bright blue of Mediterranean seas, the dazzling grey of Mediterranean sunshine, and the brilliant russet of Mediterranean roofs.

There can be no question at all that Monte Carlo even now, with all its gew-gaw additions, is very beautiful: no Haussmann could spoil so much loveliness of position; and even the new town itself, which grows apace each time I revisit it, has a picturesqueness of hardy arch, bold rock, well-perched villa, which redeems it to a great extent from any rash charge of common vulgarity. All looks like a scene in a theatre at pantomime time, not like a prosaic bit of this work-a-day world of ours. Around us is the blue Mediterranean, broken into a hundred petty sapphire bays. Back of us rise tier after tier of Maritime Alps, their huge summits clouded

in a fleecy mist. To the left stands the white rock of Monaeo; to the right, the green Italian shore, fading away into the purple mountains that guard the Gulf of Genoa. Lovely by nature, the immediate neighbourhood of the Casino has been made in some ways still more lovely by art. From the water's edge, terraces of tropical vegetation succeed one another in gradual steps towards the grand façade of the gambling-house; clusters of palms and aloes, their base girt by exotic flowers, are thrust cunningly into the foreground of every point in the view, so that you see the bay and the mountains through the artistic vistas thus deftly arranged in the very spots where a painter's fancy would have set them. You look across to Monaco past a clump of drooping date-branches; you catch a glimpse of Bordighera through a framework of spreading dracænas and quaintly symmetrical fan-palms.

Once more under way, and this time on foot. For the road from Monte Carlo to Mentone is almost as lovely in its way as that from Nice to Monte Carlo. It runs at first among the ever-increasing villas and hotels of the capital of Chance, and past that sumptuous church, built from the gains of the table, which native wit has not inaptly christened "Nôtre Dame de la Roulette." There is one point of view of Monaeo and its bay, on the slopes of the Cap Martin, not far from Roquebrune, so beautiful that though I have seen it, I suppose, a hundred times or more, I can never come upon it to this day without giving vent to an involuntary cry of surprise and admiration.

Roquebrune itself, which was an Italian Rocca-bruna when I first knew it, has



Ventimiglia.

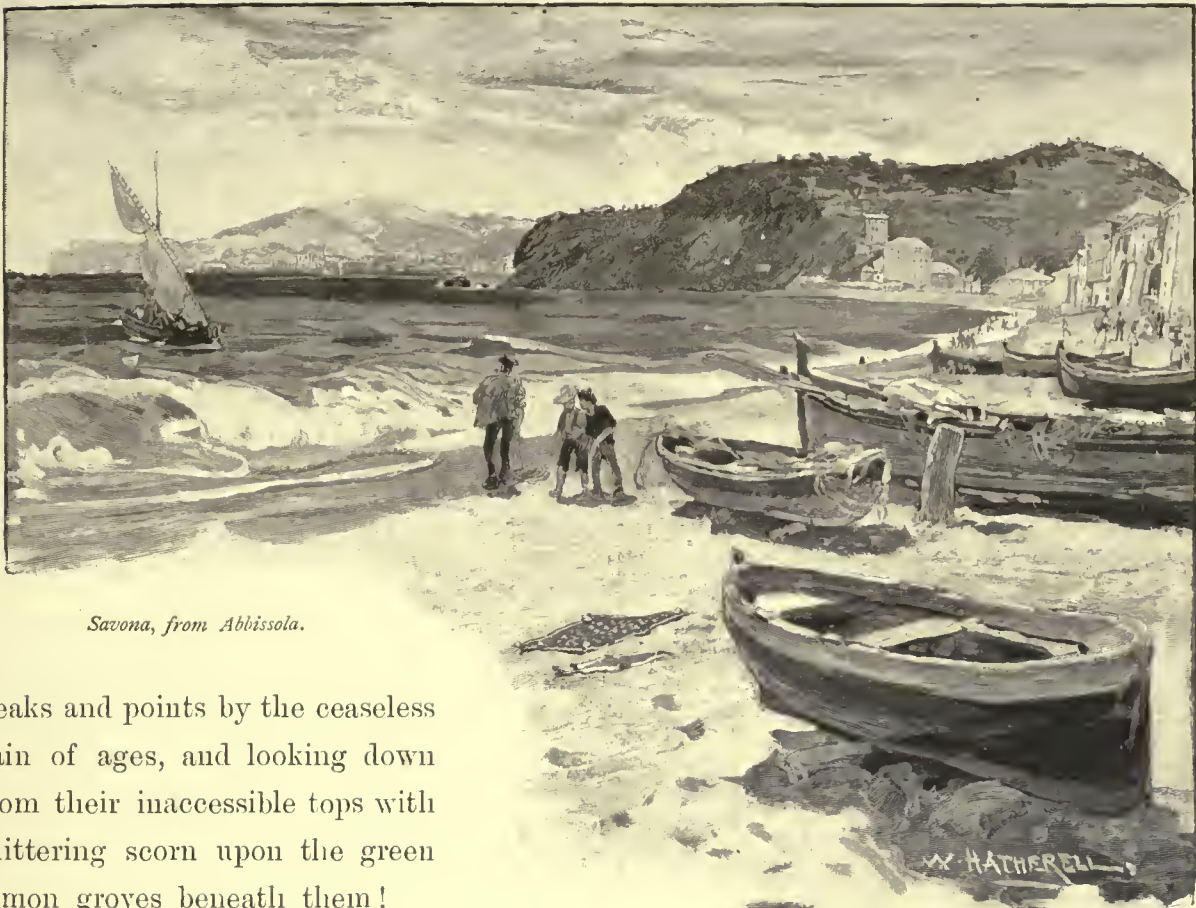


SAN REMO.

a quaint situation of its own, and a quaint story connected with it. Brown as its own rocks, the tumbled little village stands oddly jumbled in and out among huge masses of pudding-stone, which must have fallen at some time or other in headlong confusion from the scarred face of the neighbouring hillside. From the Corniche road it is still quite easy to recognise the bare patch on the mountain slope whence the landslip detached itself, and to trace its path down the hill to its existing position. But local legend goes a little farther than that: it asks us to believe that the rock fell as we see it *with the houses on top*; in other words, that the village was built before the catastrophe took place, and that it glided down piecemeal into the tossed-about form it at present presents to us. Be this as it may, and the story makes some demand on the hearer's credulity, it is certain that the houses now occupy most picturesque positions: here perched by twos and threes on broken masses of conglomerate, there wedged in between two great walls of beetling cliff, and yonder again hanging for dear life to some slender foothold on the precipitous hillside.

We reach the summit of the pass. The Bay of Monaco is separated from the Bay of Mentone by the long, low headland of Cap Martin, covered with olive groves and scrubby maritime pines. As one turns the corner from Roquebrune by the col round the cliff, there bursts suddenly upon the view one of the loveliest prospects to be beheld from the Corniche. At our feet, embowered among green lemons and orange trees, Mentone half hides itself behind its villas and its gardens. In the middle distance the old church with its tall Italian campanile stands out against the blue peaks of that magnificent amphitheatre. Beyond, again, a narrow gorge marks the site of the Pont St. Louis and the Italian frontier. Farther eastward the red rocks merge half indistinctly into the point of La Mortola, with Mr. Hanbury's famous garden; then come the cliffs and fortifications of Ventimiglia, gleaming white in the sun; and last of all, the purple hills that hem in San Remo. It is an appropriate approach to a most lovely spot; for Mentone ranks high for beauty, even among her bevy of fair sisters on the Ligurian sea-board.

Yes, Mentone is beautiful, most undeniably beautiful; and for walks and drives perhaps it may bear away the palm from all rivals on that enchanted and enchanting Riviera. Five separate valleys, each carved out by its own torrent, with dry winter bed, converge upon the sea within the town precincts. Four principal rocky ridges divide these valleys with their chine-like backbone, besides numberless minor spurs branching laterally inland. Each valley is threaded by a well-made carriage-road, and each dividing ridge is climbed by a bridle-path and footway. The consequence is that the walks and drives at Mentone are never exhausted, and excursions among the hills might occupy the industrious pedestrian for many successive winters. What hills they are, too, those great bare needles and pinnacles of rock, worn into jagged



Savona, from Abbissola.

peaks and points by the ceaseless rain of ages, and looking down from their inaccessible tops with glittering scorn upon the green lemon groves beneath them!

The next town on the line, Bordighera, is better known to the world at large as a Rivieran winter resort, though of a milder and quieter type, I do not say than Nice or Cannes, but than Mentone or San Remo. Bordighera, indeed, has just reached that pleasant intermediate stage in the evolution of a Rivieran watering-place when all positive needs of the northern stranger are amply supplied, while crowds and fashionable amusements have not yet begun to invade its primitive simplicity. The walks and drives on every side are charming; the hotels are comfortable, and the prices are still by no means prohibitive.

San Remo comes next in order of the cosmopolitan winter resorts: San Remo, thickly strewn with spectacled Germans, like leaves in Vallombrosa, since the Emperor Frederick chose the place for his last despairing rally. The Teuton finds himself more at home, indeed, across the friendly Italian border than in hostile France; and the St. Gotthard gives him easy access by a pleasant route to these nearer Ligurian towns, so that the Fatherland has now almost annexed San Remo, as England has annexed Cannes, and America Nice and Cimiez. Built in the evil days of the Middle Ages, when every house was a fortress and every breeze bore a Saracen, San Remo presents to-day a picturesque labyrinth of streets, lanes, vaults, and alleys, only to be surpassed in the quaint neighbouring village of Taggia. This

is the heart of the earthquake region, too; and to protect themselves against that frequent and unwelcome visitor, whose mark may be seen on half the walls in the outskirts, the inhabitants of San Remo have strengthened their houses by a system of arches thrown at varying heights across the tangled paths, which recalls Algiers or Tunis. From certain points of view, and especially from the east side, San Remo thus resembles a huge pyramid of solid masonry, or a monstrous pagoda



Alassio.

hewn out by giant hands from a block of white free-stone. As Dickens well worded it, one seems to pass through the town by going perpetually from cellar to cellar. A romantic railway skirts the coast from San Remo to Alassio and Savona. It forms one long succession of tunnels, interspersed with frequent breathing spaces beside lovely bays, "the peacock's neck in hue," as the Laureate sings of them. One town after another sweeps gradually into view round the corner of a promontory, a white mass of houses crowning some steep point of rock, of which Alassio alone has as yet any pretensions to be considered a home for northern visitors.

At Savona an Italian cross-country line (give to such a wide berth, O ye wise ones!) runs inland to Turin, through a beautiful mountain district thick with flowers in the spring-time, and forms the shortest route home from the Ligurian resorts *via* the Mont Cenis tunnel. But he that is well advised will take rather the direct line straight on to Genoa, and thence to the Italian lakes, which break the suddenness of the change from a basking Rivieran April to the wintry depths of May in England or Scotland. A week at Lugano or Locarno lets one down gently. Thence to Lucerne and Paris is an easy transition.

GRANT ALLEN.

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